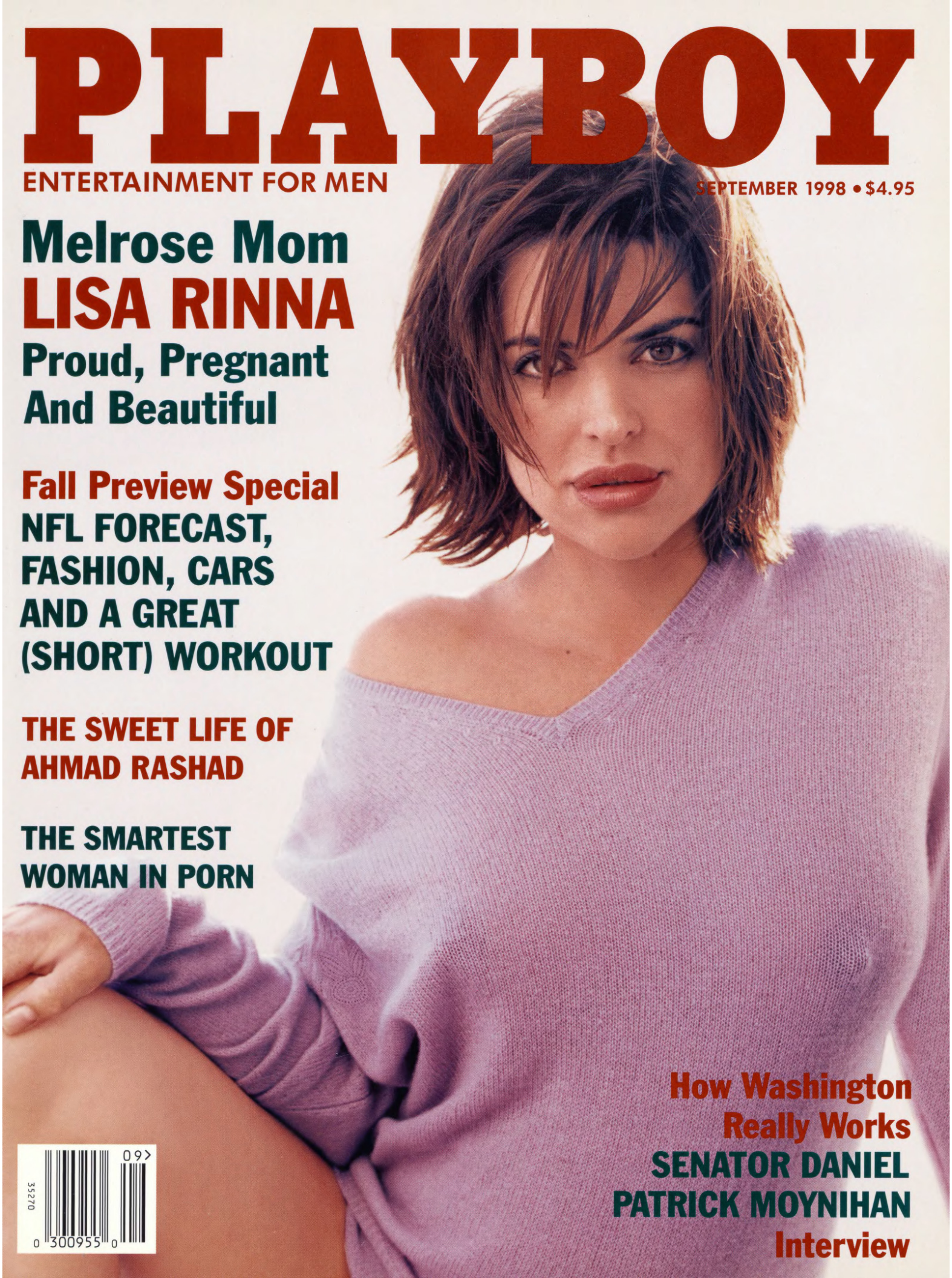
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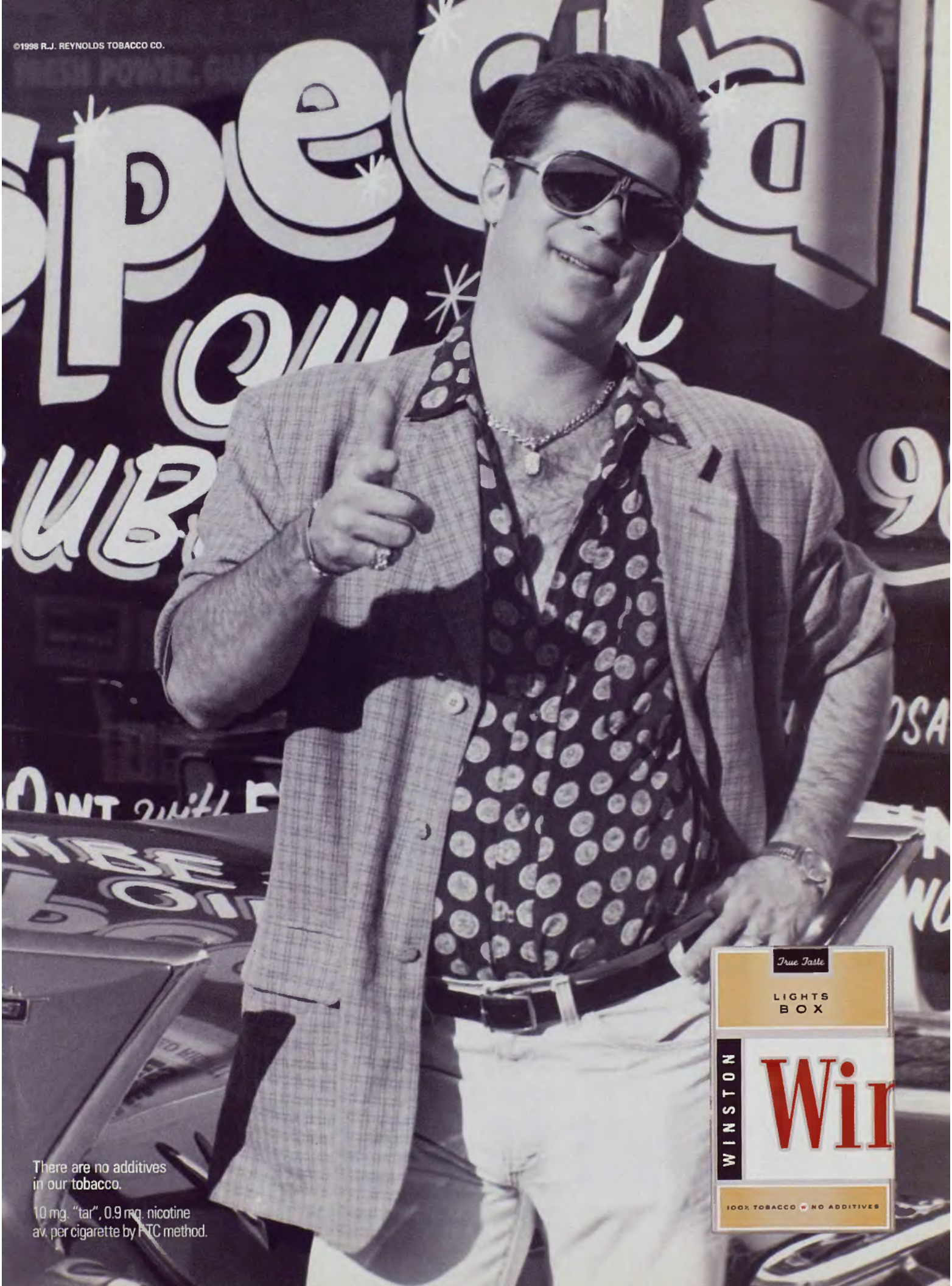

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PLAYBILL

SENATOR **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** (D–N.Y.) is a rarity: an honest man who delights in defending the political process. He's not afraid to tinker with the third rail of politics formerly known as Social Security. This month he's the subject of a backroom *Playboy Interview* by **Richard Meryman.** Moynihan's civics lessons cover India vs. Pakistan, Starr vs. Clinton, welfare reform vs. welfare repeal, and, oh yeah—he calls Nixon a liberal.

Political bombshells and *Melrose* momshells. We have an explosive issue here. Cover model **Lisa Rinna** is so hot she's glowing. The *Melrose Place* star, married to Harry Hamlin, is beautiful, pregnant and nude in a swell shoot by **Alberto Tolot.** It's the mother of all pictorials.

Say you finish a Pro Bowl career in style, marry a widely admired actor and make a smooth transition to TV. You play some tennis, a bit of golf. You're **Ahmad Rashad** and your best friend is Michael Jordan. In *The Sweet Life of Ahmad Rashad* by **Craig Vetter,** Rashad is almost, well, sympathetic.

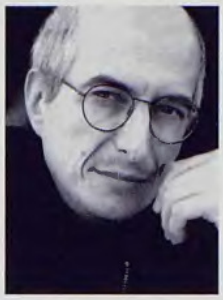
Last year the Associated Press honored **Rick Gosselin** with a Texas Sports Story of the Year award. Before he joined *The Dallas Morning News*, Gosselin wrote about football in New York and Kansas City and "learned to cover losers." Now he's picking winners in *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast*. In our bulked-up fitness section, trainer to the stars **Greg Isaacs** paces you through *The Perfect Workout in 90 Minutes a Week*. Follow the illustrations by **A.J. Garces** and you may even shed some tailgate weight. We've got a new look and name in cinema, too. This month critic **Leonard Maltin** takes over for **Bruce Williamson,** who for 26 years reviewed movies here. Thank you, Bruce, for an extraordinary quarter century—and welcome, Mr. Maltin.

When it comes to movies, slasher flicks slay the competition. The undead genre sprang to life again thanks to the lovingly psychotic screenplays of **Kevin Williamson**—he of the *Scream* series and the forthcoming *Halloween: H_2O*. In an eerie *20 Questions* with **Robert Crane,** Williamson chooses breasts over character, skin over clothing and sex over everything else—even death. Keeping with the cool-hunters and trend turks, we stay rakish and sly in *Swing's the Thing* by **Bob Sloan** and artist **Steven Guarnaccia.** Whether you're a dead pigeon or an abercrombie, we'll keep you in the know, daddy-o.

Meanwhile, out in the desert, an annual neohippie gathering rages. It's called the Burning Man Festival. In the tribal short story *Burning Man* by **Edward Falco** (with artwork by **Phil Hale**), a sexually repressed divorcé discovers, to his disgust, why his rock-star brother is called Splay. Speaking of flare, porn star **Nina Hartley** has fans who say her ass is the best in the business. There's no question that she has the best brain. Associate Editor **Chip Rowe** recently spent time with Nina. The result, *Nina Hartley Is the Smartest Woman in Porn*, is a salacious and smart Q. and A. that covers everything from on-set etiquette to circumcision. To round out our celebration of curvaceous icons, Cartoon Editor **Michelle Urry** welcomes back *Little Annie Fanny*. In the strip made famous by Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder, political cartoonist **Bill Schorr** and artist **Ray Lago** send Annie undercover in *Tabloid Journalism*.

It's time to leaf through our autumn preview. In *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne** decodes the season's new looks. Then **Jonathan Takiff** takes the clearest look to date at the tube of the future in *HDTV: The Bottom Line*. More electric currents run through **Andy Ihnatko's** bold geek manifesto, *The Single Guy's Guide to Technology*. Read it and you'll become a defragmenting, hard-driving cyberslave to speed. We let horseback-riding Playmate **Vanessa Gleason** leap the final hurdle. One look and you'll spit the bit.

MERYMAN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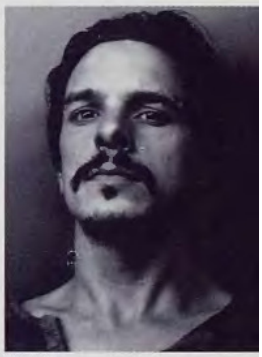
HALE

SCHORR, URRY, LAGO

ROWE

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PLAYBOY

vol. 45, no. 9—september 1998

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COVER STORY

Oh, baby! Scorching-red-hot actress Lisa Rinna—of *Melrose Place*—proves that maternity can be magnificent. In fact, motherhood never looked so good. This month's cover was shot by Alberto Tolot; styling was done by Xavier Cobrero, with hair by Serena Radaelli and makeup by Beth Katz, all for Cloutier. Our Rabbit has nothing up his sleeve; it's safe to say he's already in the fold.

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"Mr. Jenkins suggests that this issue would be an excellent time to start reading *Playboy* for the articles."

Look for the Mr. Jenkins Interview on Page 27.

Do drink responsibly, won't you?

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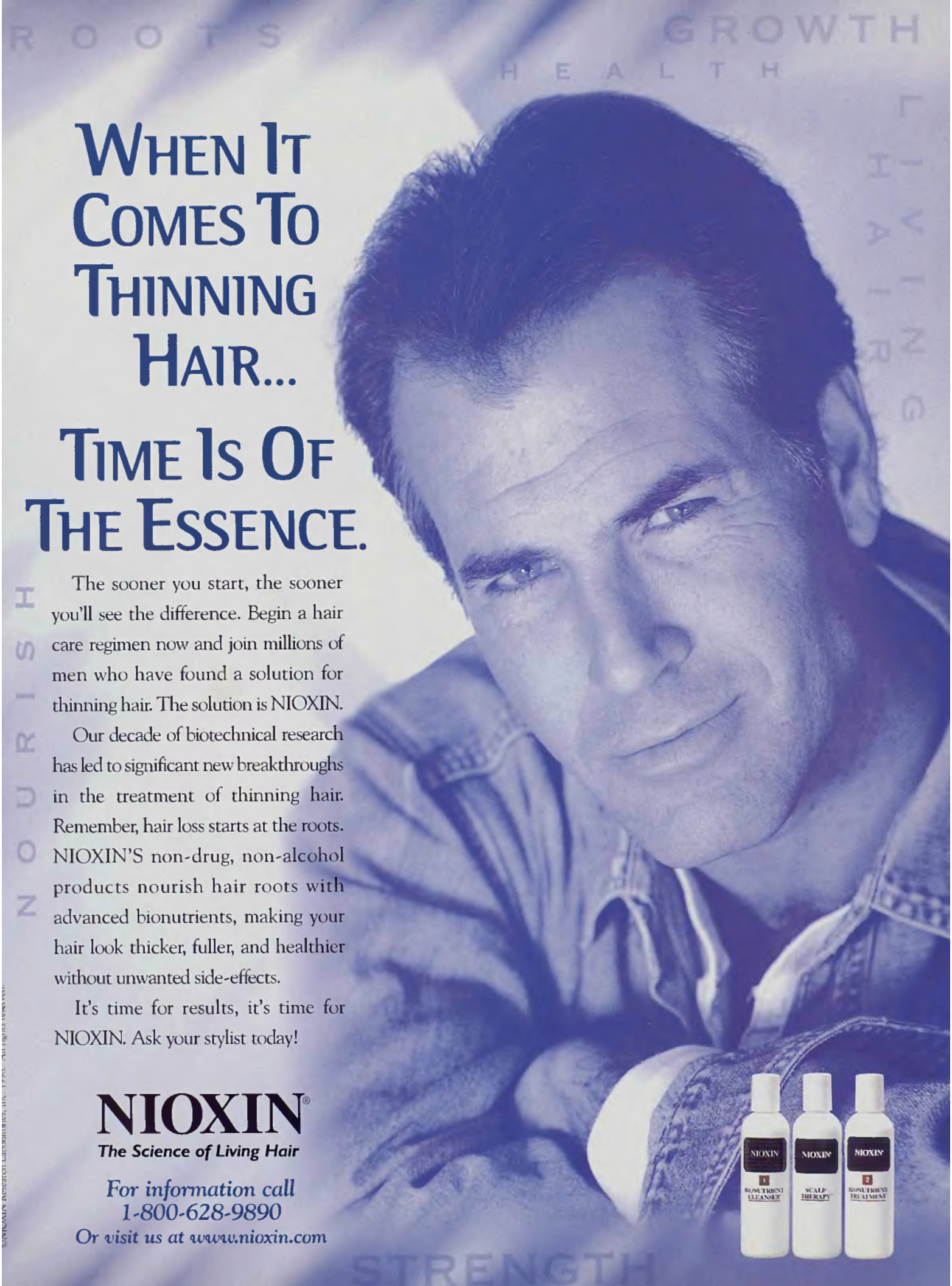

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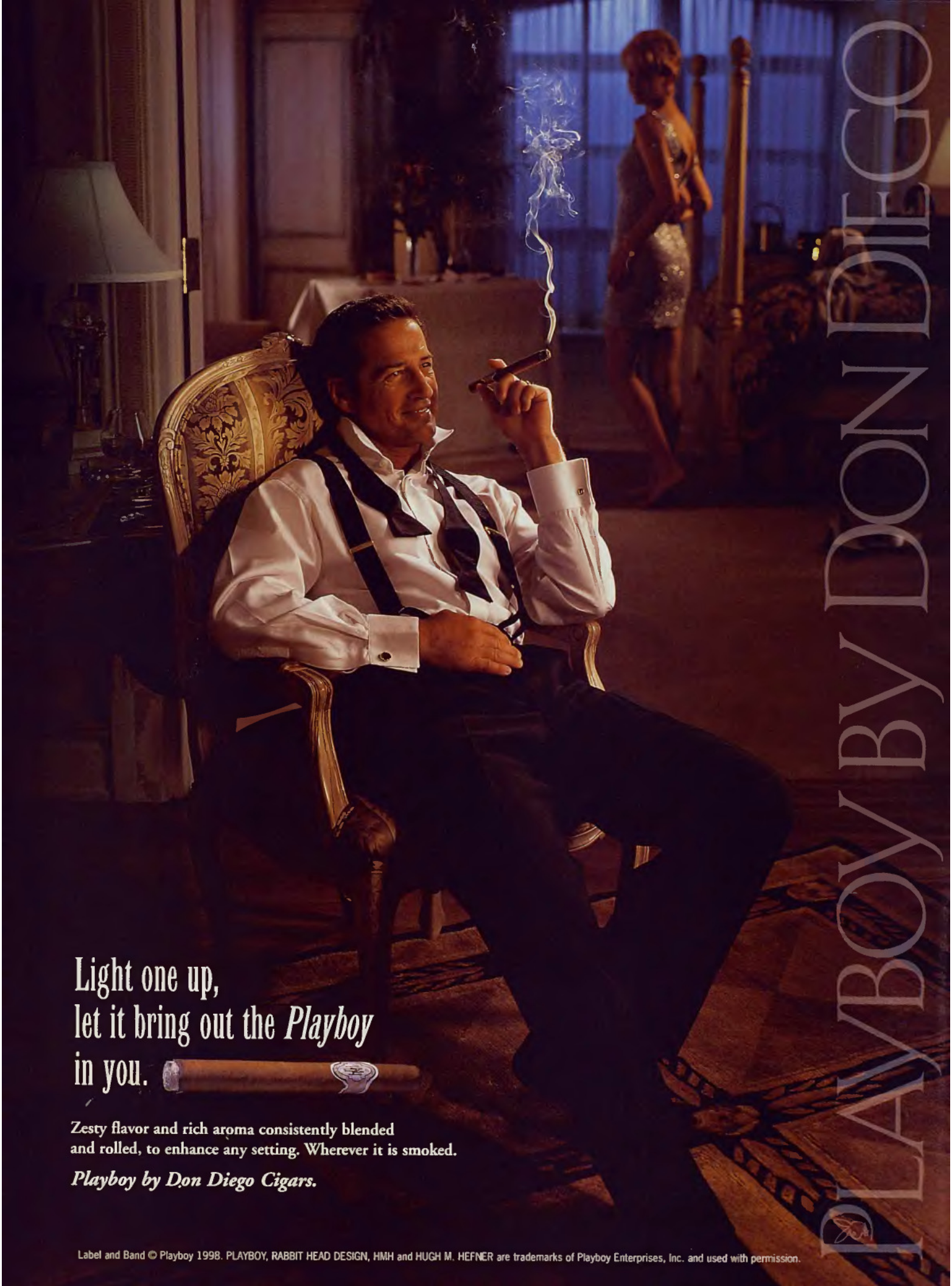

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BEACHIE KEEN

Several years ago, I was an extra in a *Baywatch* episode. I was instructed to hug the female lifeguard who had saved my life. Sadly, after several takes, the director yelled, "Cut, that's a print." At the time I was 83 years old, but after all the hugging and kissing, I felt like a young man again. Thanks for the visit (*The Babes of Baywatch*, June) with the beautiful lifeguards.

Ormond Hirsch
Burbank, California

It's ironic that in the same week the *Babes of Baywatch* issue appeared on newsstands, five of the lovely lifeguards featured on your June cover received pink slips. I think they should all become producers of the *David Hasselhoff Can Kiss My Ass* workout video.

Paul Varga
San Francisco, California

The *Babes of Baywatch* issue will forever be one of my favorites. I keep it at my office, and when I need a respite from running my company, it's here to provide a pleasant distraction.

Dan Turner, President
Senior Executive Coach, Inc.
Louisville, Kentucky

The highway system in Los Angeles does not have as many curves as the beautiful Rhonda Rydell. She deserves a pictorial all her own.

Bryan Birchfield
Birmingham, Alabama

GROOVY, MAN

I thoroughly enjoyed *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution, Part VII (1960–1969): Make Love Not War* by James R. Petersen (June). I also took note of *The Times They Are A-Changin': Tunes From the Sixties* and think it would make a fabulous CD.

Kenneth Stringer, USN
Deployed to Keflavík, Iceland

Petersen's celebration of the Sixties promotes the most dismal decade of the 20th century. The irresponsibility and licentiousness of the Sixties marked the beginning of the end for this great nation.

Dawn Esse
Elmira, New York

You missed a couple of things in your Sixties *Time Capsule*. Under the heading "Medium Cool," you forgot *Star Trek*; under "Slang Me," you didn't include the classics "far out" and "out of sight."

Pontifex Majipoor
Sacramento, California

I think about the Sixties every day. Terrible and wonderful things happened and I experienced all of them. Petersen captures the decade's exhilaration and outrage and I thank him for it.

Donna Howard
Syracuse, New York

HAVANA GOOD TIME

Viva Cuba and down with the blockade. Centerfold Maria Luisa Gil (*Cuba Libre!*, June) is the best I've seen in my 30-plus years as a subscriber.

J.W. MacMahon
Atlanta, Georgia

I found Maria Luisa Gil's comparison of Cuba and the U.S. puzzling. She has happily left Cuba's poverty for the land of opportunity. Is she oblivious to the fact that the conditions she describes in Cuba are a direct result of the U.S. embargo? Perhaps the lovely Maria could persuade Jesse Helms to stay out of her country's business.

Amy Biven
New York, New York

NOT SO MAD ABOUT PAUL

I liked Paul Reiser (*Playboy Interview*, June) until I was subjected to yet another whiny celebrity monolog about a lack of privacy. If being a celebrity causes

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Reiser so much pain, perhaps he'd rather return to anonymity.

Cathy Scannell
Wall Township, New Jersey

TSK, DISC

After reading Beth Tomkiw's *Shaq's Tracks* (June), I am curious about who the article was intended to benefit—your readers or Sony. Tomkiw points out that the minidisc player will replace the cassette player because it is smaller and lighter and you can use it to play your favorite music mix from a digital source. While it is mentioned that the MD player can cost as little as $250 and blank discs are $7 each, you'll need an MD recorder ($400 minimum) unless you want to record from a digital CD to a digital MD through analog cable. You will also need to purchase an optical cable ($60) and a new CD player ($200 and up) with an optical jack. So after spending $917, you're ready to replace your cassette player with a better product. Gee, thanks, Sony.

Gary Brine
Gloucester, Massachusetts

A WHOLE LOT OF LOVE

Thank you for Chip Rowe's *Twenty-Five Things Guys Do Right in Bed* (May). Now I'm hoping you'll publish an in-depth piece on what men really want from women.

Julie LeMaster
Dayton, Ohio

SANDSTORM

Morgan Strong's *20 Questions* (June) reaffirms my long-held belief that Yasir Arafat, far from being a notorious outlaw, will ultimately be regarded as one of this century's greatest statesmen.

Al Cohn
Martinez, California

Your interview reminds me of the time Arafat addressed the United Nations with a gun at his side. You portray him as a peace-loving family man, when in reality he's a terrorist responsible for the murders of Olympic athletes and countless other men, women and children. Recently, it has become his daily ritual when addressing his fellow Arabs to call for the destruction of Israel. And he's worthy of an interview?

Leonard Wacholder
Brooklyn, New York

JUST AN AVERAGE JOE

Not once in my ten years as a subscriber have I seen a model in a *What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?* ad look like anyone I know who reads PLAYBOY. The page exudes glitz and glamour but never features a middle-class dude representative of PLAYBOY's readership. We're the guys who aren't so chiseled as the men in your ads. We're the guys who sometimes get into a bar fight on a Friday night, yet tear up when our kids call us Daddy. And we're the fellas who go out of our way to score brownie points with our wives or girlfriends when our subscriptions need renewing. I'm writing to ask that we be counted as the everyday Joes who love your pictures and your articles.

Paul Andrew Cook
Trooper, Pennsylvania

SHE'S SO FLY

As a retired Navy Chief Petty Officer, I believe it was courageous of Navy Lieutenant Frederica Spilman (*Fly Girl*, June) to pose for PLAYBOY while on active duty.

With dwindling benefits and all the bad publicity the Navy and other branches of the service have been receiving, retention and recruitment are approaching all-time lows. If the Navy were to use Spilman's photos on its recruiting posters, I'd consider doing another 20 years.

Mike Gillis
Long Beach, Mississippi

Spilman has used thousands of tax dollars to train as a naval aviator, and her thanks is to insult the dignity of all naval officers with a blatant sexual display in PLAYBOY. Spilman has become a liability to the reputation of all the qualified women who would like to be dedicated naval officers.

George Irish
Vero Beach, Florida

I wish Frederica Spilman hadn't posed in partial uniform. The military uniform isn't a costume or a piece of lingerie. It's associated with American history and national pride and should never be degraded in this manner.

Brett Kirby
Arlington, Texas

I've read many articles in your magazine about military personnel defending their right to purchase PLAYBOY at their local PX. They march off to war with it in their packs, and they hang the Centerfolds in their lockers (some even carry them as symbols of what they're fighting for). You'd think the Navy would be proud of Lieutenant Spilman.

D. Brown
Las Vegas, Nevada

One look at your *Fly Girl* pictorial and I say, "Go Navy."

Tim Kramar
formerly of USS *Coral Sea*
Punta Gorda, Florida

CAR WRECK

Nobody above the Mason-Dixon line cares about Nascar (*Nascar Rules*, June). Watching a bunch of rednecks drive 500 miles in a circle is not impressive or entertaining, and it's certainly not a sport.

Tim Hackman
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

LATIN LOVERS

Mario Vargas Llosa's delightful tale of spousal trust and mistrust (*The Notebooks of Don Rigoberto*, June) is an eye-opener. Having read translations of many of his best-sellers, I was surprised to discover another side of Vargas Llosa's literary style.

Ted Erskine
Shaker Heights, Ohio

I'd like to commend PLAYBOY for selecting fiction from the great Latin American author Mario Vargas Llosa.

Mike Catzalco
Fresno, California

BOWL ME OVER

Over the years, I have followed your entertaining pursuit of items displaying Rabbit Head logos. I own an Anasazi pottery bowl that is several hundred years old with what appears to be the Playboy Rabbit Head wearing his bow tie. I guess this bowl is proof that yours is the oldest corporate logo in the history of the world.

Larry Grigory
Carrollton, Texas

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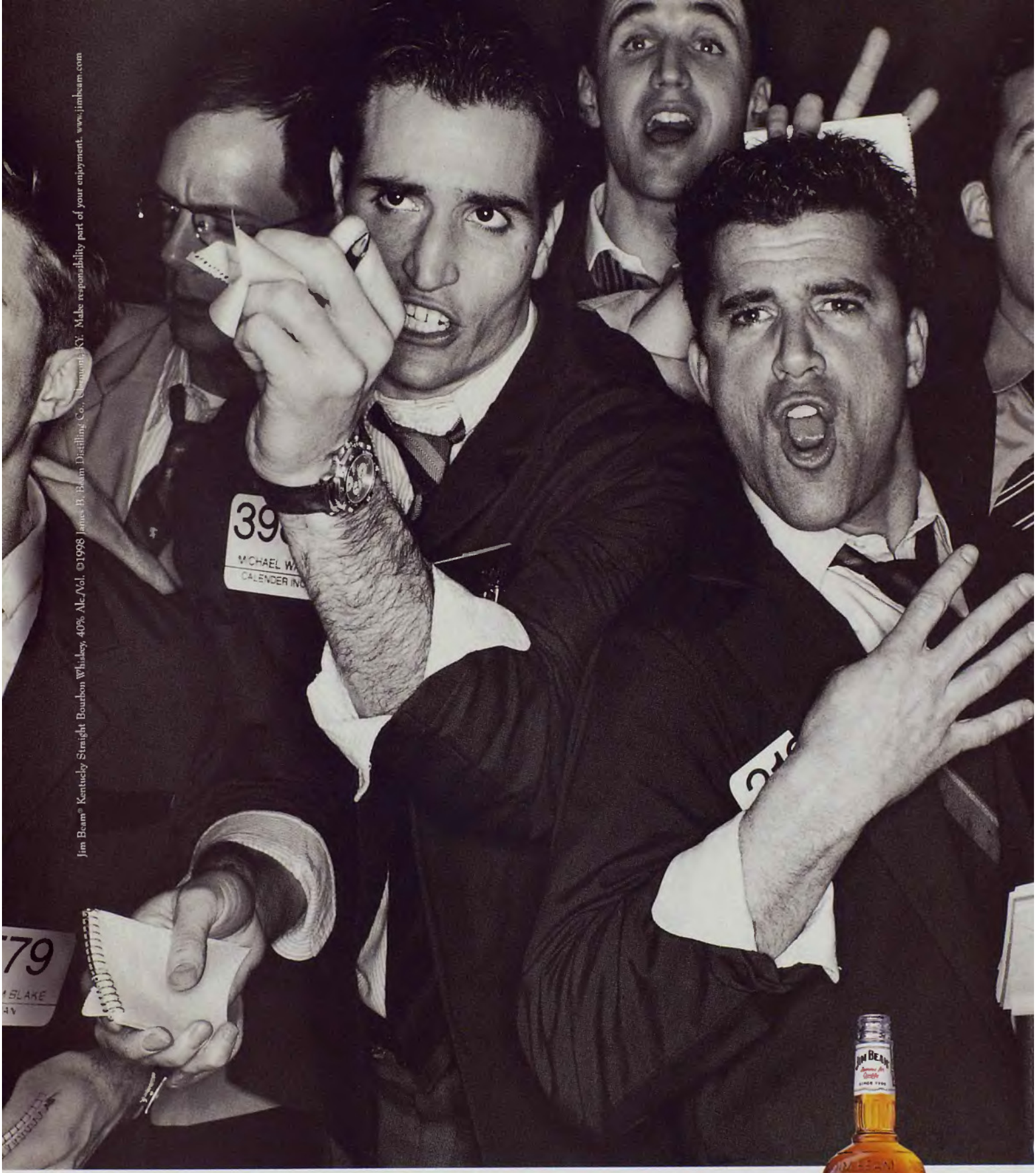
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SOUTH PORK

It's a good bet that *South Park* creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone made their new film *Orgazmo*—a satirical look at the porn business—just so they could do the research. The edgy enthusiasts got so deep into the industry they even lent a creative hand on the sets of videos shot by surf-porn purveyor Xplor Media. They assisted the director of *Here Comes Elska* (complete with cameos) and suggested gags for the forthcoming flick *Sex, for Life, Too*. Farrell Timlake, who runs Xplor, says their best work went into practical jokes. "We were shooting at Charlie Wessler's house," says Timlake, "and he invited his friends Carrie Fisher, Richard Dreyfuss, Buck Henry and Timothy Hutton over for a surprise. I swapped identities with Trey. He was walking around in vinyl pants and sunglasses, saying, 'People, people, I need more ass-licking shots, goddamn it!' When I had to go to the bathroom I handed Carrie the camera. She said, 'What should I do?' So I told her, 'It's easy. Just get close-ups.'" We'll get the towels.

TONGUE TWISTERS

The slang compendium *How to Talk American* (Mariner) by Jim "the Mad Monk" Crotty has a section on Bill Clinton's impact on the language. Crotty cites several varieties of a Clinton, which is "a complete policy reversal similar to waffling but far smoother." A half Clinton is a "simple reversal," a full Clinton is a "reversal with feeling" and a double Clinton is a "reversal followed by a denial of the reversal."

HUNTING FOR CELEBRITY DIRT

You'll find clean and clever designs at the Museum of Dirt, a refreshingly simple Web site at www.planet.com /dirtweb/dirt.html. Click on the name of someone famous and your screen presents the image of a specimen bottle filled with a unique sort of dirt. Ted Turner contributed his own sample, as did Robert Redford, John Waters and Ted Williams, among others. The most interesting slice of lifestyle comes from Martha Stewart's driveway—it's a collection of gravel and twigs. Martha, of course, doesn't tolerate dirt.

FORSAKEN BY ELIS

Attending Beijing University in China and standing up to the tanks of communist dictators doesn't count for much in some circles. When it was thought that released dissident Wang Dan might apply as a transfer student to Yale, the *Yale Daily News* ran the following quote from director of undergraduate admissions Margit Dahl: "It's unlikely he would be able to present academic credentials from his university in China. Just because he's a visible refugee, that's not what gets you into Yale."

SHEIK CHIC

As anyone who has watched PBS' *Antiques Roadshow* knows, everything is collectible. In 1979 PLAYBOY ran a two-page display of a collection of tin condom containers, anticipating that someday they would be hot items. That day is now—sins tins have come into their own. Syndicated collectibles columnist Anita Gold says one man reportedly paid $850 for a tin of Three Pirates condoms marked "for medical purposes." Collectors now even have a condom container guide. Schiffer's new full-color book *Remember Your Rubbers!*, by G.K. Elliott, George Goehring and Dennis O'Brien, includes many valuable tips on prices and availability. Brands are listed alphabetically, from Ace High to X-Cello. Most important, the guide's modest price ranges will keep new collectors from losing too much seed money.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

PUTTING THE CAMP BACK IN CAMPAIGN

As we gird ourselves for another election season, along comes a candidate who treats the electoral process with the dignity it deserves. Joe Louis Hoffman's unsuccessful campaign for a seat on the Mendocino County Board of Supervisors included a series of ads in the *Anderson Valley Advertiser*, with a new slogan each week. To wit: "Joe Louis Hoffman—he knows what you want to hear and he's not afraid to say it." "Joe Louis Hoffman—good enough for government work." "Joe Louis Hoffman—uses time wisely, plays well with others." "Joe Louis Hoffman—smart enough to do the job, dumb enough to want it." Hoffman also captured the frustrations of politicians amid an indifferent population: "Joe Louis Hoffman—if you're not using that vote, can I have it?"

OFFSHORE DRILLING

Travelers who use the Chunnel between England and France have found a way to kill time during the three-plus-hour train ride. Couples have been cramming into the tight bathroom compartments to have sex. The only unfortunate part of this is that the experience has been dubbed the mile low club.

VERSE ENGINE

Haiku, a Japanese form of poetry, has found new life on the Internet. There are Web sites with haiku on all sorts of subjects, including *The Usual Suspects*,

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

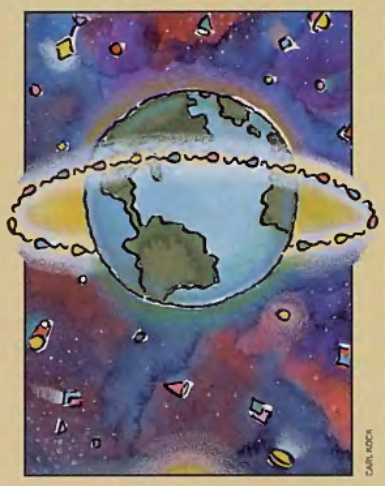
"The character was gay every single week."—ABC PRESIDENT ROBERT IGER EXPLAINING WHY THE NETWORK CANCELED *Ellen*

SIZE COUNTS

Weight of the U.S. federal budget for 1998: 10 pounds, 13 ounces. Weight of the 1999 budget: 11 pounds, 3 ounces.

AIR VACUUM

Number of radio stations in the U.S.: 12,000. Number of stations that currently broadcast on the Internet: 600.



FACT OF THE MONTH

A man's testicles produce 72 million sperm a day—enough in three months to populate the entire world.

OUR BODIES, OUR SELVES

According to a BBC documentary, gallons of spittle drooled by a child during her first year of life: 38. During her lifetime, number of miles of hair she will grow: 590. Pounds of dead skin she will shed: 42.

SPLITTING HERRS

Number of rules regarding the use of the comma in German: 52. Number of rules regarding the use of the comma under reforms recently debated before the German high court: 9.

DUCK!

Number of times the Pentagon's $15 billion THAAD missile defense system has failed in-flight testing: 5. Number of times it has succeeded: 0.

DADDY DATA

Number of single fathers in America with custody of their children in 1970: 393,000. Today: 1.9 million. Current number of single mothers: 9.9 million. Annual percentage rate of increase of single dads: 10.

WHO'S MINDING THE STORE?

The value of merchandise that was shoplifted from retailers in 1996: $9 billion. Value of merchandise stolen from retailers by their own employees: $10.6 billion.

MERCY MERCY

According to a recent survey, percentage of U.S. doctors who treat terminally ill patients and say they have administered at least one lethal injection: 5. Percentage of doctors working with terminally ill patients who say they have written a lethal prescription: 3.

THE SKIN CROWD

Number of Americans who underwent cosmetic surgery or procedures last year: 2.1 million. Number of chemical peels: 481,000. Collagen injections: 347,000. Liposuction treatments: 177,000.

SEMI CONSCIOUS

Percentage of long-distance truck drivers who say they fell asleep while driving last year: 25.

BIG BALLS

Percentage of bowlers who view themselves as romantic: 43. Percentage of Americans who feel romantic: 35. Percentage of bowlers who view themselves as adventurous: 48. Percentage of Americans who feel adventurous: 41. Percentage of bowlers who see themselves as attractive: 38. Percentage of Americans who feel attractive: 28.

HUNG OUT TO DRY

In a survey by Durex condoms, percentage of men satisfied with the size of their penises: 73. Percentage of women satisfied with the size of their partners' penises: 58.

NOT QUITE READY FOR PRIME TIME

Percentage of Chinese households that have televisions: 89. Percentage that have hot running water: 2.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

Beverly Hills 90210, Spam and the Spice Girls. *Salon* posted the results of its call for "Haiku error messages," poetic replacements for those bewildering notices that appear on-screen just before your computer shuts down (e.g., "This program has performed an illegal function"). Our favorite is by Simon Firth: "First snow, then silence./This thousand-dollar screen dies/so beautifully."

PEACE PIPE? HAVE A CIGAR

The cigar craze in Israel is losing heat. According to the Associated Press, Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu was forced to stop handing out $30 cigars to diplomats and visitors after a newspaper revealed the practice cost his office $3000 a month. An interesting snippet: When he became prime minister, Netanyahu had to kick his Cuban cigar–smoking habit. He switched to a brand from the Dominican Republic so as not to offend U.S. officials.

AUSTRALIAN FOR SURGERY

According to the National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers, a 34-year-old Australian man was awarded $9750 after his friend (accidentally?) circumcised him with a broken beer bottle.

E-MOON

Forget about emoticons. These days clever e-mail correspondents enhance their messages with "asscons." A list of them is making the chain e-mail rounds. (_!_) is a regular ass. (__!__) is a fat ass. (!) is a tight ass. (_._) is a flat ass. (_^_) is a bubble ass. (_*_) is a sore ass. (_o_) is an ass that's been around. (_x_) means kiss my ass. (_E=mc²_) is a smartass. (_$_) stands for money coming out of his ass. And (_?_) is a dumbass.

SZECHUAN SCHWING

Foreign translations of movie titles are always good for a laugh. Of the recent crop of names mangled in Cantonese (*As Good As It Gets* was changed to *Mr. Cat Poop*), *Boogie Nights* fared the best. It was translated, writes the *Sunday Times of London*, as *Instant Fame*, which in Hong Kong jargon means big dick.

MAKE YOUR VOTE COUNT

What is the most hopeful campaign sticker regarding the next presidential election? THURMOND-HELMS 2000—DON'T WASTE 200 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF WHAM-O

In celebration of the 40th anniversary of the Frisbee, we salute a fan of the flying disk at the University of Queensland. He's the guy who defined a religion called Frisbeetarianism. Its central doctrine: When you die, your soul flies onto the roof—and stays there.

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MUSIC

ROCK

THE SMASHING PUMPKINS' latest effort, ***Adore*** (Virgin), finds them competing with Radiohead to become alternative music's answer to Pink Floyd. Head Pumpkin Billy Corgan has always been adept at blending his punk and Seventies progressive-rock roots. He weaves dense textures with his fuzzed-up, blissed-out guitar leads. But it's his grandiose orchestrations and graceful melodies that help the Pumpkins fill stadiums. *Adore*'s art-rock pretensions are based more on subtle electronica and drum loops than on distorted guitars. Acoustic guitars and pianos dominate the mix on *To Sheila* and *The Tale of Dusty and Pistol Pete*. Unfortunately, the more stripped-down approach means the songs highlight Corgan's weak, nasal vocals. By focusing on voice and drum loops, the Pumpkins sound more like Queen on Prozac than a punk Pink Floyd.

Walking Into Clarksdale (Atlantic) is billed as just a Jimmy Page and Robert Plant project. But there's no way fans won't hear it as the first Led Zeppelin studio album in almost 20 years. And they'll be half right. Gone is the blustery blues rock of old. Instead, Page and Plant serve up a more subtle, atmospheric mix of the Celtic and Middle Eastern tonalities first explored on *Kashmir* (minus the monster guitar riffs and thundering drums). Producer Steve Albini's raw style doesn't inhibit Plant, who sounds exactly like he did two decades ago. But guitarist Page goes for an undistorted minimalist approach that emphasizes texture rather than crunch. His guitar work chimes, shimmers and even twangs, but never bludgeons. If anything, he's too damn laid-back. When he finally rips off a solo on the title cut, you're left hungry for more. In the end, Page and Plant's musical dreamscapes aren't so compelling or exciting as those of classic Zep, but they do pull you in. —VIC GARBARINI

In a just society, Soul Asylum's nine albums and 15-year career would be venerated. But the world we live in is trendy, not fair, so ***Candy From a Stranger*** (Columbia) is likely to be lost. A double shame: *Candy* gives guitarist Dan Murphy the advantage of producer Chris Kimsey's classic-rock production skills. It also features vocalist Dave Pirner's wittiest insights on the perils of celebrity and the band's most fervent declarations that it isn't surrendering to them. —DAVE MARSH

After 17 years, the veteran alternative band Sonic Youth seems forbidding to some, familiar to others. But its eleventh album, ***A Thousand Leaves*** (DGC), is never complacent. And it does rock at times.

Adore the Smashing Pumpkins.

The Pumpkins get arty, Corey Glover gets soulful and Billy Bragg and Wilco sing Woody.

"I've been with lots of boys and they've screwed me up," declares Sarge's Elizabeth Elmore on the opening track of ***The Glass Intact*** (Mud, c/o Parasol, 905 South Lynn Street, Urbana, IL 61801). Then she lays out a few of her screwed-up experiences. Guys might learn something from these rocking, well-crafted tunes.
—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

R&B

Living Colour was a four-piece African American rock band that emerged from New York's club scene in the late Eighties to enjoy platinum albums, make an MTV anthem (*Cult of Personality*) and open for the Rolling Stones. Living Colour's gifted guitarist was Vernon Reid and its soul was Corey Glover, who provided a black, dreadlocked take on the lead-singer role. When the band split up, a void was left that the less-abrasive Lenny Kravitz filled. Now, with lots of young black rockers in the marketplace, it's heartening to see Glover recording again. ***Hymns*** (LaFace) combines Living Colour's edge with gospel and soul. The bracing sexual celebration *Do You First, Then Do Myself* and the rock ballads *April Rain* and *One* would fit on any Living Colour collection. But much of *Hymns*, largely produced by the Family Stand, has the warm feel of a smart R&B album. *Little Girl* and *Hot-Buttered Soul* are both carefully arranged, well-written and passionately performed compositions that echo Al Green. *Things Are Getting in the Way* is similar and expertly underscored by a horn section. *Hymns* lets Glover show tenderness that was only hinted at with Living Colour.

Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis have spent much of the past ten years working successfully with Janet Jackson. Now the Minneapolis-based duo has found a new vocalist in Angel Grant, whose debut, ***Album*** (Flyte Tyme/Universal), has the same soft, sensual atmosphere of much of their work with Jackson. Grant doesn't have great vocal range, but her material is arranged to frame her teasing, breathy voice on *Kisses, Lil' Red Boat* and other songs that fit comfortably on late-night radio. —NELSON GEORGE

COUNTRY

Some singers have great voices, and some have great character. But it's unusual that you find both wrapped up in one set of vocal cords. On ***Down at the Sky-Vue Drive-In*** (Watermelon), Don Walser proves again that he's rare. At 63, Walser has spent over half a century listening to country music with very sharp ears. And he's spent almost half a century playing it in Texas honky-tonks. So Walser knows the emotions he is projecting. His is a voice with the perspective of age and wisdom. Although he specializes in reviving the Top 40 country hits of his youth, he brings an enthusiasm and willingness to experiment that makes everything sound new again. I recommend *Rose Marie*, on which he is backed not by his country swing band but by the Kronos Quartet. The melody is gorgeous, the counterpoint between Walser and the strings astonishing and the lyrics straightforward. Walser is the antidote for alienation, irony and commercialism.
—CHARLES M. YOUNG

FOLK

On ***Mermaid Avenue*** (Elektra) Billy Bragg and Wilco make the best music of their careers. It's boisterous, pensive, funny, angry, joyous, sad, horny, adoring and political. They do this with a sharp advantage: All the lyrics are by Woody Guthrie, but none has ever been sung before. Guthrie, the most legendary of all American folkies, had to stop writing when he was about 40 because of a neurological disease that eventually killed him. He left behind about 1000 song lyrics, but only he knew the tunes. Last year, the Guthrie family allowed Bragg and Wilco's Jeff Tweedy to sift through those lyrics and set the best of what they found to music. The result is the best folk-rock album since Bob Dylan's *Blood*

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Billy Bragg *Mermaid Avenue*	9	8	7	9	9
Corey Glover *Hymns*	7	5	8	7	8
Odyssey *Reunion*	8	8	9	6	8
Smashing Pumpkins *Adore*	7	7	8	4	6
Don Walser *Down at the Sky-Vue Drive-In*	6	7	6	6	9

TUB-THUMPING DEPARTMENT: Chumbawamba's Danbert Nobacon enlivened the Brit awards (England's Grammys) by dumping a bucket of water over the head of Deputy Prime Minister **John Prescott**. Guess Nobacon doesn't like conventional politics.

REELING AND ROCKING: R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe is co-producing the indie feature film *Spring Forward*, starring **Ned Beatty, Campbell Scott, Lili Taylor** and **Liev Schreiber**. . . . **Snoop Doggy Dogg** is up for a starring role as a ghost in *Bones*. . . . The director of **U2's** *Rattle and Hum* is making a movie about a man directing a U2 movie. **Phil Joanou** has cast **Bono** in *Entropy*, with **Stephen Dorff** as the director. . . . **Bette Midler,** who will play **Jacqueline Susann** in a film bio, is also developing *Show Business Kills*, written by *Beaches* author **Iris Rainer Dart.**

NEWSBREAKS: Donna Summer will star in a musical based on her life. *Ordinary Girl* has 16 new songs by Summer and opens in Europe next year before an American tour and a possible fall 1999 Broadway run. . . . **Blondie** has picked the title *No Exit* for its reunion CD, due this fall. . . . **Queen Latifah** is chatting up Warner Bros. TV about a talk show. . . . **Janet Jackson, Magic Johnson** and former Motown honcho **Jheryl Busby** formed a partnership to buy a bank, making them the only African American bank owners in southern California. . . . The courts have finally given the **Kingsmen** back royalties for *Louie, Louie,* which **Richard Berry** wrote on a piece of toilet paper in a dressing room in 1955. . . . Look for the next **Bush** album this fall or early spring 1999. . . . **Earth, Wind & Fire** are out on tour with the **Isley Brothers** and the **O'Jays. Wyclef Jean** will co-produce several tracks for EW&F's next CD. . . . The Bahamas Country Bash sets sail for the Caribbean in October with **LeAnn Rimes, Clint Black, Martina McBride** and **Collin Raye,** among others, aboard. For ticket info, call 800-305-8712. . . . **Sonic Youth,** the **Ramones, Linda Ronstadt** and **Tito Puente** are featured on the next **Simpsons** album, *Go Simpsonic With the Simpsons*. Included are four new outtakes and material from the first seven seasons that didn't make it onto the first album. . . . The second season of HBO's *Reverb* will feature **Mary Lou Lord, Third Eye Blind, G. Love and Special Sauce** and **Cheap Trick,** among others. . . . **Boston** expects to have its first CD since 1994 out by Christmas. . . . MARS Music and Recording Superstores in Dallas, Houston, Atlanta, Orlando, Tampa, Fort Lauderdale, Charlotte and Indianapolis have started something called Weekend Warriors. It's an easy way for musicians to get back into playing with others without having to start, rehearse or maintain a working band. The gear, rehearsal space, coaching and other musicians (matched according to level of expertise) are provided by MARS. All this for a $100 fee. For more info, visit the MARS Web site at www.marsmusic.com or call 954-938-0526. . . . Avon Books is publishing an oral history of music edited by our own Dave Marsh. Coming soon: *For the Record: Creedence Clearwater Revival* and *Lynyrd Skynyrd. Women of Motown* and *George Clinton and P-Funk* are already available. . . . Is **Elvis'** room next? The bedroom belonging to **Gladys** and **Vernon Presley** was opened to the public on Mother's Day. With the original furniture (including the purple velvet headboard) and the poodle wallpaper intact, the Fifties are alive and well. —BARBARA NELLIS

on the Tracks. It's also an eye-opening glimpse of Guthrie. Liberated from sentimental social realism, he appears by turns more comic (*Walt Whitman's Niece*), lustful (*Ingrid Bergman*) and visionary (*California Stars, One by One*). *She Came Along to Me* is an account of how feminism really works, *Christ for President* is a profound political satire and *Hoodoo Voodoo* outrocks *The Basement Tapes*. *Birds and Ships*, sung by Natalie Merchant, and the gorgeous *Way Over Yonder in the Minor Key* are direct descendants of the spookiest Anglo American folk tunes. They place Guthrie among the century's giants of classic folk. Bragg and Wilco play with inspiration, giving Woody's words contemporary music and bringing them to full-blooded life. —DAVE MARSH

JAZZ

James Blood Ulmer's now-reissued *Odyssey* is the most renowned album of his early-Eighties heyday. With Ulmer on guitar, Warren Benbow on drums and Charlie Burnham on electric violin, Odyssey is now a band, whose ***Reunion*** (Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard Street, New York, NY 10013) makes clear how unique their sound always was. Although he's neither songwriter nor star, Burnham was crucial in getting the three back together. Burnham's playing turns avant-garde jazz into a hoedown, as weirdly familiar as the excursions of Ulmer's old mentor, Ornette Coleman. Ulmer's simple tunes, straightforward declarations of love and rock-inflected chops are essential. But the band takes his gifts to an American place he couldn't find without it. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Patricia Barber poses a tantalizing triple threat. The Chicago pianist has played solos of lacy steel, then reshaped familiar standards with her liquid-oxygen voice. On ***Modern Cool*** (Premonition) she also proves herself a superb composer and lyricist, adept at putting a satiric spin on pseudohipsters. Check out the bleak but clever *Postmodern Blues*. Barber doesn't shy away from real emotion. On *Love, Put on Your Faces*, she adapts the lyrics from the poetry of E.E. Cummings. And solos by guitarist John McLean and trumpeter Dave Douglas lift the tunes still higher, making *Modern Cool* a must. —NEIL TESSER

BLUES

Recorded live in 1967, ***Seems Like Yesterday*** (Justin Time) captures James Cotton at his rawest and most energetic, performing 11 soul and blues hits of the era. The band is admirably tight, but the appeal here is exuberance. When Cotton commands that you turn on your love-light, nobody's going to consider insubordination. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

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MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

SAMUEL L. JACKSON has the title role in ***The Negotiator*** (Warner Bros.) as one of the Chicago Police Department's best men at talking down hostage takers. He puts his skills to use in unexpected ways when he's framed for embezzling money from his union's pension fund and accused of murder to boot. When Jackson holes up in the Federal Building with a handful of hostages, his first demand is that the cops—suddenly his adversaries—call on the city's other top negotiator, played by Kevin Spacey, to be his liaison. This is no ordinary game of cat and mouse, and the tension is palpable. When the plot's credibility dips, the film relies on the rock-solid presence of its two stars. ¥¥¥

•

Minnie Driver stars in ***The Governess*** (Sony Pictures Classics) as a Jewish woman in 19th century England who, newly impoverished, hides her religion and takes a job as governess to an eccentric family living on a remote Scottish island. There she becomes attracted to the man of the house, a scientist working on photographic experiments. To his surprise, she proves to be an adept collaborator—and lover. Writer-director Sandra Goldbacher tries to accomplish a lot—perhaps too much—in her feature-film debut, depicting the near-hermetic lives of Jewish families in this time and place, the limited choices available to single women, the ways women were suppressed by the men they helped and inspired, and the heady conflict of passion versus reason facing a man of intellect (I suppose it's telling that not one but two

Zeta-Jones: Nice swash, nice buckle.

Flashing swords, flaming hearts and forbidden games.

of the film's leading men appear buck naked—along with its leading lady). That *The Governess* succeeds at all is credit to Goldbacher's intelligence and her finely tuned cast, including the very watchable Driver, and Tom Wilkinson (from *The Full Monty*) as the man who finds himself consumed by her. Interesting but protracted, *The Governess* too often seems like an overheated soap opera. ¥¥½

•

Lena Olin reclaims her title as one of the sexiest women on-screen (first captured when she donned a derby in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* a decade ago) in ***Polish Wedding*** (Fox Searchlight), playing the mother of a large, close-knit clan. Family is everything to her, yet her relationship with her adoring husband (Gabriel Byrne) is strained, and her sometimes flamboyant ways ignite a spark in her daughter (Claire Danes), who wants to experience life. This colorful, likably off-kilter tableau, set in a small-town community on the outskirts of Detroit, is the first feature for theater writer-director Theresa Connelly, who scores points not only for atmosphere but also for casting. Her actors turn in rich, textured performances that make their characters come alive, while Connelly paints their world so that we can almost smell it. ¥¥¥

•

You get two Zorros for the price of one in ***The Mask of Zorro*** (TriStar)—which says a lot about the movie in general. You couldn't ask for a better masked avenger than Antonio Banderas, who inherits the title (and the mask) from an aging Anthony Hopkins. But the movie seems intent on giving more of everything: Why have one blackhearted villain when you can have two? Why have one narrow escape when you can stage a series of them? Why stop at two hours' running time when you can go longer? It's a handsome, well-made movie, and for the most part it's fun. But is it meant to entertain or exhaust? There's much to enjoy here—the star performances, the

A MOVIE MECCA TURNS 25

"If you screen it, they will come." That slogan might well describe the success of the Telluride Film Festival, the hippest and most enjoyable event of its kind in the country. But it was hardly a sure bet when Bill and Stella Pence (with Tom Luddy) launched this cinematic get-together near their remote Colorado home 25 years ago. Telluride had not yet been discovered by Oprah and Tom Cruise, it didn't have an airstrip and the nearest airport was 67 miles away—125 miles if you refused to bump and grind on small aircraft. So why would anyone travel so far and so high (9000 feet above sea level) just to see some movies?

Ask the thousands who have made Telluride permanent marks on their calendars and are willing to pay from $500 to $2500 to attend the four-day movie binge, expanded this year to five days (September 3–7) in honor of the 25th anniversary. Regulars include documentary filmmaker Ken Burns, Roger Ebert and animation master Chuck Jones, and over the years special guests have included Elmore Leonard (before he was Hollywood's favorite author), Werner Herzog, John Waters, Shirley MacLaine, King Vidor, Louis Malle, James Stewart and King Kong's leading lady, Fay Wray.

One memorable year, French director Abel Gance, then in his 90s, watched his silent-film epic *Napoleon* unfurl on a three-panel outdoor screen specially built for the occasion. Two years ago, Telluride hosted the American premieres of virtually every critically acclaimed film of the fall season (*Sling Blade*, *Secrets and Lies*, *Breaking the Waves*, *Swingers*).

The mix of old and new, discoveries and rediscoveries, is an often heady and always unpredictable brew.

Few, if any, know in advance what or whom they will see over Labor Day weekend, because festival directors don't announce their selections ahead of time. The reason? They don't want you coming because of a particular film or guest. You're welcome only if you love movies. And if you do love movies, you'll be certain to meet like-minded people—including filmmakers and actors, who seem to revel in the laid-back atmosphere of this congenial event. —L.M.

For information on the 25th anniversary of the festival, call 603-643-1255. Soon.

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Forster: Back in the game.

OFF CAMERA

It is often said that an Oscar nomination can hike an actor's salary, or cement his reputation. For **Robert Forster,** the nomination for his terrific performance in Quentin Tarantino's *Jackie Brown* has meant something much more concrete: a whole new career.

Forster starred in Haskell Wexler's brilliant *Medium Cool* in the late Sixties and headlined a couple of short-lived TV series in the Seventies (*Banyon* and *Nakia*). But he had barely worked in recent years. Then came the phone call from Tarantino.

Now the actor has a featured role in Walter Hill's space saga *Supernova*, with James Spader, Angela Bassett and Lou Diamond Phillips; a smaller part in the comedy *Kiss Toledo Goodbye*, with Christopher Walken and Michael Rapaport; and another small role in an independent feature, *Outside Ozona* (he replaces the late J.T. Walsh).

When acting jobs were scarce, Forster realized he had to generate his own work—and find a creative outlet. So he listed himself with a free-speakers bureau and still makes the rounds. "I spoke twice last week, and four times the week before that. I spoke to a collegiate scholars' group; I've also spoken to old people who don't have their mates anymore, to ninth graders, to Hadassah, to anybody wanting a free speaker." Talk to him for any length of time and you realize that his upbeat attitude, undiminished after so many years of hard knocks, is indeed inspiring.

What's the most satisfying result of his Oscar nomination? "I'm a guy who couldn't get a job for a long, long time and I must say, no matter where I go, people say nice things to me. It's been amazing." And the most tangible result? "I'm going to get out of debt by the end of the year." —L.M.

elegant showcasing of gorgeous leading lady Catherine Zeta-Jones, the vigorous swordplay and stunts. But old-time serial buffs, who remember the likes of *Zorro's Fighting Legion*, will wince at the "cheat" pulled in the finale, which the Saturday matinee crowds of yore would have booed off the screen. ¥¥½

•

Not so much banned as shunned in the U.S. for more than a year, Adrian Lyne's anticipated remake of ***Lolita*** finally had its American debut on Showtime in August. It will now receive some form of theatrical distribution—though not from the major studios, which ran from this ultimate assault on political correctness. Lest anyone fear that the director of *9½ Weeks* has turned Vladimir Nabokov's novel into soft-core porn, let it be said that this film about one man's obsession with a 12-year-old girl may even be superior to the Stanley Kubrick rendering from 1962. With a finely nuanced script by Stephen Schiff, Harold Pinter and James Dearden and a perfect cast led by Jeremy Irons, Frank Langella and Melanie Griffith, *Lolita* is that rarity—an adult film that examines the human condition. The discovery here is newcomer Dominique Swain as the nymphet of the title. She is utterly unaffected and unerring in every scene of this complex tale. ¥¥¥½

•

Safe Men (October Films) is an amusing film by first-time writer-director John Hamburg, about two slackers who have never enjoyed any particular success in their young lives—until they have to prove their worth as safecrackers for a local mobster in Providence, Rhode Island. The cast is well chosen, with Sam Rockwell and Steve Zahn as the heroes, the always welcome Michael Lerner (most recently the mayor in *Godzilla*) as a bombastic racketeer in a warm-up suit, Harvey Fierstein as his one rival in town and Paul Giamatti (memorable in Howard Stern's *Private Parts*) in a wonderful comic performance as Lerner's put-upon right-hand man. *Safe Men* is so light, so wispy, that it just might vanish if you stare at it too hard. But it does make you smile. ¥¥½

•

Harrison Ford and Anne Heche are fun as an odd couple falling in love while shipwrecked in ***Six Days, Seven Nights*** (Buena Vista). Sure, it's formulaic and predictable, but it is entertaining and played with panache. The problem is getting past our awareness of Heche's real-life sexuality—a matter that should be none of our business but instead has been thrust in our faces. Still, Heche is such a good actor and Ford is so loose and funny that they easily clear this hurdle. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

Bulworth (8/98) Warren Beatty hits the bull's-eye as a senator who rediscovers his integrity by aligning himself with the black community—and taking up rapping. ¥¥¥½

Can't Hardly Wait (Listed only) Jennifer Love Hewitt heads the cast of this road-company *American Graffiti*. ¥¥

Cousin Bette (7/98) Jessica Lange manipulates her ungrateful family's love lives in Balzac's story set in 19th century France. ¥¥½

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (8/98) Boring, sometimes repellent and pointless; Johnny Depp plays the alter ego of Hunter S. Thompson. ¥

Godzilla (Listed only) What were you expecting—*Macbeth*? For a mega-budget, check-your-brains-at-the-door monster movie, it's fun. ¥¥½

The Governess (See review) Minnie Driver drives her eccentric employer to distraction. ¥¥½

The Horse Whisperer (8/98) Robert Redford as a man who works magic with horses and their owners. ¥¥¥½

Land Girls (6/98) Young women are recruited to work the farms on England's home front during World War Two. Disappointing treatment of a great subject. ¥¥

Lolita (See review) Jeremy Irons stars in the notorious nymphet story. ¥¥¥½

The Mask of Zorro (See review) Beautifully done—but overdone. ¥¥½

The Negotiator (See review) Samuel L. Jackson and Kevin Spacey command the screen. ¥¥¥

The Opposite of Sex (7/98) Smart black comedy about a foul (and foul-mouthed) teenager (Christina Ricci) who disrupts the life of her gay half brother. Supporting player Lisa Kudrow is terrific. ¥¥¥

A Perfect Murder (Listed only) Michael Douglas discovers his wife is having an affair and he vows to end it. A surprisingly good update of *Dial M for Murder*. ¥¥¥

Polish Wedding (See review) Gabriel Byrne, Claire Danes and Lena Olin in a slice of Americana. ¥¥¥

Safe Men (See review) Slackers become safecrackers. ¥¥½

Six Days, Seven Nights (See review) Harrison Ford and Anne Heche fall in love on a deserted island. ¥¥¥

Wild Man Blues (6/98) Woody Allen allowed filmmaker Barbara Kopple to follow him—and Soon-Yi Previn—during a European tour. Compelling and revealing. ¥¥¥

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Advertisement

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MR. JENKINS

a candid conversation with the man behind the cocktails - his tastes, his singular sense of style, and how to make a perfect martini.

Shaken or stirred? I ask, as the the aroma of freshly made cocktails mingles with the whisper of an ocean breeze. Mr. Jenkins is standing on the deck of a borrowed beach house, surveying the mid-summer twilight. "I suspect that it's really a matter of personal choice," he says, eyes fixed on the horizon, "but it's certainly no small question." A typically profound response. "You see, the decisions that we make, no matter how seemingly small, these decisions define us," he continues, "they give us context, a place from which to proceed." I begin to wonder if we're still discussing martinis.

But this is Mr. Jenkins, a man who, for four years as spokesperson for Tanqueray *Gin, has afforded us a glimpse into his world. A man who will depart a party with as much style as when he arrived, a man who has run with the bulls, and left them whimpering. A man who is just as likely to appear at a polo match as he is backstage at a rock concert. A lover, a world-traveler, a spokesperson, a mystery. A man who excludes himself from nothing, and nothing from him, in an endless pursuit of the elusive.*

As he continues to ponder my initial query, his eyes shift mischievously from the darkening horizon to his freshly prepared cocktail, and back again. "Shaken or stirred?" he repeats as a grin creeps across his face and he reaches for another tumbler, "You tell me."

Decisions, indeed.

PLAYBOY: Alright, here's the scenario: A summer cocktail party. Late afternoon. A hot day. Everyone is there. What do I drink?

JENKINS: Well, these are all important issues, setting, season, crowd, but what really matters is your mood. What do you feel like? Is it a martini sort of day? Or perhaps a T&T type of afternoon? Are you feeling a bit snappy? If so, then maybe a *Tanqueray* Tom Collins is in order.

PLAYBOY: So, it's really a matter of personal style. There are no social constraints with regard to cocktail selection?

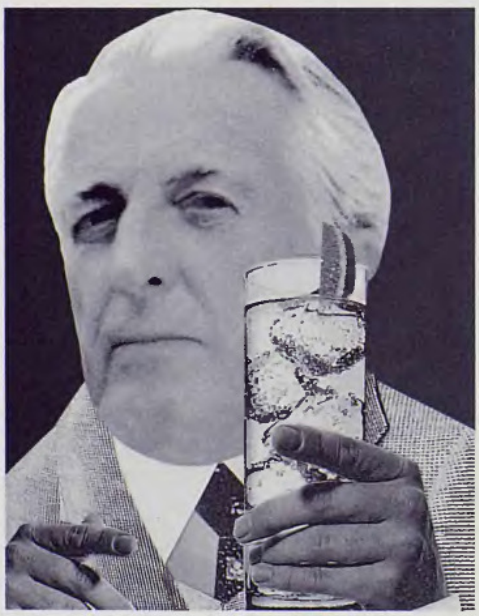
JENKINS: Allow the cocktail to represent you and not your perception of social standards. It projects a sort of confidence and personal "savoir-faire," as the Countess would say.

PLAYBOY: The Countess?

JENKINS: Yes, this is her home, in fact. In exchange for certain favors, I use her house for a few weeks each summer.

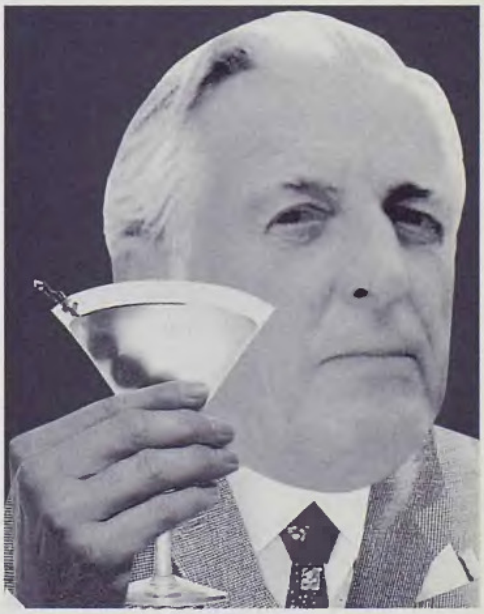
PLAYBOY: *Favors*, Mr. Jenkins?

JENKINS: It's amazing what several cases of *Tanqueray* will get you these days.



"I find all sorts of travel to be gratifying, and given the right companion and a proper set of tools, even the most mundane scenario can become fairly exotic."

"Consider Tanqueray. *Crisp, clean, delicious, and triple-distilled to ensure quality - a process we should all be so lucky to undergo. Frankly, more than anything, it's a matter of taste. There is simply no rival to* Tanqueray."



"I don't understand the current obsession with olives. Whether you like one or two is a personal preference. All garnish aside, the only tragic embarrassment is calling out the wrong gin."

PLAYBOY Interview format used with permission of Playboy.

PLAYBOY: Where is the Countess now? And how do you know her?

JENKINS: Well, we met while tracking snow leopards in the Himalayas. Though I must say, I highly doubt there were any snow leopards in the places I was looking. She's quite an agile sportswoman, the Countess.

PLAYBOY: Indeed. Is that the sort of travel that you're inclined to undertake? Exotic, far-away places?

JENKINS: Oh, not exclusively, no. I find all sorts of travel to be gratifying, and given the right companion and a proper set of tools, even the most mundane scenario can become fairly exotic. Just a few months ago, I joined the domestic portion of the reunion tour of a well-known rock band. They appointed me "honorary roadie."

PLAYBOY: What were your duties?

JENKINS: Making certain that someone was overseeing the backstage ice supply. Appointing someone to stock the bar. There was also some odd clause regarding the removal of pimentos from certain…hard-to-reach areas. Rock bands, you know, they can be quite…whimsical. Attending to groupies, that was my strong suit.

PLAYBOY: Attending to groupies?

JENKINS: You know, sort of filtering out who was worthy of backstage admission. The candidates numbered in the hundreds. The process was quite pleasantly fatiguing.

PLAYBOY: I'm sure it was. And of the places you've been, are there any that don't appeal to you?

JENKINS: Oh, no. They're all beautiful in their own right. I've really felt welcomed everywhere I've been. Though there was the incident at the Havana Room. But I hold no grudges.

PLAYBOY: No, now wait a second, what happened at the Havana Room?

JENKINS: A silly incident, really. All that I'll say is that the Havana Room will no longer be without an adequate supply of both limes *and* lemons. And that's really all that I can say on the matter.

PLAYBOY: So the issue was with regard to the proper preparation of a drink?

JENKINS: Actually, it involved one of the staff, and one of my personal 'alternate' uses for citrus fruits.

PLAYBOY: Ha, I assume you're joking. You're quite renowned for your sense of humor. To what do you attribute that?

"I've really felt welcomed everywhere I've been. Though there was the incident at the Havana Room."

JENKINS: The world is an inherently funny place. I'm merely a spectator. I just call it as I see it.

PLAYBOY: Okay, how about some free association?

JENKINS: I'm game. Go ahead.

PLAYBOY: Pickle…

JENKINS: …Tumbler…

PLAYBOY: …Boat…

JENKINS: …Ice…

PLAYBOY: …Ocean…

JENKINS: …Tonic…

PLAYBOY: …Cloud…

JENKINS: …Lime…

PLAYBOY: …Beach…

JENKINS: …*Tanqueray.*

PLAYBOY: Wait a second, haven't you just free-associated the recipe for a *Tanqueray* & Tonic?

JENKINS: Well, since you mention it, I'd love one. And not too heavy on the tonic.

(He hands me his glass. We laugh. I get up to freshen our cocktails.)

PLAYBOY: What is it that drew you to be the spokesperson for *Tanqueray*?

JENKINS: The match is quite natural. Consider *Tanqueray.* Crisp, clean, delicious, and triple-distilled to ensure quality – a process we should all be so lucky to undergo. Frankly, more than anything, it's a matter of taste. There is simply no rival to *Tanqueray.*

PLAYBOY: It seems that your job has allowed you to meet many high-level people from various countries. Have you ever considered a career in world politics?

JENKINS: Absolutely not – at least not on any official level. I value my privacy far too much. Besides, I've managed to maintain quite an active behind-the-scenes role on the world stage.

PLAYBOY: I think I know what you're referring to. It's no secret that you've been linked, on more than one occasion, with certain members of the European aristocracy.

JENKINS: Let's just say that these…liaisons, let's call them, have afforded me a unique glimpse into the upper, and on certain special occasions, lower echelons of world politics. Though I cannot, on record, claim to have had any effect on policy – at least not in the public sense.

PLAYBOY: When will you slow down?

JENKINS: Slow down? When there's nothing left to pursue, of course – and I wouldn't hold your breath. As long as there's ice in the proverbial bucket, I intend to use it, my friend.

Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol(94.6°). 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1998 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Don't expect to find just one kind of movie playing in the den of *ER*'s **Anthony Edwards.** "I find genres limiting in the same way that it's limiting to call *ER* a drama," he says. "It's a serious show, but when you watch it, you wind up laughing. So my tape collection is less about category than quality. It's full of such titles as *Lawrence of Arabia, Raging Bull, Citizen Kane* or anything by Preston Sturges. For example, *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert* was a joy for me—but so was Ken Burns' *Baseball*. In the end, they both do the same thing: They take you away for a few hours." Dr in the case of *Baseball*, 18 hours. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

Three cheers to Rhino Home Video for its impressive boxed set ***The Mike Douglas Show With John Lennon and Yoko Ono*** ($99.95). Boasting five 73-minute tapes and a 48-page limited edition hardbound book, the deluxe look-back replays a week of episodes from February 1972, in which the former Beatle and his avant-garde wife played co-hosts on the popular variety show. In addition to being interviewed by Douglas, the couple perform songs from John's *Imagine* album, as well as cuts from their *Sometime in New York City* LP. Other guests include Chuck Berry, George Carlin, Ralph Nader, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale, the Ace Trucking Company comedy troupe, a women's rights attorney and a macrobiotic cook. Ah, those were the days.

BOMBS AWAY!

Kevin Costner's *The Postman*, now on video, isn't the first overlong, overbudget epic to go bust. It wasn't even Costner's first loser (see *Waterworld*, below). But rather than turn up our noses at Hollywood's wayward children, why not give them their due? Pop the popcorn, call your friends and throw a so-bad-it's-good filmfest in your living room. They're big, they're bad, they're ugly:

Heaven's Gate (1980): The granddaddy of movie bombs, Michael Cimino's $44 million Western put spendthrift Hollywood execs on notice. To this day it has pulled in less than $2 million in box office—and no forgiveness.

Howard the Duck (1986): A cigar-smoking drake from another planet beams down to earth and comes on to Lea Thompson. Twaddle that waddles.

Cleopatra (1963): At the time, its $44 million budget seemed inconceivable. But Taylor and Burton's torrid offscreen affair overshadowed the film, which was ultimately a flameout.

Waterworld (1995): This soggy saga about drifters sloshing around the world after the polar ice caps melt cost $175 million and, some say, Costner's marriage. At $1.3 million a minute, you're better off in the bathtub watching *Mad Max*.

Showgirls (1995): The Verhoeven–Eszterhas Vegas chronicle promised excitement beyond our wildest fantasies. But $45 million and a few dry-hump lap dances later, we wished we had dropped $50 on the real thing.

Clan of the Cave Bear (1986): Prehistory's first feminist—Cro-Magnon Daryl Hannah—invents arithmetic. Subtitled in English from Neanderthal (no kidding).

Ishtar (1987): Critic Gene Shalit said it best: "*Ishtar* ish terrible." (Note: When *Waterworld* was released, industry insiders called it *Fishtar*.)

Rhinestone (1984): Dolly Parton attempts to turn crude, rude dude Sylvester Stallone (jaw-droppingly unconvincing as a New York City cab driver) into a country singer. Exactly who was the target audience—Roger Clinton?

Xanadu (1980): Truly awful musical with Olivia Newton-John as a Greek muse who turns into a fish along with blocked artist Michael Beck, who opens a disco–roller-rink nightclub with Gene Kelly. You read that right.

The Bonfire of the Vanities (1990): Tom Wolfe's novel was a trenchant indictment of high society. At a cost of $40 million—and featuring lost-in-the-dark performances by Bruce Willis and Melanie Griffith—Brian De Palma's mishmash was Hollywood at its worst.

Under the Cherry Moon (1986): After the royally successful *Purple Rain* (1984), Prince inexplicably decided to direct this gigolo-in-love tale himself. He quickly became the Artist Currently Known as Box Office Poison. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

X MEETS DVD

Adult films are jumping on DVD technology with a vengeance. From DaViD Entertainment comes a batch of the X industry's finest ($34.95 each), including *Night Trips* and *House of Dreams*, the Andrew Blake classics that brought beauty to the fuck film. Other releases include Asia Carrera's Hollywood humpathon *Hot Property*, Shayla LaVeaux's erotic-dream fantasy *Mindshadows* and *The Secret Garden, Part One*, starring Ashlyn Gere and Ona Zee. Have fun (310-306-5688).

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	***The Big Lebowski*** (bowlers Bridges and Goodman plot a doomed double cross; flawed but fun outing with the Coen brothers), ***Zero Effect*** (tasty case lures reclusive sleuth to Oregon; nice quirky turns by Bill Pullman and Ben Stiller).
DRAMA	***Dark City*** (spooky *ET* toy with human memory transplants; clumsy norrative saved by trippy visuals), ***Four Days in September*** (1969: Brazilian zealots take U.S. ambassador Alan Arkin hostage; passionate politics served neat).
MYSTERY	***Palmetto*** (stepfamily team Elisabeth Shue and Chloe Sevigny get framed ex-con Woody Harrelson in a sexy stew), ***Deceiver*** (whether or not rich-boy worm Tim Roth sawed streetwalker Renee Zellweger in half is worth finding out).
SLEEPER	***Nil by Mouth*** (Vicious South London dad terrorizes his working-class family; Gary Oldmon's fine directoriol bow), ***Hurricane Streets*** (hard-luck teen on Manhattan's Lower East Side meets a nice girl; Bowery Boys for the Nineties).
STAR TURN	***The Wedding Singer*** (Will Adam bag Drew? Eighties flashback wins on Sandler's karaoke-crazy charm), ***Sphere*** (Aliens sunk it at sea, Dustin Haffman, Sharon Stone and other A-listers probe it; unfathomably bad but curious).

WIRED

JUST SAY CHEESECAKE

If you like the concept of MTV's *Real World* but think the show is contrived, check out one of the many homecam sites on the Web. This voyeuristic phenomenon, in which people transmit live pictures from their private quarters onto the Internet, began a few years ago with JenniCam, a camera positioned in the dorm room of Dickinson College student Jennifer Ringley. Prior to JenniCam, live cameras sent real-time snapshots of street corners and coffeepots to the Net. But buzz travels fast in cyberspace and word of Ringley's R-rated adventures led not only to traffic jams at JenniCam but also to hundreds of copycats. Links to some of the more interesting ones can be found at the Nose's HomeCam page (www.homecams.com). This guide to free and pay-per-peek homecam sites sniffs out nudity, so if you want it, you'll know where to find it. One popular link is AnaCam ("nudity: sometimes"), where you can watch singer Ana Voog's performances—in the shower. Interested in setting up your own homecam? All you need is a Web page, a Connectix camera (about $100 to $200) and a lack of inhibition. —MARK GLASER

AMY CREHORE

SOUNDS ENTICING

Dolby Digital Surround sound is now being beamed to home theaters via satellite. This super fidelity, movie theater–based audio technology, which pumps sound separately to five speakers and a subwoofer, is standard on DVD software and requires a Dolby Digital audio-video receiver (priced upwards of $500) for playback. Recently, DSS' DirecTV began delivering Dolby Digital on its letterboxed, pay-per-view movie channels. RCA's model DS5451RB ($450) is the first DSS receiver capable of picking up the signal, but we expect most manufacturers to offer the option on future models. Echostar's Dish Network will offer Dolby Digital movies, which require subscribers to buy either a $150 add-on box for extraction or a new second-generation receiver. JVC has introduced a combination Dish Network receiver and digital D-VHS VCR that can also record the upgraded audio signals. And Primestar promises Dolby Digital on its forthcoming high-powered, small-dish system. —JONATHAN TAKIFF

THE CELLS HAVE EARS

Watch what you say on your cellular phone—someone could be eavesdropping. It's a federal crime to sell or use equipment capable of tapping cell phones, but an estimated 10 million people already own inexpensive, handheld cell phone scanners, and sales of second-hand equipment abound on the Internet. Most hobbyists use their scanners for entertainment (the airwaves are like an all-night episode of *Taxi Cab Confessions*), but bad guys tune in to obtain your bank balances, credit card information, voice-mail passwords, your home address and vacation plans. Newer digital cell phones by Motorola, Nokia and Oki offer more protection than analog variations do, but because of the weak security software of their systems, calls can still be intercepted by those with the know-how and the proper equipment. The best bet for keeping your private calls private? Use an old-fashioned wired-to-the-wall phone and make sure the person you're talking to does the same. —MARK FRAUENFELDER

AMANDA DUFFY

WILD THINGS

Next time you come ocross some obscure French word in a novel, whip out your Seiko Quicktionary. A scanner built into the tip of this gizmo ($250, pictured here) reods o word ond tronslotes it instontly onto on LCD. Severol tronslotions are ovailable, including French to English ond Sponish to English. All contain more than 400,000 words ond idioms and can be switched between notive ond foreign longuoges with o press of o button. If you're a lefty, the Quicktionary has o menu option that lets you flip the displayed text upside down. • Digital tech moy be the future of home theater, but we're not ready to write off the VCR yet because its feotures keep getting better. Witness Sony's SLV-M20HF, a four-head stereo VCR with the new SmartFile Electronic Indexing system. Ideal for frequent recorders, SmartFile stores key info obout o show you're toping (nome, date, durotion, etc.) onto computerized lobels you affix to your VHS cassettes before recording. When you want to watch a taped show, you simply pop the cossette into your VCR and a list of progroms contoined on it will appear on the TV screen. Use your remote to scroll down to the show you want to wotch, then push o button ond wait while the VCR fast-forwards to the beginning. To find out how much recording time you hove left on o tope, just wove the SmortFile lobel in front of the VCR. The longest available blonk time will be displayed on the VCR's panel. If the time meets your needs, pop in the tape ond the VCR will fost-forward to the right spot. The price: $500. —BETH TOMKIW

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 166.

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE OF HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

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D-VHS digital satellite recording system.

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D-VHS

* DISH Network is a trademark of EchoStar Communications Corporation. Subscription required for satellite programming.
** Dolby Digital broadcasts scheduled to begin late 1997. Outboard decoder required.
Dolby Digital is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corp.

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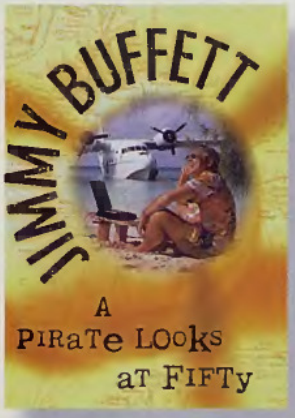
BOOKS

PIRATE TREASURE

How does a hang-loose millionaire troubadour like Jimmy Buffett face the big five-O? According to ***A Pirate Looks at Fifty*** (Random House), he does it with the wind in his hair, nostalgia on his mind and a bankroll on his hip. Approaching that fateful date, with a contracted sequel to his 1992 best-selling *Where Is Joe Merchant?* failing to flow, the resourceful bard of Margaritaville decided to combine his birthday celebration with his literary obligation. Inspired by the travel journals of Mark Twain, no less, Buffett decided to set off with family, friends and the latest cutting-edge equipment for an aeronautic excursion from Florida to various points in the French West Indies. Liberally interspersed with meditations on his colorful past—a humble Mobile childhood, early career struggles in New Orleans and the good life in Key West—this rambling tale might have benefited from stronger editing. The loving descriptions of his private planes, expensive toys and money-is-no-object lifestyle get to be a bit much. But Buffett's raffish charm, storytelling savvy and humorous take on adulthood should cause joy among his Parrothead flock and may even increase its number.

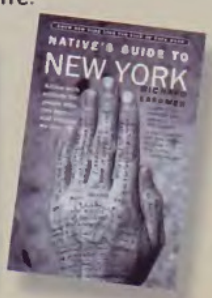


—DICK LOCHTE

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Few experiences match the delight of spending a late-summer day in an unfamiliar city. But most guidebooks assume you wear Bermuda shorts and enjoy standing in line at a tedious tourist spot. Here are five books that will help you avoid urban vacation bummers. You don't want to be taken for a rube in Manhattan. Richard Laermer's ***Native's Guide to New York*** (Norton) will have you negotiating Orchard Street like a Lower East Sider. ***The Buildings of Charleston*** (University of South Carolina), by Jonathan Poston, is the definitive architectural guide to America's best-preserved city. Instead of cable cars and Rice-A-Roni, ***San Francisco As You Like It*** (Chronicle), by Bonnie Wach, offers 20 unusual tours arranged by personality type (e.g., extrovert, neobohemian). ***Los Angeles A to Z*** (University of California), by Leonard Pitt and Dale Pitt, isn't a guidebook, but it's essential for the discerning visitor. It's an encyclopedia that covers everything from Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to the Zuma County Beach. You won't find Galatoire's or Pat O'Brien's in Malcolm Heard's ***French Quarter Manual*** (University of Mississippi), but it's the best book ever published on the architecture of New Orleans' Vieux Carré.

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH



WHO DONE IT?

Kinky Friedman and Patricia Cornwell are best-selling authors who once had different careers: He was a self-described sleazeball country music performer, she was a medical examiner. Both just published their 11th novels, each of which might be termed a tour de farce. But that effect is intentional for only one of them. Friedman's ***Blast From the Past*** (Simon & Schuster) is like an acid flashback. The tale covers a period in the Seventies when he was fronting the Shalom Retirement Village People and harboring his federal fugitive pal Barry Freed (a.k.a. Abbie Hoffman). When someone starts taking potshots at them, the Kinkster deduces, as any reasonable weasel-dust-snorting amateur detective would, that the perp mistook one hebe in a cowboy hat, namely him, for another hebe in a cowboy hat, namely Abbie. But he soon suspects that he might be wrong about who is being mistaken for whom. Cornwell's ***Point of Origin*** (Putnam) features the return of Kay Scarpetta, chief medical examiner in Richmond, Virginia. She has worked on the World Trade Center and Oklahoma City bombings and the crash of TWA Flight 800, but seems to spend no time working for the city of Richmond. Soon after Kay receives a threatening letter from a lesbian serial killer named Carrie (who had an affair with Kay's niece), she is called to examine the charred remains of a woman to determine if the victim was murdered before the fire. Surprise—she was. Could Carrie somehow be connected? Did O.J. drive a white Bronco? If you fancy forensics, you'll find far more adept treatment of the subject in one short scene in Lucian K. Truscott IV's ***Full Dress Gray*** (Morrow), the powerful follow-up to *Dress Gray*. Former cadet Ry Slaight returns to West Point as head of the academy, and when a female cadet dies from apparent heat exhaustion during his welcoming ceremony, it's his responsibility to investigate. With masterful pacing and precise details, Truscott's book provides another insightful look at West Point and adroitly threads the issue of women in the military into a tightly wound plot. In ***Legal Briefs*** (Doubleday), 11 noted lawyer-writers (including William Bernhardt, John Grisham, Jeremiah Healy, Richard North Patterson and Lisa Scottoline) have turned their attention to the short story and are turning their author's fees over to the Children's Defense Fund. It's called working prose bono.

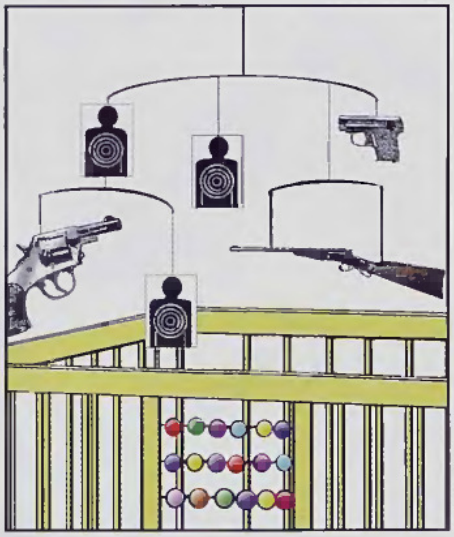
—PAUL ENGLEMAN

ALL THAT JAZZ

For nearly half a century, jazz and PLAYBOY have enjoyed a special relationship. So it should come as no surprise that ***The Playboy Guide to Jazz*** (Plume), by Neil Tesser, is the best survey available today. Arranged chronologically (from Jelly Roll Morton to Tim Berne), the guide is an excellent source for those who want to learn about the most compelling music of the 20th century. If you're building a jazz collection, Tesser offers a list of 50 essential recordings. To order, call 800-423-9494.

MEN

By ASA BABER



KILLERS IN DIAPERS

During the past two years, ten young students have killed 21 people and wounded at least 46 others by shooting their peers and their teachers on school property without warning. The oldest perpetrator was 18, the youngest 11. The sites ranged across the U.S., from Pennsylvania to Alaska, and the towns involved had such wholesome names as Pearl and Pomona.

One of the more disturbing incidents occurred in Springfield, Oregon on May 21, when 15-year-old Kipland Kinkel gunned down several classmates with a .22-caliber semiautomatic rifle in the school cafeteria—this came after he allegedly shot and killed his mother and father in their home. Kinkel hails from what appeared to be a normal two-parent household.

"I've seen the best that people have to offer," Springfield police chief Bill DeForrest said at a funeral for one of the victims, "and I've seen the worst. My concern is this—I'm seeing more of the worst these days." Most of us understand exactly what DeForrest is talking about, especially when it comes to America's children. Here in the late Nineties, we are witnessing a new trend in murder and mayhem.

There are many theories about why children become murderers, and we are being deluged with them by so-called experts. Some people claim youthful violence is a response to the things children see on TV and in movies. Others say the easy access to firearms prompts adolescent executioners into action. Fatherlessness is high on the list of presumed causative factors, as is a general decline in moral values. Overworked parents, poverty, the destructive power of illegal drugs, the siren call of dark forces on the Internet—you name it and somebody is promoting it as the primal cause of the problem. But does anybody have the answer?

The experts offer many suggestions about how we might counter the specter of childhood violence: We should pass tougher drug laws, ban guns, ban *Jerry Springer*, control Internet access, sue parents whose children commit these crimes, establish tighter security parameters around our educational institutions, create more after-school programs for misguided teens, offer psychological counseling to grade-schoolers, etc.

These proposals are sincere, but they may miss a major point, one that is difficult to acknowledge. So let me be a fool for a theory for a moment and suggest that a child's tendency toward violence could be imprinted on his or her brain far earlier than most people think (within the first three years of life, according to the research I've been studying). We are, perhaps, looking for murderers long after they have been released into our midst.

The possibility that violent circuitry is wired into place early on is generally ignored in our discussions about kids and destructiveness. Why? Is it because it flies in the face of our most tightly cherished and sentimental myths about childhood? We've been told an infant is a blank slate who isn't really affected by much that happens in its world until it attends kindergarten. A newborn child, lacking language and memory, obviously has no enduring recollection of trauma it encounters in its earliest years. A cuddly little tyke, even when abused, can later be healed of its wounds by love and attention.

We resist giving up these myths because a deeper dilemma exists as well: If we agree that our perceptions of babies are false, and if we concede that it is in the nursery that violence-prone children are shaped and set in their ways, how can we hope to control the problem? This society does not have the ability or the means to intrude in every home and supervise all the activities around every bassinet.

Nonetheless, I submit that tomorrow's killers are being prepared in their cribs today. Abusive and neglectful things are being done to them as you read this, and their murderous impulses are being brought online right now, hardwired to be accessed later when their bodies catch up with their brains.

Along with positron emission tomography scans and magnetic resonance imaging, the mysteries of the human brain are being deciphered. The latest research shows that by the time a child reaches its third birthday, its brain's wiring is in place, for good or for ill.

For example, in their book, *Ghosts From the Nursery: Tracing the Roots of Violence*, authors Robin Karr-Morse and Meredith Wiley write, "The poisons accumulating from widespread maltreatment of babies are only in part the toxins we already recognize—drugs, alcohol and tobacco. The past three decades bring to light a range of more-subtle toxins influencing our children's earliest development: chronic stress, chronic parental depression, neglect or lack of stimulation necessary for normal brain development, early loss of primary relationships. These are the precursors of the growing epidemic of violence now coming to light in childhood and adolescence." And, they add, "The parts of the brain responsible for judgment, impulse control and reality testing are disproportionately impaired in this population, along with the capacity for empathy and the ability to accurately interpret the actions and intentions of other people."

To bring this home, I confess that the last sentence quoted describes me to some degree. I will not bore you with the details, but my earliest years were brutal in the extreme, and I have spent the rest of my life overcoming the damage done at that time. I can't prove it, but I know in my heart that we are pounded into strange shapes before we realize it. So until we protect our kids in their cribs, we will have more killings, more violence, more sadness.

Our future is in diapers today. Let us protect it and nurture it so we can have a brighter tomorrow.

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MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Making the Classic Vinaigrette

A salad tossed with this dressing makes a perfect accompaniment to steak au poivre. It's simple to make, so there's no reason to use inferior manufactured versions. The secret is in the proportions. In a bowl, pour three tablespoons of safflower oil and one tablespoon of unflavored red wine vinegar. Add salt and freshly ground pepper. Then add one tablespoon of a strong, French-made Dijon mustard. Using a whisk, blend the ingredients until the mixture stiffens slightly. Chill. When mixing a salad, never use more dressing than you need (it takes only two or three tablespoonfuls to coat a large head of Romaine lettuce). Toss the salad in a bowl with a high V shape to ensure even cooking.

Is Paris Renting?

As anyone who has been to Paris knows, the City of Light is also the city of over-the-top hotel rates. A room at the Ritz, for example, costs about $600 per night and suites are more than $1200. An alternative is to live like a Parisian and stay in a privately owned apartment. Since 1985 Paris Sejour Reservation has booked more than 12,000 Americans into residences at rates that range from $95 per night for a studio on the Champs-Elysées to $300 and up for a three-bedroom in a romantic neighborhood (five-night minimum stay on all rentals). Most of PSR's 600 privately owned apartments are centrally located and all offer fully equipped kitchens, and TVs and phones. Laundry service, housekeeping, a 24-hour emergency hotline and a concierge are available, as are fax and answering machines and other equipment. PSR's Web site, at www.gcon line.com/parispsr, provides photos, floor plans and descriptions plus information on the neighborhoods. For an extra charge, a chauffeur will meet you at Orly airport and transport you to PSR's headquarters to pick up your key en route to your apartment. Call PSR-USA in Chicago at 312-587-7707.

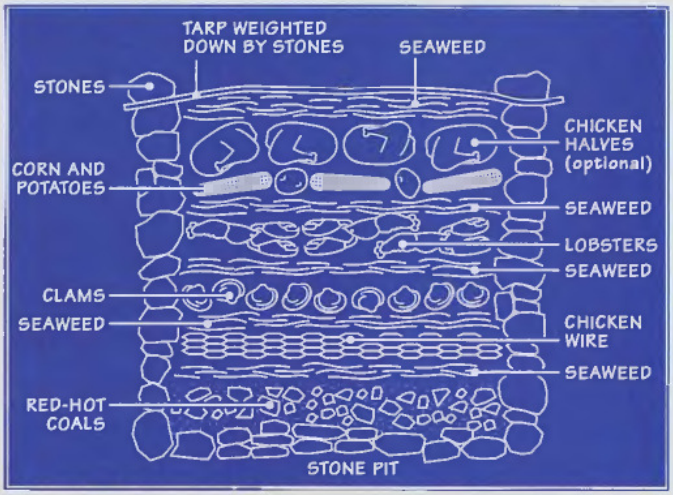
GMC Plays an Ace

According to brand manager Jim Kornas, the new Sierra Ace (pictured here in concept vehicle form) "will set a new standard for full-size pickups as we enter the 21st century." Stay tuned. The Ace's cargo bed is flanked by twin chrome rails, and the cargo box has three separate compartments. A hard tonneau covers the bed. Under the hood is a Vortec 5.3-liter V8 engineered to deliver maximum torque early, making it fast off the line and a strong contender if you're ever in a stump-pulling contest. The rear seat is easy to enter and to exit from, and there are cup holders and heating and air-conditioning ducts back there, too. Along with other refinements, the instrument cluster monitors 19 functions including the transmission temperature. Most unusual, the Ace has two covered power sockets as well as a lighter.

MANTRACK

Clothesline: Duane Martin

Duane Martin, star of the Fox sitcom *Getting Personal*, shares the fashion style of his character, Milo Doucette. He calls it "casual and conservative but with a twist, like bacon, lettuce and tomato on a croissant." Armani is the designer the Brooklyn native likes best off the rack. Martin was a basketball star at NYU, and he feels that Armani's line is cut perfectly for his athletic body. He also likes blue Girbaud jeans topped by a white French Connection shirt with epaulets. Martin's shoe collection comprises at least 100 pairs, with his favorite pair from Rinaldi on Melrose in Los Angeles: black leather boots with inside zippers and three-inch heels. The square toe has an "Eddie Munster widow's peak cut into the design." And whenever Martin finds a great-looking pair of blue shoes, he buys them.



How to Build a Clambake

New Englanders figured out a long time ago that a clambake is the best way to entertain a large group of people on the beach. Dig a pit and line it with stones, light a fire in the pit and let it burn down to the coals. Assemble the ingredients according to the blueprint above and let steam for up to 90 minutes. If you want to create a clambake in the city, use a steel washtub.

Porsche, You Suck

Bragging that you just bought a Porsche-designed vacuum cleaner may not have the cachet of owning a Boxster, but give it a try. Actually, Samsung manufactures the VAC-9068G canister vacuum pictured here, but Porsche Design is responsible for the sleek, metallic gray body that's scratch resistant. The superquiet 12-amp unit has a five-stage filter system, automatic cord rewinder, tool storage area and, of course, terrific suction. It costs about $250. Call 800-SO-SIMPLE for more information.

High Camp: Get to the Point

Between 1870 and 1930, it was fashionable for men of wealth to build family vacation homes in the Adirondack Mountains of upstate New York. These great camps, as they were called, were designed to blend in with the magnificent natural surroundings as well as to provide opulent comfort for the owners. Few have survived, but the camp built by William Rockefeller on the western shore of Upper Saranac Lake is now one of the most highly regarded resorts in the U.S. The Point has 11 luxurious guest rooms in its several buildings, each with individual character and appeal. The executive chef and his staff trained under three-star *Michelin* chef Albert Roux. The Point combines first-rate service and facilities with coziness and privacy. It's a wonderful getaway in any season and especially appropriate for those who want to see the fall colors in elegant surroundings. Call 800-255-3530.

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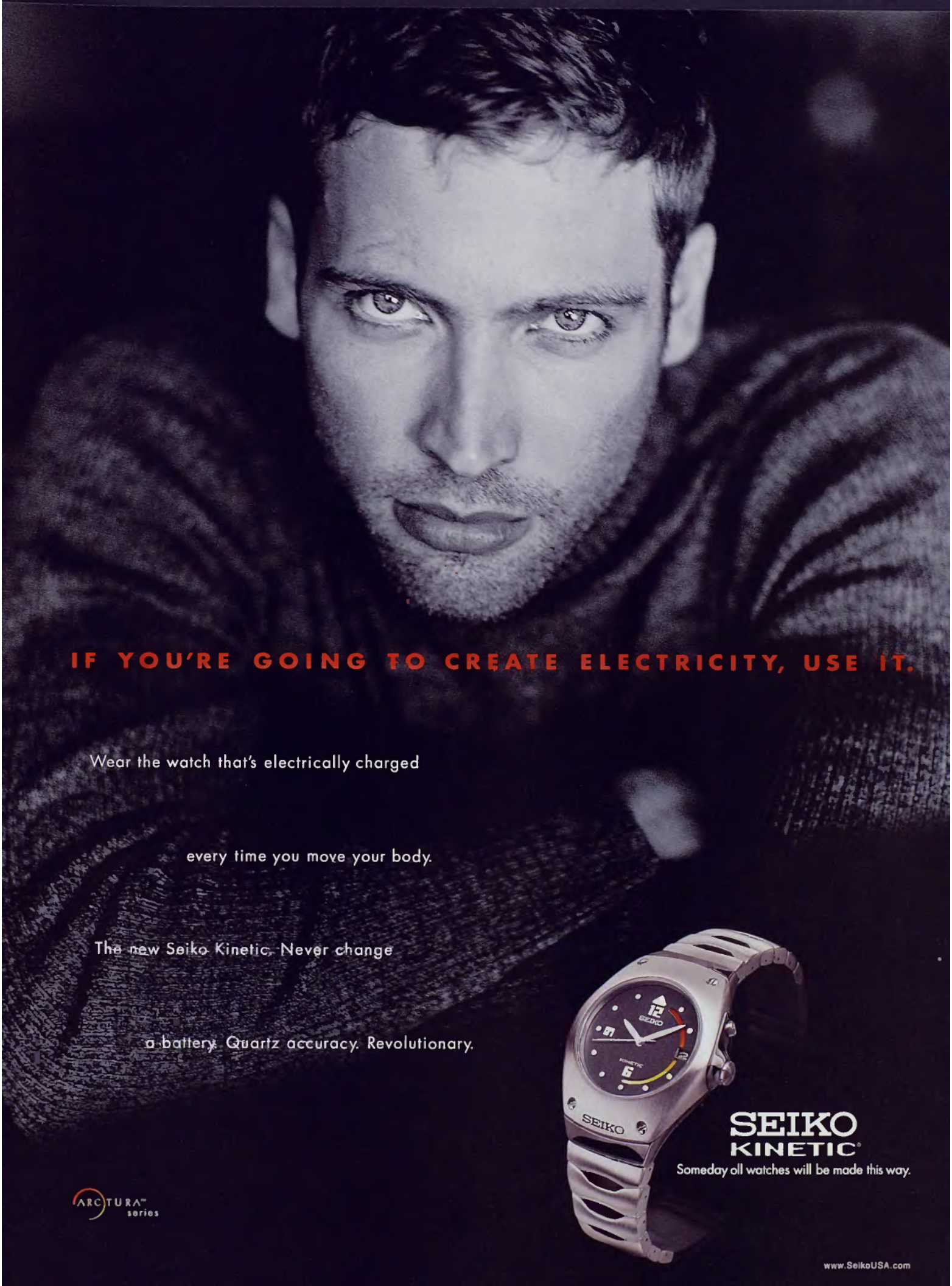
WHEN THE ENERGY IS RIGHT

THE FRESHNESS OF GINSENG

CAPTURED IN A NEW ENERGIZING FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

JŌVAN GINSENG N·R·G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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The other night I was with a woman on our second date. Our first date had gone well, and I suspected we might end up in bed. My penis sometimes balks, so I brought along a Viagra pill as insurance. We started kissing passionately as soon as we stepped inside her apartment. It was developing into one of those scenes in a movie, where there's a trail of clothing leading to the bedroom. But I couldn't figure out how to get the Viagra into my mouth. I needed to act promptly or risk working with a less-than-rigid penis. I reached into my pocket and fingered the pill, then held her close and popped it behind her back. What is the etiquette in a situation like this?—P.R., Nashville, Tennessee

Your erectile dysfunction will need to be discussed if a serious relationship develops, but by then your new lover may offer to pay for your prescription. (We suspect most women don't care so much how an erection gets started, as long as it does.) In your situation, the timing involved seems like more of a challenge than getting the pill into your mouth. If you take the pill too early, say during dessert, and get caught, you could end up alone. "You're planning to fuck me in 60 minutes? Fat chance." If you wait until the last minute, as you did, you'll need to occupy her for an hour until the drug kicks in. We suggest a marathon session of cunnilingus—it keeps your penis out of her line of sight and may work better than Viagra to get you invited back.

My husband, who is 53, isn't able to get anything more than what I call a "pouty" erection. Now he's gung-ho about Viagra. I'm worried about him. It seems to me his erection problem is like an athletic injury—if you take painkillers so you can keep playing tennis, you may not feel the pain if the injury is aggravated. What might be causing his problem? I wish he'd see his doctor for more than pills.—R.W., Boise, Idaho

Your husband's oldest friend may be warning him of more-serious problems: hypertension, diabetes, high cholesterol, or the need to cut back on the smokes. Some researchers believe middle-aged men with erectile problems may be the same men who later have heart attacks or develop cardiovascular disease. Is erectile dysfunction a predictor of early death? Possibly. For many men, Viagra treats a symptom. We hope they don't ignore the disease.

My husband has been on Viagra for two months. The other day I opened his bottle and poured the pills into my hand to see what they look like. There were three missing. That is, he had a prescription filled for 20 pills, and we've had sex eight times since, but there were only

nine pills in the bottle. Should I confront him about it? Do you think he's cheating on me?—R.P., Providence, Rhode Island

There are other possibilities. Your husband may be using the pills to masturbate. Perhaps he lent a few pills to a buddy (not recommended). Perhaps he downed two at once in a mistaken belief that they would work faster or give him more stamina. Perhaps he dropped one in the sink. Perhaps you have a nosy teenage son. That's not to say your husband couldn't be cheating on you. But we wouldn't cause a ruckus without much-better evidence.

I've read a lot about Viagra, but few articles discuss the effects it has on women. Are doctors giving it to women? One of my friends says it makes women hornier.—W.R., Trenton, New Jersey

The FDA has approved Viagra only for men, but clinical trials are under way to determine its effect on women. As women age, many have the same problems with arousal that men do. It's all about blood flow. Just as blood fills the penis to create an erection, it rushes to a woman's genitals during arousal to engorge the clitoris and prompt lubrication. Because Viagra's side effects are relatively mild (the most common is headache), some physicians are willing to prescribe the drug to women who have trouble with lubrication or reaching orgasm. However, don't expect your doctor to hand you a prescription without doing a full exam or suggesting alternate therapies. In many cases, an artificial lubricant such as Astroglide is as effective as, and much less expensive than, Viagra for treating vaginal dryness. Many people mistakenly expect Viagra to work as an aphrodisiac. "The complaint I hear from women is that they've lost their desire for sex," says Dr. Domeena Renshaw, director of the Loyola University Sexual Dysfunction Clinic near Chicago. "They want a desire pill, which doesn't exist. I tell them to use sexual fantasies as aphrodisiacs. Women need to start their own engines, not wait for their partner or a pill to do it for them."

Which came first, the martini or martini glass?—R.T., Honolulu, Hawaii

The martini, of course. It evolved from drinks concocted in the 1870s (notably the manhattan) after imported vermouth reached American bartenders. The stemmed, straight-flared martini glass, modeled after a saucer-shaped champagne glass, appeared about 50 years later. It's one of those rare glasses designed for a specific drink.

My girlfriend and I have been together for two years. We have a great time in bed. She's even asked to watch me masturbate. That's why I was puzzled when we watched a porn movie together for the first time. I chose the dirtiest video from my collection, but it didn't turn her on. She started complaining how the actress needed to trim her pubic hair, and she talked about a scar on the woman's stomach and what kind of operation it must have been. Eventually, she started laughing. She turned to me and said, "You masturbate to an ugly broad like that?" Are all women like this when they watch porn, or is my girlfriend an exception?—Y.S., Tokyo, Japan

We like a woman with a critical eye. After all, most porn is dull and unerotic. Don't take it so seriously. Next time, let her choose the tape (preferably from a rental store, which will have more variety) and give her control of the rewind and fast-forward buttons. The scenes she watches most intently will reveal a lot about what turns her on. Don't make any snide comments. Instead, ask what she enjoyed about a particular scene, or how she would have improved it. Better yet, encourage her to make a video for you. That way you won't be stuck masturbating to "ugly broads."

Last month someone stole my sports utility vehicle—apparently the factory antitheft system was not a deterrent. Now I'm looking for an after-market system for my new vehicle. The advice I've heard is that "nothing will stop the pros, so don't bother." Should I keep my insurance premiums paid up and forget about security devices?—G.F., Cleveland, Ohio

The pros will find a way to take your car if they want it badly enough, but let's make the bastards work for it. The least that you can do is add a steering wheel lock; the most you can do is install a sophisticated alarm

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

system. Expect to pay $300 to $500 for dealer-installed protection. We recommend a system that disables the starter and includes adjustable sensors to minimize false alarms (especially if you move to our neighborhood). There are also gizmos to help you recover your stolen car. As PLAYBOY *reported in May, RoadTrac (800-708-1170) lets you track your vehicle via your computer. The police might find that helpful. Or check out Motorola's Command Link pager (800-554-4053). Among other functions, it allows you to phone a toll-free number and instruct your car to honk the horn, flash the lights, lock the doors and, as soon as the thief turns off the engine, disable the starter. Wouldn't it be fun to make that call?*

One of my turn-ons is to be bound and gagged. With my husband due home from work in half an hour and my teenage daughters at a sleepover, I had a girlfriend tie me up (fully clothed) and leave me in a kitchen chair. My husband was late, but after 45 minutes my daughters appeared. Their sleepover had been canceled. After they untied me I told them their father and I were playing a game. They seemed to accept that but could they now think I'm weird? Should I attempt a better explanation?—L.L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

All teenagers think their parents are weird; you just confirmed it for your daughters. We like your explanation, and it's none of their business beyond what you offered anyway. But take a lesson from your misadventure: It's never a good idea to be tied up and left alone. Bondage requires safeguards, including supervision and "safe words" or signals. Your girlfriend should have hung around until your husband returned, even if she had one foot out the door. You should also send your daughters to camp.

A few weeks ago I landed my first managerial job. I own two suits. Is it OK to alternate the suits and change shirts and ties? Or do I need a different suit for each day?—J.C., Atlanta, Georgia

Declare every day casual day and you won't have problems with your clothes or your staff. If you haven't achieved that level of power, expand your wardrobe with two sports jackets and three pairs of slacks. Combined with your suits, this should offer enough variety. Add a few new shirts and ties each season to freshen your look. As you mix and match, remember to have your suits cleaned as one piece.

My sex drive has diminished steadily since I met my husband ten years ago. I found myself in the difficult position of having to perform sexually when all I wanted was a good night's sleep. My husband showed me the letter in April from the man who likes nail polish, and confessed to a similar fascination. Now I can take care of his needs in about 15 minutes by letting him do my nails while I talk dirty to him, after which I jerk him off. He claims to prefer this to my less-than-inspired sexual responses when I am tired or bored. I also make him do the dishes and clean the bathroom in exchange for sexual favors—he wouldn't want me to chip my nails. I have a married friend who complains of a diminished interest in sex. Should I share our secret? I'm afraid my husband might be embarrassed.—K.B., Chicago, Illinois

You don't need to dish every detail to your girlfriend—just explain that your husband's handiwork adds color to your foreplay. Manicures aside, we're concerned about your lack of desire. It is wonderfully generous of you to fulfill your husband's desires, but this shouldn't be a chore. As Dr. Renshaw noted earlier, developing and acting on your own fantasies is key. When you're talking dirty to your husband, tell him what you'd like him to do with you. Then give him a more erotic assignment than housework. Instead of doing the dishes, for example, he could bathe and dry you. (For help developing a richer fantasy life, pick up a copy of "In the Garden of Desire: Women's Sexual Fantasies as a Gateway to Passion and Pleasure," by Wendy Maltz and Suzie Boss.) We also recommend experimenting with a vibrator. If you're often tired when your husband makes his move, reschedule the sex. Who says you have to make love before you fall asleep? Fuck each other after work. Share a few nooners. Screw after church. Ask your husband to coax you to sleep with a long rubdown, then wake you up with his tongue in the morning. Work together to shake things up.

The letter in May from the guy who asked what scents turn on a woman deserves comment. Despite the study you cited in your response, the smell of licorice and cucumber doesn't make me horny, and I hate baby powder. However, I do get aroused by these colognes: Davidoff Cool Water, Jovan Ginseng Nrg, Curve for Men and Clinique for Men. Another thing that turns me on is an attractive man in a freshly washed thermal shirt and jeans, preferably washed in Dynamo 2. And guys, if you can work in a hug or put an arm around her shoulder, your scent will rub off on her hair or clothing. That way she'll keep thinking about you.—L.S., Brick, New Jersey

We always try to smell like money.

I understand that any Web site you visit is stored on your hard drive. I've heard of people being fired because they accessed non-work-related sites. Is there a way to erase these Net tracks?—R.S., Casper, Wyoming

Your browser stores the pages you download to speed things up if you revisit a site. As a precaution, clear your disk cache at least once a day (choose "preferences" or "options" and find the "clear disk cache" button). However, that won't ensure privacy. Your employer may have network software that tracks which sites you visit and how much time you spend online. The software also may block "undesirable" pages, allow managers to read your e-mail and even count how many times you click your mouse. Employers say these measures are necessary to prevent data traffic jams, improve productivity and avoid legal problems. But screw-offs existed long before the Net, and the most productive workers take regular stress breaks. Find out if your employer has an Internet usage policy, and be prudent about what you download or send at work. If it's any consolation, Playboy restricts what its employees access on the Web. We can only visit sex sites.

My wife weighs around 95 pounds. When we make love, she asks me to take the missionary position and then complains about my weight (185 pounds). I find myself holding myself up with my arms and knees. When we finish, I'm exhausted and neither of us is satisfied. Are there any contraptions that would allow us to try different positions without all the strain on my arms and our marriage?—D.R., Seattle, Washington

Can you say "woman on top"? "Spoons"? "Doggie style"? "Up against the wall"? If a quick glance at "The Joy of Sex" won't solve the problem, consider bringing in the heavy equipment. Check out the Bungee Sexperience, available from Cords Unlimited (888-828-6433) for about $300. You can see photos online at bungeesex.com or in the "Year in Sex" feature in our January issue. Another option is the adjustable Love Table manufactured by Body Care Products (619-465-5566). Constructed of birch and vinyl, it resembles a padded massage table and features a "rocking torso" that allows for "precise control of angle, speed and depth of intercourse." Prices start at $995. Finally, contact Kinky Joe's Erotic Furniture (800-705-4659, or kinkyjoe.com) for information on the Multi-Position Stair Sofa ($1550), the Bend-Over Chair ($275) and other contraptions. By the time you finish shopping, you may need another bedroom.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

THE PLAYBOY PILL

great news for the millennium

The phones started ringing the last week of April. The subject was Viagra, and for a while it seemed that every reporter in America wanted PLAYBOY's opinion of Pfizer's cure for impotence.

Pfizer had offered Viagra as a specific cure for a specific ailment. But word of mouth carried a different kind of news than the clinical trials gave us. This was a "quality of life" drug. Viagra was as close to a fountain of youth—at least one that reaches as high as the pelvis—as science had found.

Over the years, this magazine has received hundreds of letters from men who, as they aged, found that while they still could be easily aroused, their erections were no longer as firm, their ejaculations no longer able to clear the headboard.

Before Viagra, *The Playboy Advisor* (and most doctors) had to give the prevailing wisdom to men obsessed with penile performance: Adapt. Your tongue is still warm. Your hands know how to play. Go with the flow, or lack of it.

But the response to Viagra suggested that penile anxiety lay bone deep. Finally, here was a pill to correct the aging willies, and the interest in its results was staggering.

PLAYBOY editors found themselves talking about men and women and the new pill on radio and TV. The topic was not impotence but male sexuality. That's not surprising, given that the magazine is unabashedly about the power of beauty to arouse. We took it as a hopeful sign at the dawn of the new millennium.

The penis is back.

The Sixties put the clitoris stage center. Feminists attacked the myth of the vaginal orgasm, Freud's notion that a "mature" woman could come only from penetration. The penis had been symbolic of male oppression. After 30 years of clitoral tyranny, millions of hours of cunnilingus and battery-assisted orgasm, Viagra offered a return to phallic-centered sex, the great god Cock. Was it any wonder reporters were calling PLAYBOY?

There was something poetic about a pill that played with the blood tide, that facilitated arousal, that had all America saying "vasocongestion." To the public mind, Viagra was D.H. Lawrence in a bottle.

Norman Mailer once said that an erection was grace under pressure. Now we had access to grace at $10 a pill. But Viagra also shored up the central fact of male sexuality: An erection is a form of enthusiasm, a compliment. It is male plumage. It is our courtship display, our antlers. It is the hardware, and no amount of politically correct brainwashing has changed that. A stiff prick has no conscience, it was said, and a limp dick doesn't need one. Clit envy? Never heard of it. Gloria Steinem and the Queen Kongs of feminism liked to boast that assertive women had provoked a wave of impotence. But we knew that was bullshit. We also knew that women did not want an Alan Alda or a Phil Donahue.

In the Seventies, women's magazines wrote about the joy of having affairs with younger men. Boys were malleable. They had no baggage. And, said one, "It's like making love to wrought iron."

Viagra weds wrought iron with wisdom, the tumescence of youth with the talent of dirty old men.

Viagra—like the Monica–Bill caper or the Hugh Grant–Divine Brown merger before, became the topic du jour. (What follows is a sampling of the national reaction.) Editors played with punch lines. Who needs Viagra: Ken Starr. Who doesn't: Bill Clinton. Letterman needs it. Leno doesn't. Leonardo DiCaprio needs it. Jack Nicholson doesn't. Barbara Walters needs it. Demi Moore doesn't. Bill Bennett needs it. Bob Bennett doesn't.

We pictured how different sitcoms would handle the drug. Would *Seinfeld* have devoted an episode to whether a date was Viagra-worthy? Would *ER* tackle priapism or Viagra headaches? How long before Viagra worked its way into a soap opera plotline (wife finds the drug in husband's sock drawer, suspects the worst). The season finale of *NYPD* was the first prime-time show to work Viagra into the script, restoring potency to Detective Andy Sipowicz, as real a man as ever walked a TV beat.

We listened to the women who called talk shows to ask about morning-after erections. The active ingredient in Viagra is out of the body in eight hours, but couples were rediscovering the most ancient and youthful of aphrodisiacs: Ability creates desire. Good sex leads to more good sex. And there's nothing like the memory of the night before to set fire to the morning after.

The pipeline hummmed with first-person testimonials. Susie Bright, a fearless sexual explorer and writer on the West Coast, called to say she had just taken the potency pill. It reminded us of phone calls in the Sixties, the we've-just-taken-acid-and-we're-on-our-way-to-the-zoo calls. When we checked back with Bright she had a succinct report: "I felt a connection between my nipples and my clit that

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

is not normally there," she said. "Also, the vasocongestion, the internal platform, was so firm I thought if I squeezed, my partner would faint. Other than that, my orgasm was the same."

The pill works for some men some of the time, but for others not at all. We noticed that men were not ashamed to admit use. Where birth control pills had given women control of the middle third of their lives, Viagra gave men control of the last third. Both pills were indelibly linked to recreational sex.

But for all the apparent good news, we also noticed that the conservative backlash was up and running. One doctor worried about Viagra circulating among promgoers. A newspaper headline blared: THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH CARRIES RISK FOR SOME COUPLES; SEX CAN RUIN SOME RELATIONSHIPS. One feminist worried about a population explosion and insisted that Viagra be packaged with RU 486 (the abortion drug). One expert wondered if Viagra would undermine moral and medical authority. A New York woman wasted no time blaming Viagra for her marriage woes. When her 70-year-old common-law husband left her for another woman four days after filling his first Viagra prescription, she sued him for $2 million plus emotional damages. "Have you ever heard of an inanimate object breaking up a marriage?" asked the man's lawyer. "Why don't you blame short skirts or perfume?" Media outlets reported that half a dozen men had died using Viagra. (Follow-up reports indicated a false alarm. Four of the six men had not taken Viagra. One had a heart attack.)

Insurance companies were the first to balk at the idea of unleashed male sexuality. Some insurers announced they would cover only six pills a month. Anything beyond that would be an elective erection. The mayor of New York hinted at a crackdown on black-market Viagra, and burglars broke into a California lab to steal the pills. When Bob Dole announced he had been a patient in the original trial of the drug we wondered at his frankness. Would Viagra become a political litmus test?

Imagine a candidate saying, "I experimented once with Viagra. But I didn't insert."

THE VIAGRA

THE GOOD

"I was flabbergasted and a bit gloomy because the test results were so phenomenal. I thought, My God, there goes my job. Maybe it's time to go to school for something else."—DR. J. FRANÇOIS EID, DIRECTOR OF THE SEXUAL FUNCTION CENTER AT THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL–CORNELL MEDICAL CENTER, AFTER RUNNING SEVERAL VIAGRA TESTS FOR PFIZER

"Cheap gas, a strong economy, erection pills—what a country! What a time to be alive!"—BRUCE HANDY, *Time*

"We've been inundated with emergencies. But when they get in here, they just want to ask us about Viagra. It's amazing. These people have been impotent for three years, and they cannot wait another few days."—DR. RAMON PEREZ OF THE UROLOGY

HEALTH CENTER IN PORT RICHEY, FLORIDA, ON PATIENTS TRYING TO HURDLE THE ONE-MONTH WAIT FOR A VIAGRA CONSULTATION

"Why not just put it in the water supply?"—*Newsweek*

"I have a friend who's a pharmacist. I pay $7 a pill."—MAN BOASTING, IN *Newsweek*

"The zeitgeist of our generation is probably sex. It must be—it was on the cover of *Time* this week."—DR. SIMON MILLS, *Irish Medical Times*

THE BAD

"The erection is the last gasp of modern manhood. If men can't continue to produce erections, they're going to evolve themselves right out of the human race. . . . Viagra is like the steel they would get if they were at war."—CAMILLE PAGLIA, IN *Time*

"They'll take the pill and get a hard-on. So what are they going to do with it? They'll take one look at the woman they've been married to for 50 years and immediately lose it. What these guys need is not a pill but an 18-year-old girl."—SOL SCHNEIDER, 73, IN *The New York Times*

"We are a highly sexual, promiscuous society, and this pill may be sending a wrong message to philanderers."—CARMEN PATE, PRESIDENT, CONCERNED WOMEN FOR AMERICA

"Just when women thought the day was almost here when Mr. Man would poop out before the 10 o'clock news ended, leaving them free—for once—to read until they're ready to turn off the light, along comes a pill that will get him worked up a lot more often, and for a lot longer."—MARY MITCHELL, *Chicago Sun-Times*

"An unscientific poll of my girlfriends found that they would rather have a pill that could change a man's personality an hour after sex. A pill that ensures that he always calls the next day and never gets spooked."—MAUREEN DOWD, *The New York Times*

SCRAPBOOK

the world reacts to the magic blue pill

STAND-UP VIAGRA

"Pfizer is about to announce a new Viagra wafer that works in two minutes instead of the one hour required by the pill. The wafer will be marketed under the trademark the Nooky Cookie."

"Pfizer says that Viagra is supposed to be taken about an hour before sexual activity. The only person who knows an hour in advance that a man is going to have sex is the woman."

—JAY LENO

"Some people taking the new impotency drug, Viagra, are complaining that they now see everything with a bluish tint. So, basically, Viagra makes you able to function again, but you think you're having sex with a Smurf."

—CONAN O'BRIEN

"Viagra. You know what that is—Mrs. Larry King's worst nightmare."

—DAVID LETTERMAN

"Is it bragging to say that I don't need Viagra?"

—LARRY KING

THE FINE PRINT

"I am a man of steel. I will not be afraid of failure. My erection will be successful even though I have failed before. My Viagra will help me overcome my mental and/or physical dysfunction."

—PASSAGE FROM *ErectionVision*, A "VIAGRA-ENHANCED" TAPE PRODUCED BY HYPNOVISION FOR MEN SUFFERING FROM IMPOTENCE

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE: SUSIE BRIGHT ASKS FOUR GUYS ABOUT VIAGRA

From "Salon," an online magazine:

"I usually participate in getting an erection, touching it or squeezing my PC muscle. But with the pill, I just sat back and watched. In a way it was like I was watching my penis and my lover having a good time. I was a little separated from it, which distressed her. Of course, she wanted me to be totally present. But I think it's because this is all so new, it's a new world, and I don't yet know how to be more casual, more comfortable with it."

—EROTICA AUTHOR, 53

"Yeah, I tried it, and I still can't believe it. It's like being a fat person all your life and overnight you turn into Kate Moss. You can't believe it. You keep touching it like it's not yours. Can this really be me?"

—CATERING MANAGER, 49

"Have you noticed gay men either don't have so many impotence problems, or don't talk about them at all in public? Partly because the mechanics of gay sex don't always require an erection. . . . It would be (I remember, it is) exhausting to have to show hard all through a long session. And excuse me, but cock rings make the member about as sexy as blood sausage after a while."

—CARTER WILSON, 56, NOVELIST, PROFESSOR

"I don't know anyone on it or who has taken it and I never have taken it. I guess on the more meta level it makes me wonder what the future holds for me and all men. My experience is that when I get turned on, I get a hard-on. I sometimes get a hard-on when I don't feel turned on or when I don't want to be turned on, but the reverse rarely happens. So, what is the nature of the problem of all of these men who can't get hard when they want to? Is it really just an organic (physical) problem or are they all so preoccupied that they aren't turned on in situations where they are supposed to be?

"If these men are finding themselves through this drug, I worry about their partners. They're in for an endless dose of the old in-and-out when probably they would much more appreciate a good tonguing or fingering. So, is the bottom line hard dick equals 'we're having sex now' while soft dick equals 'we're not having sex'? Maybe I just don't know enough to understand why this is such a panacea."

—CITY COUNCILMAN, 52

THE VIAGRA SCRAPBOOK

THE VALUE OF AN ERECTION

July 1997
IMPOTENT MEN TEST NEW DRUG FROM U.S.—*South China Morning Post*
(July 25 daily volume: 12 million) ($59)

March 1998
PFIZER'S MALE POTENCY TREATMENT COULD BE "THE FULL MONTY"—*The European*
(March 23 daily volume: 8.4 million) ($96)

April 1998
A STAMPEDE IS ON FOR IMPOTENCE PILL—*The Wall Street Journal*
(April 21 daily volume: 13.8 million) ($116)

May 1998
SETBACK FOR PFIZER AFTER SIX DIE—*Financial Times*
(May 26 daily volume: 6.3 million) ($103)

AN OFFER WE COULDN'T REFUSE

"Will trade my Viagra for good Detroit tickets."
—USENET POSTING FROM DIEHARD HOCKEY FAN

WHEN IT RAINS, IT METAPHORS

"I envision a horde of men pogo-sticking their way across this great land—and women everywhere locking themselves in storm cellars, waiting for the Viagra Hour to pass."—TONY KORNHEISER, *The Washington Post*

"Men have gained this magical new tool with which to hoist their masts just as the reproductive sciences sail off into the uncharted waters of test tubes and cloning, leaving the poor guys back at the dock."—DEBRA GOLDMAN, *Adweek*

LITERARY VIAGRA

"He was pressing his crotch into mine, and I could feel the tremendous size and length of his cock—it was engorged, longer and thicker than I'd ever known him to be.

"Sensing my shock, Brady pulled back, tore his mouth away, stuck his tongue in my ear, nibbling and sucking, then whispering huskily, 'I'm using something, Viagra, a new drug to get hard and keep it this way. Hell, baby, I used to use injections, pellets that had to be inserted into the end of my penis and mechanical pumps. Now, just the drug, and I'm like this, ready and riding this hard-on for a long weekend.'

"I didn't know what to say—I'd heard of the new drug to treat impotence, but to use it for sheer pleasure alone?"

—EROTIC FICTION WRITTEN BY "MAGICIAN" AND POSTED TO THE WEB THREE WEEKS AFTER THE FDA APPROVED VIAGRA

LONG MAY IT WAVE

"As a 46-year-old heterosexual male, married in the Clintonian sense, I've been asking my friends, either outright or indirectly, depending on the nature of the friendship, whether they have tried Viagra. I have, and I swear it will be the recreational drug of the millennium.

"Viagra gives a hard-on like a telephone pole, not just big in length and diameter but long-lasting and somehow very intuitive and natural in the experience. After Viagraing last night (the woman was my wife, and we finally connected not only physically but emotionally), I lay back and said out loud, 'This is a wonderful country. This is a great time to be alive.' My wife is Chinese, and we had a long talk about how Chinese herbalists, with their tigers' penises and rhinoceros-horn powders, have tried to find remedies like this for centuries. But they failed. We have succeeded. It makes me proud to be an American."

—ROY, A TRUE BELIEVER

STORE-BOUGHT ERECTIONS

is that a prescription in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?

By MARTY KLEIN

Take all the predictions of Jules Verne, Nostradamus and Ray Bradbury. Throw in the scary prophecies of TV evangelists, the best scammers of the Psychic Friends Network and, just for fun, Nancy Reagan's astrologer.

None of these visionaries or soothsayers predicted one of the biggest medical breakthroughs of our age.

It's a pill that can make a man erect. Half an hour after taking it, his penis engorges with blood and he is hard.

As a sex therapist, I have some predictions of my own. Most of them are not pretty.

To be fair, the pill, Viagra, will be good news for some people: elderly couples who miss having intercourse, diabetics, people with neurological problems, infertile couples, virgins in their 30s and 40s who have been too anxious to manage their first intercourse. People struggling with the sexual side effects of antidepressants, chemotherapy and other treatments may also be helped.

These are the people who will benefit most from the drug, those for whom it was ostensibly intended. And they will comprise at least one percent of the users of the drug. It's the other 99 percent I'm concerned about.

A lot can go wrong with a store-bought erection. Not with the erection itself but with the person attached to it. And with the relationship in which it is used.

Before the black market in this pill is firmly established, let me issue a few warnings. In my 17 years as a sex therapist, I've seen few erection problems. I've seen relationship problems; religious problems; guilt, shame, anger and anxiety problems; trauma, violence and alcohol problems. These are often accompanied by impotence. And while a pill may create the missing erection, it won't solve the real problems. In fact, it will actually highlight problems that people haven't wanted to confront. Couples who are not having sex because they don't enjoy it with each other won't have the "we can't" excuse. Men who aren't having sex because they want to leave a relationship won't have the "I can't" excuse. Insecure wives will suddenly accuse meek husbands of having affairs, now that they "can." In some unhappy households, men will chase their partners around, waving their new toys, wanting sex now. Again. In other unhappy households, women will beg their partners to get a prescription "so we can finally have sex after all these years."

MARTIN MATJE

In a dramatic turnaround of their post-HMO reputations, doctors will once again be popular—at least for a while. At first, many will liberally prescribe the pill. Most will do virtually no interviewing, won't ask to speak with the man's partner, won't counsel him on recreational uses, will not inquire about his overall sexual stability and self-image. Few will ask, "Will you tell your partner you're using this?" For any given man, honesty about taking the drug will be one of the best predictors of the drug's success.

Guys will discover the drug's limitations—fast. It can overcome anxiety, but not a lack of desire. Many penises will continue to speak loudly with their refusal to budge under pressure. Other men will be able to get hard without desire, but then they'll face an existential challenge that would stymie Buber or Kant: dealing with the difference between desire and arousal.

Their heads reeling from that, men will face other questions: What, now, makes me a man? What exactly am I needed for in a sexual situation? Am I any different from a dildo with a credit card? Is there any difference between a quick-and-easy erection and an old-fashioned one?

Women will be affected in strange ways, too. Wives will commiserate about being sore because their mates wouldn't quit after more than a decent amount of stroking. At the end of the day, women will puzzle over new ways to feel validated, now that an erection is no longer reliable evidence that they are attractive or loved. And women's magazines will run articles that ponder "how to tell if he's hard from you or the pharmacist."

Ironically and unintentionally, the new erection pill represents our uniquely tormented time: It can provide ability without feeling, orgasm without joy, virility without connection. This won't be true for every user, of course. But for men who use it as a singles-bar talisman, backup insurance for unresolved psychosexual struggles or a way of avoiding uncomfortable marital conversation, the pill will create at least as many problems as it solves.

What will men, women and couples do when the magic pill doesn't fix their sexual difficulties? It's kind of like feeling restless after you've moved to California. There's no "new frontier" out there. The new frontier is internal, the place of emotions and self-examination. For too many people, it's a nowhere land.

READER

FEMA RESPONDS

In your June issue, you featured a cynical article on the Federal Emergency Management Agency ("The Unnatural Disaster," *The Playboy Forum*). In it, author James Bovard asserts that disaster assistance is used only as a political tool that reduces individual responsibility. What a jaundiced view of one of the federal government's primary missions—to assist Americans in times of need.

Bovard is particularly contemptuous of FEMA's aid to disaster victims he dismissively considers to have suffered only aches and pains. Among his more ludicrous claims is that our agency recruits victims to apply for assistance when it is undeserved. FEMA assistance programs are available to all residents of a federally declared disaster area, and the agency determines the eligibility of each applicant who seeks aid. Just because we request that everyone call a registration hotline does not mean every person who does so will receive assistance.

Federal declarations for snow events seem to send Bovard into apoplectic fits. Blizzards and severe snowstorms were insignificant factors in declared disasters before President Clinton took office, and have been since. Of the 271 major disaster and emergency declarations issued by Clinton, only 35 were for winter events classified as blizzards or severe snowstorms. And all but three of these declarations addressed the blizzards that paralyzed the East Coast in 1993 and 1996.

With regard to our response to the Northridge earthquake, Bovard claims that FEMA made no attempt to recover funds for repair costs provided to ineligible homeowners. Because of the unprecedented severity of the Northridge earthquake, FEMA provided $143 million in fast-track assistance to approximately 48,000 southern California residents in communities close to the epicenter. FEMA conducted inspections of each residence and discovered that only ten percent of those who received assistance were ineligible. FEMA demanded the funds be returned, and the agency's Disaster Finance Center is currently retrieving more than $10 million in improper payments.

Bovard accuses FEMA of encouraging homeowners to move to flood-prone areas by offering insurance through the National Flood Insurance Program. If anything, the NFIP discourages risky development. In a flood hazard area, flood insurance is mandatory for any federally insured mortgage or construction loan. In order for this insurance to be available, the community must comply with NFIP requirements, which may include the elevation of new structures or the outright prohibition of construction in hazardous locations.

Moreover, FEMA has been an aggressive leader in efforts to keep people out of harm's way through our Hazard Mitigation Grant Program. Since 1993, FEMA has moved 25,000 properties out of floodplains and other high-risk communities throughout the nation.

I can continue this tit-for-tat with Bovard—however, there is one point upon which we agree. Bovard feels that people should take responsibility for their own disaster recovery. FEMA director James Lee Witt also is committed to encouraging Americans to take personal responsibility for preventing and reducing damage from future disasters.

In an effort to change the way America deals with disasters, FEMA has launched Project Impact: Building a Disaster Resistant Community. Project Impact brings all segments of a community together to identify risks before disasters strike. FEMA is working with cities and towns across the U.S. to harness the energy of businesses, citizens and communities to reduce disaster losses. FEMA's number one priority is reducing the costs and consequences of disasters.

Bovard can ascribe all the political motives he wants to the delivery of disaster assistance. The fact remains that in times of disaster, Americans have a right to expect that their government will respond to their suffering with all its might. That is nothing to be ashamed of or to apologize for. Casting federal aid as some tool for elected officials to gain political advantage harms victims who depend on our help to recover from the most devastating event in their lives.

Vallee Bunting
Director, Emergency Information and Media Affairs
Federal Emergency Management Agency
Washington, D.C.

James Bovard responds: It is ironic that FEMA would provide such an extensive response to my article, considering that its information officers refused to provide any information while I was writing it.

Bunting states that Americans depend on FEMA "to recover from the most devastating event in their lives." Perhaps FEMA employees are more prone to hysteria than are average Americans, few of whom would consider a severe snowstorm the darkest hour

FOR THE RECORD
LOUNGE ACT
"It takes something special to get me out of my pajamas."
—PLAYBOY FOUNDER AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF HUGH M. HEFNER ON HIS INDUCTION INTO THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF MAGAZINE EDITORS' HALL OF FAME

RESPONSE

of their lives. Only in FEMA's imagination does the average American look out his window and exclaim, "Mabel! It snowed 15 inches last night. How are we going to walk the dog? Our lives are ruined!"

According to FEMA's own records, the agency has declared more than 50 disasters for winter storms (some of which were classified as ice storms). According to a FEMA snow disaster expert I interviewed in 1996, it was extremely rare for such declarations to be made before the Clinton administration's tenure. Snow removal by any other name is still snow removal. In 1997 FEMA found emergencies in Minnesota, Washington, South Dakota, North Dakota, Nebraska and Iowa—none of which are on the East Coast. Surely, the concept of winter was not new to the above states. Why should Uncle Sam pick up the tab for local snowplow crews? Should FEMA also pay for sunblock in a heat wave?

Bunting claims that FEMA found only 10 percent of fast-track assistance granted after the 1994 Northridge quake went to ineligible households. But the General Accounting Office discovered there were almost 100,000 more applicants for aid than there were housing units damaged. FEMA greatly understated the amount of money it should have recovered—and so far has recovered less than half of what it claims to be owed. FEMA boasts that its Hazard Mitigation Grant Program has paid to move 25,000 properties out of floodplains. A skeptic might label this program a handout for dimwits—people whose homes have been flooded so often that federal bureaucrats can't resist writing them a check.

Bunting claims that "Americans have a right to expect that their government will respond to their suffering with all its might." If we have that right, how about a right to a government that cuts waste and taxes? Waste and taxes cause a lot of suffering.

WHY WE CARE

As a Christian, I am morally opposed to abortion, yet I feel morally bound to support the general availability of abortion ("Why We Care," *The Playboy Forum*, June). The logic is simple. Abortion is a moral issue, not a criminal one. The law cannot restrict abortion rights without restricting human rights, including a woman's right to choose what is done to her body.

Abortions often are sought as a result of the emotional baggage that influences people to enter into relationships that are inappropriate, unfulfilling or both. These people may be emotionally and financially unprepared for a pregnancy. Using their faulty moral logic, they may elect to abort the child. Laws that prohibit or severely restrict abortion consider little or nothing and care even less about the social circumstances that lead many women to have abortions.

The law cannot protect a child by trampling on the rights of its mother. Rather than calling for oppressive laws, the abortion issue demands we all behave more responsibly and ethically. I would be heartbroken if a woman were to choose to abort my child, but I wouldn't force her to keep it. The possibility of that occurring is a compelling reason for chaste behavior. If I were married to the woman, abortion would be far less likely to be an issue. Abortion is a decision between a woman and God, in addition to her doctor and the baby's father. In the end, the woman must decide.

If you respect women, you respect their right to choose. God gave us free will—why should the law take it away?

Ian O'Neill
Tavistock, Ontario

PLAYBOY PRESIDENT

Daily Oklahoman columnist Argus Hamilton mentioned your defense of Clinton ("The Playboy President," May): "Hugh Hefner gave Bill Clinton a supportive editorial in the May PLAYBOY. They're two different guys. One is a wolf living in a mansion where he chases women all day, while the other guy publishes a magazine."

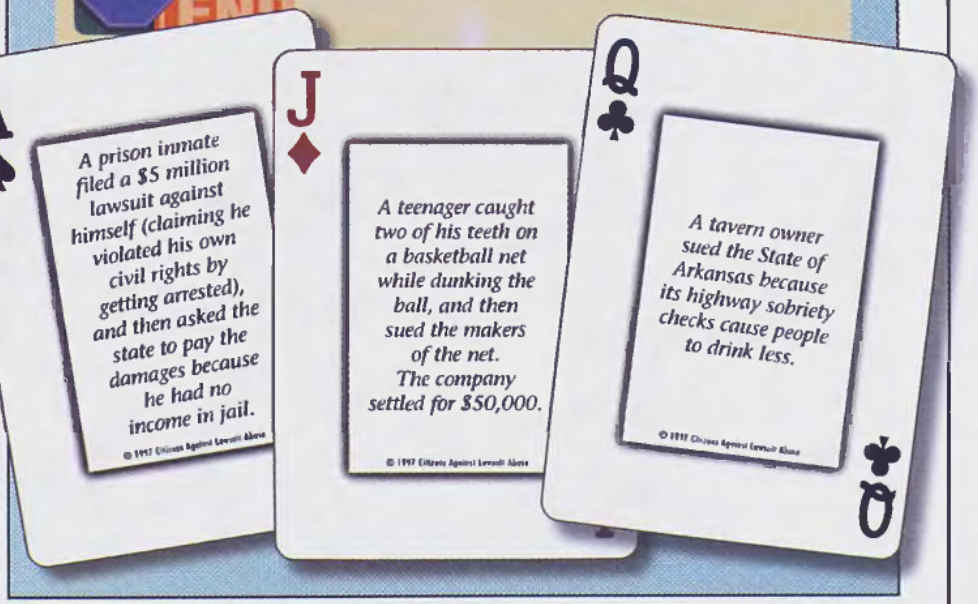
Jasper Williams
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime telephone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).

FORUM F.Y.I.

SUIT SUITES

Citizens Against Lawsuit Abuse, a watchdog group that got its start in Southern California, wants to stop the thousands of frivolous suits that tie up courtrooms and waste tax dollars. As part of its campaign, CALA has created a deck of playing cards that describe 52 loony lawsuits. Get a deck of your own by phoning 310-326-3694.

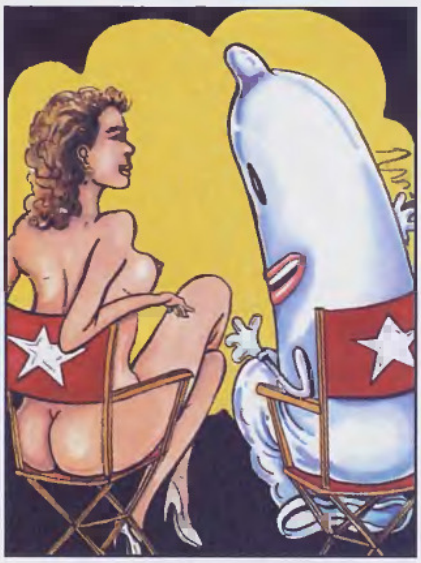

52 REASONS WE NEED LEGAL REFORM!
STOP
THIS
LAWSUIT ABUSE
GAME
MUST
A
A prison inmate filed a $5 million lawsuit against himself (claiming he violated his own civil rights by getting arrested), and then asked the state to pay the damages because he had no income in jail.
J
A teenager caught two of his teeth on a basketball net while dunking the ball, and then sued the makers of the net. The company settled for $50,000.
Q
A tavern owner sued the State of Arkansas because its highway sobriety checks cause people to drink less.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SAFER PORN

LOS ANGELES—*Sixteen adult-film companies agreed to follow guidelines that require actors to wear condoms. At least five performers have tested positive for*



HIV within the past year, prompting the industry to take action. Gay performers have embraced condoms for at least a decade, but the only safeguard for the straight set has been monthly HIV tests. Under the guidelines, male performers will wear condoms during intercourse and while receiving oral sex. The guidelines don't require barriers for cunnilingus.

JURY PAY

SEATTLE—*At the conclusion of a drug trial, the judge sent the jury to deliberate the evidence, which included $1041 in cash. While the 12 jurors were at lunch, the money disappeared. Each juror denied taking the loot and consented to a search. That was all they could agree on. Deliberations had already stalled, and the judge declared a mistrial.*

RHYMES WITH SEX

TUCSON, ARIZONA—*The Pima County Attorney's Office investigated a woman who read a poem that contained "sexual innuendos couched in metaphors" while performing with schoolchildren. The Tucson Poetry Festival had invited Becky Byrkit to recite, and she asked the Old Vail Middle School choir to assist with a song. Minutes into the reading, the choir instructor herded the students off the stage. "Byrkit began reciting in explicit detail about oral sex, gay sex and sex in the backseat of a car," one father claimed. "She needs to be punished." An outraged mother added, "She talked about God in a negative way." Two parents filed complaints. Byrkit's lawyer says his client sanitized her poem before the reading, and that at worst it would be rated PG-13.*

DEFINING HATE

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—*Merriam-Webster agreed to revise the definitions in its best-selling dictionary for the words nigger, kike, honky, gook, chink, wop, kraut, queer, cracker, redneck and about 190 others to emphasize that they are slurs. The change was made in response to a grassroots campaign started by a Michigan woman who was offended that the dictionary defined nigger as "a black person—usu. taken to be offensive." The new definition for the word, "usually offensive; a black person," hasn't satisfied critics. The NAACP threatened to organize a boycott of the publisher and investigate its business and hiring practices.*

ARE YOU NEXT?

SAN FRANCISCO—*A federal judge upheld a $451,002 jury verdict against U.S. Customs inspectors who searched a Colombian-born woman for drugs. The inspectors targeted the 50-year-old woman, who is a U.S. citizen, because they said she fit a courier profile: single female traveling alone from Hong Kong, wearing loose clothing, carrying no souvenirs and giving "evasive" answers. Two female inspectors patted down the woman, ordered her to strip, searched her body cavities, X-rayed her and forced her to take laxatives that induced 28 bowel movements over an eight-hour period. No drugs were found.*

CHOOSE CHOICE

MIAMI—*The day after Governor Lawton Chiles vetoed a bill that would have created a specialty* CHOOSE LIFE *license plate, someone dumped a foul-smelling acid at the entrances of five clinics. Lawmakers earlier had defeated an alternative proposal to have the plate read* ADOPT A CHILD. *In an admirable example of doublespeak, a Republican sponsor of the bill called the plate a "pro-choice tag. It advocates a personal and private choice."*

SHE GETS AROUND

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—*Racing officials routinely consult with the foreign language departments at Victoria University to ensure that no horses with risqué names slip by. The owners of the filly Tulsy Tsan nearly pulled a fast one until officials thought to read the name backward.*

JUST SAY NO KIDS

ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA—*A private organization called Children Requiring a Caring Kommunity pays drug addicts not to have children.* CRACK *offers $200 to men who consent to vasectomies and women who will have tubal ligations or use Norplant. In its first six months,* CRACK *paid ten women with 64 births among them to be sterilized.*

SIGNING BONUS

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI—*Ten state legislators introduced a bill that would reward newlyweds with $1000. To qualify, each partner would have to be at least 21 years old, be free of STDs and have no off-*

spring or ex-spouses. The woman also cannot have had an abortion. In addition, the bill would impose a $1000 fine on any spouse found to be "at fault" in a divorce and offer a $200 tax credit to couples whose children stay out of trouble.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN

a candid conversation with the washington legend about the danger posed by a wounded president, kenneth starr's "police state" and why richard nixon was really a liberal

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, senior senator from New York, is a man with clout. He is not a Washington media superstar, perhaps because he hardly ever gets called to testify to grand juries about hanky-panky. Moynihan gets in the papers regularly, however, and has been doing so for nearly four decades, by sticking to the important stuff such as where your money goes.

"He's a very honest man, which means everything," says Senator Orrin Hatch (R–Utah). "You know he's going to tell you how he really feels, sometimes to his disadvantage. People like him. He's truly one of the icons around here." According to conservative columnist George Will, "Daniel Patrick Moynihan is the finest senator ever. Period!" Will noted that the 17 books Moynihan has written or edited are "more books than most senators have read."

Pat Moynihan makes news the way civics books would have every senator do it—by taking strong, well-informed positions on important issues. He has been mentioned in recent dispatches from battles over Social Security reform, the expansion of NATO, the dangers of the line-item veto, public transportation for the 21st century, the revived menace of nuclear war—even the architecture of Washington.

Moynihan is the ranking minority member of the Senate Finance Committee, a body that oversees half of all federal expenditures. He also serves on the Senate Committee on Environment and Public Works and the Joint Committee on Taxation. He once explained why he wanted to work on the Finance Committee by quoting bank robber Willie Sutton: "That's where the money is." It's fair to say that Moynihan's business is very often your business.

Part of his clout comes from an extraordinary Washington résumé. He served four consecutive presidents—Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and Ford—in cabinet or subcabinet posts, the only person in American history to have done so. He has been a senator since 1977 and a key player in shaping important domestic and international issues, from welfare to arms control.

In a tawdry capital, Moynihan's charisma is striking. His candor makes him unpredictable, and often surprising. He had been reticent, for example—at least until he talked to us—about Washington's long-running sexual witch-hunt and the damage anti-Clinton zealots may do to the nation. He is more than entitled to that opinion—in 1994 he was the first Democratic senator to call for an independent prosecutor to investigate Whitewater.

His history with the president reveals a romance gone sour. The beginning was a honeymoon of sorts, during which Hillary Clinton sent Moynihan her college thesis and Moynihan returned it graded A. But when President Clinton conspicuously spurned Moynihan's advice about the reform of the welfare system, Moynihan in turn gave the first lady's health care plans a failing grade. Moynihan chided the White House for "the clatter of campaign promises being tossed out the window." And he described a Clinton initiative on welfare as "boob bait for the bubbas."

Moynihan's style is distinctive. Just ask Tim Russert, host of "Meet the Press," who served as Moynihan's press aide between 1977 and 1982. One day Moynihan elected to return a reporter's call himself and spoke at length in his trademark cultured and patrician tones. Finally the reporter spoke up to the senator.

"Fuck off, Russert," the reporter said, assuming he was hearing one of Russert's quietly famous imitations of his boss.

Russert is just one of many staffers, including younger senators, who enjoy mimicking Moynihan's manner, of which the college professor's voice is just one part. Moynihan favors pinstripes and an Irish tweed hat. He is tall (6'4") and lanky, famously uncoordinated yet courtly. His hair is snowy and his rosy face unlined. His manner is often flamboyant. He can pound his desk in anger or clap his hands in delight at someone's clever turn of phrase.

Moynihan was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma in 1927 and grew up with a younger brother

"You had to love Gerald Ford. Remember when he was running for reelection and he kept seemingly bumping his head on airplanes? Here's a genuine athlete. It looked like he stumbled. He didn't stumble at all."

"There's a background drama going on in Washington, and that is: Who's going to be the next president? Senators have a disposition to hear 'Hail to the Chief' from under their beds every morning."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM KITTNER

"I am a Roman Catholic, which demands I be optimistic. But I've been a student of history too long not to notice how the mighty can fall. Look at the British Empire: 'The sun never sets.' Now all is gone."

and sister just outside New York City, where the family enjoyed a suburban, middle-class life—for a while. His father was a hard-drinking advertising copywriter for RKO who made extra money during the early years of the Depression by concocting movie titles. In 1937, when Pat was ten, his father walked away from the family, never to be seen again. Margaret Moynihan moved her children through a series of worn apartments in New York City. Eventually, Pat's mother opened a saloon on 42nd Street near the Hudson.

Pat shined shoes in Times Square, graduated first in his class at Benjamin Franklin High School in East Harlem and worked as a stevedore on the Hudson River piers. He enrolled in City College and, after a year of study, enlisted in the Navy's officer training program. He received an ensign's commission in 1946 and was assigned to a repair ship in Norfolk, Virginia. After receiving his discharge in 1947, Moynihan went on to earn a B.A. and M.A. from Tufts University.

In the early Fifties he studied at the London School of Economics on a Fulbright Scholarship. Moynihan returned to the States in 1953 and worked for Robert Wagner's mayoral campaign. From 1955 to 1958 he served as an aide to New York Governor Averell Harriman. After a stint as an assistant professor at Syracuse University he received his Ph.D. in international relations from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts.

In 1961 Moynihan took a job in the Labor Department, and two years later was appointed an assistant secretary of labor. He helped develop President Johnson's war on poverty and became widely known after preparing a Labor Department paper, subsequently dubbed the "Moynihan Report," which warned of the threat posed to the black family by the increasing number of out-of-wedlock births. When the report was made public, it aroused a furor. Moynihan was roundly vilified and accused of inflaming racial tensions.

After an unsuccessful bid for New York City Council president, Moynihan took a fellowship at the Center for Advanced Studies at Wesleyan University. Between 1966 and 1969 he served as director of the Joint Center for Urban Studies at MIT and Harvard. He returned to Washington in 1969 and served as President Nixon's chief urban policy advisor. Nixon and Moynihan almost engineered passage of the Family Assistance Plan, which would have guaranteed an income for all Americans. In 1972 Nixon named Moynihan ambassador to India, where he served until 1975 when President Ford named him ambassador to the United Nations. Playing "the U.S. spokesman feared for the truths he might tell," Moynihan warned the UN was becoming "a theater of the absurd."

When he was elected to the Senate in 1976, Moynihan toned down his flamboyance. "You don't get anywhere in the Senate by being a smartass from New York," he explained. Every day for his first ten years he ate lunch with other senators at the common table in the Senate dining room, where he forged powerful friendships. Along the way he and his wife of 43 years, Elizabeth, raised two sons and one daughter.

With all that clout, Moynihan seemed just the person to reveal what is really going on in Washington these days. We turned to writer **Richard Meryman,** *an old friend of Moynihan's who first interviewed him for* PLAYBOY *more than 20 years ago. Meryman's report:*

"I began this interview nearly a year ago and met the senator in his New York office, at the Carlyle bar, at restaurants in New York and Washington—and most productively in his sanctum in the Russell Senate Office Building. His office has the feel of a Victorian parlor, with muted lighting, dark wood and 19th century American art. There are two walls of books, a fireplace, an antique desk, a manual typewriter on a small table and an enormous, open dictionary. One table holds nearly 60 honorary degree citations. In one corner is a life-size papier-mâché statue, done by his son Timothy, of Thomas Jefferson in a shirt and vest, britches, long stockings and buckle shoes, holding a roll of paper and a quill pen. Framed letters adorn a wall. One of them begins, 'With respect and admiration from one who hopes to learn half as much as you know about what bedevils us and what to do about it.' It's signed Bill Clinton. The president's current problems seemed like a good place to start."

The White House has only the flimsiest grasp of social reality. It has no idea how bad a problem we could have in four years.

PLAYBOY: Is Kenneth Starr playing fair?

MOYNIHAN: It appears to me that Starr has politicized a process created to take an inquiry out of politics. This thing began in Arkansas in the Seventies, and suddenly they're talking about what book Miss Lewinsky bought at which bookstore in Washington last year. What is that?

PLAYBOY: Do you disapprove of what's happening?

MOYNIHAN: Yes, of course. A Frenchman whose name I don't recall said, "The Americans have this beautiful democracy and then every so often they lapse into this police state." You start taping people in conversations at a bar or in a hotel, wiring people.

PLAYBOY: What does it all mean?

MOYNIHAN: I'll leave that to you. But we want to be careful with the institution of the presidency. A wounded president cannot govern well. I think we are being much too casual about this matter. Even though he's a lame-duck president, popularity and prestige can make him a formidable negotiator. But if he's diminished, he will not have the influence he needs with Congress. Legislators won't be afraid of him, won't want to help resolve a problem. They might act like they are, but they're not: "I don't want you to succeed, friend. I want your job. I know I've got two years, but I can wait."

PLAYBOY: What's different about the behavior of a wounded president?

MOYNIHAN: The damage becomes a hurt as well as an injury. He would say to himself, Why is this happening to me? I don't deserve this. That's the mood in which he gets up in the morning, and he starts thinking about Saddam Hussein or what to do in Bosnia, or how to get that Start II treaty ratified. You have to watch that you don't paralyze the government.

PLAYBOY: Has the legal process itself been a factor?

MOYNIHAN: The Supreme Court was very casual in a 9–0 decision, saying a president can be sued in a civil case. There will never be a president who someone isn't going to want to take to court. If he has to defend himself while he's president, he will spend his time thinking about that. It is outrageous that the president should have to respond to these questions, such horrible questions, while he's the president.

PLAYBOY: So Clinton's zipper problems could virtually immobilize him?

MOYNIHAN: Yes. And needlessly and wantonly, but it will have had nothing to do with his performance as president. I saw it happen to Lyndon Johnson during the Vietnam war. Distraction. Obsessed with leaks and flailing about looking for the leaker, which in turn narrowed his circle of advisors. He became preoccupied with what his enemies were doing, and spotted more enemies than there probably were, and in the end said, "There are too many enemies. I have to leave."

PLAYBOY: Any advice for Clinton?

MOYNIHAN: Politically right now, it might be good for him to become interested in education.

PLAYBOY: How would you vote on renewing the Independent Counsel Act?

MOYNIHAN: I think I would vote no. If there's a problem, let it be solved in the courts after a president is out of office.

PLAYBOY: But you were the first Democratic senator to recommend an independent counsel for the Whitewater investigation.

MOYNIHAN: That was on television and I was being a little glib. The office of independent prosecutor was created to clean everything up, to take politics out of investigations. Starr has put politics into it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this sort of sexual witch-hunt will become permanent?

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MOYNIHAN: No, no. It will pass. I mean, we have a moment in which the U.S. is the preeminent nation in the world and has the finest economy and the greatest armed services. Perhaps there's nothing else to do.

PLAYBOY: Have any investigators knocked on your door?

MOYNIHAN: In 1995 I got word that some people from the FBI would like to see me. They said, "We have reason to believe that Chinese forces may be interested in giving you money." And I said, "I thank you very much for that." I'm old enough by now not to say, "Why do you have reason to believe?" because they fucking well have wiretaps or satellites pick it up. The FBI never came to see me [*laughs*]. I think there is evidence of a Chinese attack on our political system, in the campaign finances of 1996. And I think there should have been an independent counsel investigating that.

PLAYBOY: But the Chinese never gave you any money?

MOYNIHAN: Not a fortune cookie, much less a fortune.

PLAYBOY: What kind of a guy is Clinton?

MOYNIHAN: It may not be generally understood how wide-ranging his interests are. He's always asking people down for seminars. He loves policy stuff. He reads everything. He may read too much. There can be a tendency when you're president to take on more things than you can have any serious impact on. Give Ronald Reagan credit. He wasn't always listening, but he cared deeply about a few ideas and he stuck with them. He didn't bother with anything else. And that's not the worst kind of president. If you focus more, you will get more.

PLAYBOY: When Clinton makes a commitment to you, do you trust him?

MOYNIHAN: Oh yeah, sure. He doesn't overpromise in personal relationships.

PLAYBOY: But Clinton signed the welfare bill in 1996 that repealed Aid to Families with Dependent Children. You were disappointed and surprised. What happened?

MOYNIHAN: Well, Mr. Dick Morris was doing his polling and telling Clinton, "Sign the bill and win the election." This administration came into the White House with views exactly the opposite of everything they are now doing. When we lost the midterm election, getting reelected became everything. Welfare policy became welfare politics.

PLAYBOY: During the debate *The Washington Post* ran a story saying that you, a lifelong authority on welfare policy, had stayed on the sidelines.

MOYNIHAN: But day after day they were running stories on what I was doing and saying about the bill.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

MOYNIHAN: That the bill does not "reform" anything, but simply abolishes aid to families; that it ignores research on the problem; that the bill will increase poverty and destitution, especially among "the least among us"—and that the evidence proving all this is plentiful.

PLAYBOY: Tell us why you were surprised when the bill passed.

MOYNIHAN: The Senate was going to send the president a welfare bill that repealed AFDC and that made some real changes in Medicaid. But one morning in July 1996 a rumor rumbled around the capital that House Republicans had said, "Dole isn't going to win this election, and without him in the White House, we'll lose on this bill. So we'll split off Medicaid and send the president a welfare bill he can sign—and we can all say we did this." We passed the two bills out of the Finance Committee, and I walked out thinking, My God, we made it. Clinton will veto this bad welfare bill and then the election will come and it won't happen again.

PLAYBOY: When did you know you were wrong?

MOYNIHAN: That afternoon we met in Dick Gephardt's conference room on the House side, and I said, "Surely this Democratic Party is not going to preside over the dismantling of the Social Security Act of 1935? That's our great achievement." Leon Panetta turned to me and said, "Pat, we've already made our decision." OK. So I got up and left.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with the new welfare law?

MOYNIHAN: The premise of the legislation is that you can change the behavior of certain adults by making the lives of their children as wretched as possible. I think the current batch in the White House had and have only the flimsiest grasp of social reality. They think from the perspective of those who have never had the experience of helplessness and who don't have a very good grounding in social conviction. They have no idea how bad a problem we could have in four years—a million people in New York City with no support. They just have a gut feeling that if you don't make this lifestyle possible, it won't occur. It will stop. Well, that's a big bet. I think it's wrong. It's a social risk that no sane person would take.

PLAYBOY: It seemed that Clinton hinted he was running against the bill, right after he signed the bill.

MOYNIHAN: Yes. We have to reelect President Clinton so he can undo the welfare bill. But you know, he could have done it by vetoing it. There's been no suggestion in this second administration that we are changing the bill. Not one suggestion.

PLAYBOY: Social Security reform has been in the headlines and you've been called controversial—as well as quite courageous—just for talking about a sensitive subject. Would you agree?

MOYNIHAN: It's not courageous at all. We're ready for a conversation about Social Security. I came up with a proposal

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and put it in a bill. It's been said since then that I broke the taboo, if that's the word—that I touched what used to be called "the third rail of politics."

PLAYBOY: What is your recommendation for Social Security?

MOYNIHAN: I said, "Look, you have to do several things and you'll be OK. You have to get a correct cost-of-living adjustment, which means cutting the Consumer Price Index, which is not a cost-of-living index. You have to increase the amount of income that is taxable. You have to extend the years you calculate benefits on from 35 to 37. You can cut down, take two points off—two percentage points of the present payroll tax. Bring it down from 12.4 to 10.4. Then let people put the other 2 percent into a thrift savings plan.

PLAYBOY: Will Congress really do something to reform the IRS?

MOYNIHAN: We recently sent an IRS-reform bill out of the Finance Committee, 20–0. It will be hell's own time before it becomes law, but it will be signed.

PLAYBOY: It will be signed?

MOYNIHAN: Yeah. The president said that he is outraged about the way things are. So anything you can get on that bill will become law too.

PLAYBOY: Clinton surprised you on welfare. Are you sure about him this time?

MOYNIHAN: He wants this bill but he may not want some of the things that get added to it. But he can't not sign it, because he's already made a speech saying what's going on at the IRS is outrageous. One Republican said, "It must be a pretty good idea, because Clinton's already stolen it."

PLAYBOY: You have sponsored legislation—with Senator Jesse Helms—that would greatly reduce the number of official government secrets. What's your problem with secrecy?

MOYNIHAN: Secrecy dulls the senses. It cuts off criticism. The number of secrets created by the federal government in 1996 went up 62 percent from 1995. We now have 3 million civil servants and military officers with the right to classify information—stamp, stamp, stamp—keeping things from one another. They have created roughly 400,000 top-secret documents whose revelation would supposedly create "exceptionally grave damage to the national security." Extremely improbable!

PLAYBOY: Where did the problem come from?

MOYNIHAN: Secrecy is the normal behavior of a bureaucracy. It's a way to hide mistakes and decisions from criticism—and to write regulations that are pernicious because you don't even know you're being regulated. The M.O. is to present the worst case possible—that's the ticket. Operating from that false belief, we wasted trillions building up our defenses. In 1982 we were the world's leading creditor nation. By 1988 we

were its largest debtor. That's the way the Cold War ended. The Iran-contra operation could function in the National Security Council because only a few people knew about it. That operation could have been a true constitutional crisis. In any other circumstance, it would have been an impeachable offense. But Reagan was liked. Nobody hated him. And he was leaving office anyway.

PLAYBOY: Does President Clinton share your concerns about secrecy?

MOYNIHAN: He's been good about this, but it's not a priority. Unless the president decides to open up government, secrecy will go on indefinitely and cause trouble. The public begins to think that maybe government is the source of the conspiracies directed against us. And how do you know, if you can't find out? And so you get the Timothy McVeighs—people who really think that this government is not theirs: "They don't represent me!" You have to trust government. That's so fundamental. The CIA has the mentality that it's an important agency because it knows things others don't know. "Take away my secrets, you take away my status. But I'll trade secrets with other agencies—I'll give you my secret if you give me yours." They don't care about what the American public needs to know.

PLAYBOY: The line-item veto sounds like a good way to help balance the budget by stopping Congress from wasting money. Do you agree?

MOYNIHAN: If you think that, then you know nothing about the presidency and little about Congress. In effect, the way it works is that the president does not veto many things. He just lets you know he can. He says, "Dick, I know how much this radiation lab means to you and how much it means to New York and I want it for you. But Dick, you know, I just have to have NATO expansion and you can help me there, can't you?" So if you don't vote for expanded NATO, you won't get your lab.

PLAYBOY: We'll get to NATO in a minute—but how does the line-item veto affect your work?

MOYNIHAN: When you put together a tax bill, for example, you often do it one vote at a time. This fellow wants this, and that lady wants that, and eventually you have 50 votes, or 52 or 53 or 54. And that's the way it was meant to be. You put together this interest and that interest and that interest. If the president can take out four or five of those provisions, you will have a bill that never would have passed otherwise.

PLAYBOY: What is the line-item veto's historical significance?

MOYNIHAN: When a president can go through a bill and take out this and take out that—and what's left becomes law—that is a profound change of power that was not contemplated by the men who wrote the Constitution. If the Supreme Court upholds it, it will cause the greatest change in executive–legislative relations, the balance between the president and Congress, in the history of the nation. [*In a 6–3 decision on June 25 the Supreme Court found the Line Item Veto Act unconstitutional.*]

PLAYBOY: You're not exaggerating this a bit?

MOYNIHAN: A respected lawyer here in town who's been counsel to the president said to me, "If Lyndon Johnson had had this power, we'd have had a Nero."

PLAYBOY: Could our government have prevented the nuclear saber rattling now going on between India and Pakistan?

MOYNIHAN: We could have paid more attention earlier. Their plans were not secret; they were asserted. Now, we must somehow keep the Islamic bomb from spreading to the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to another controversial subject—the plan to expand NATO to include Hungary, the Czech Republic and Poland. Do you think that's a good idea?

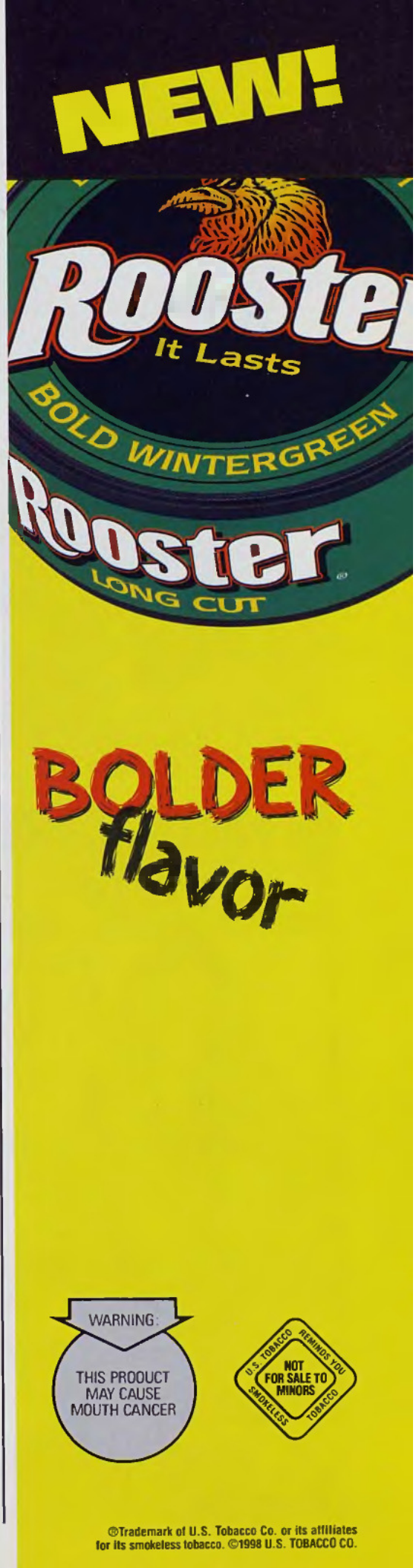
MOYNIHAN: I think it's a disaster. NATO is an alliance put together to oppose the expansion of the Soviet Union. And there is no Soviet Union.

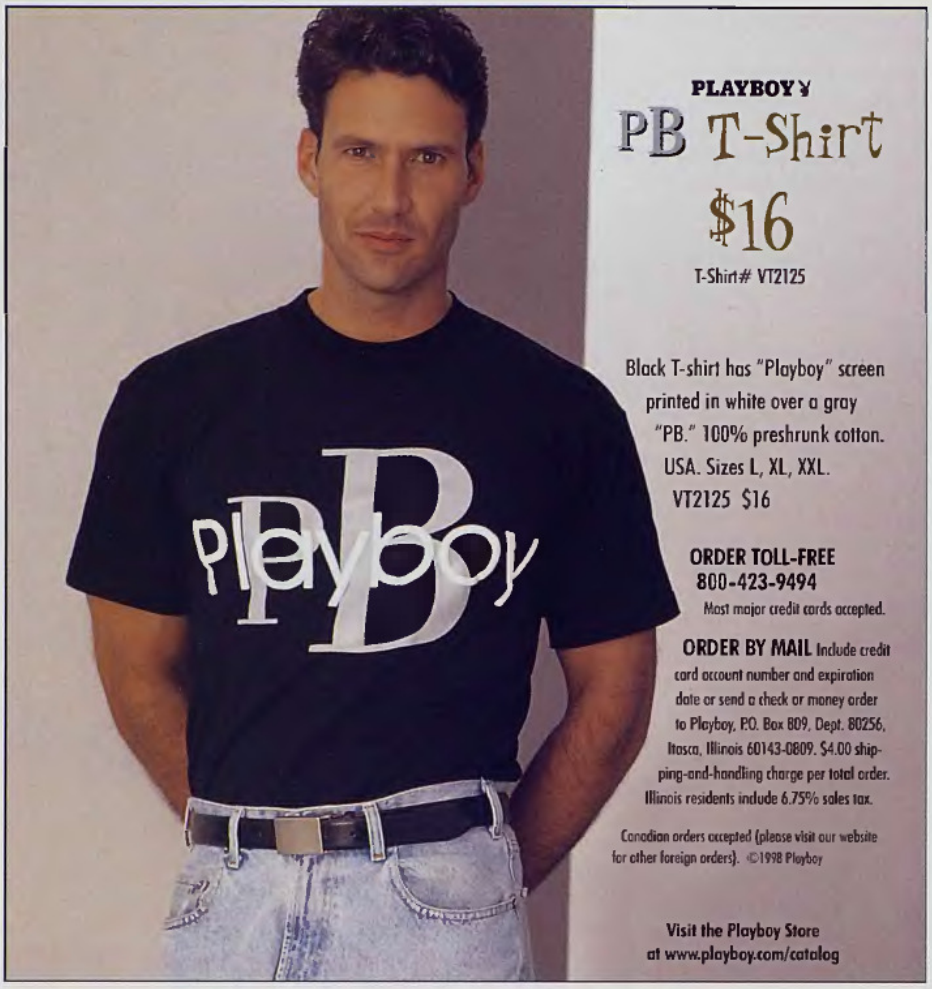
PLAYBOY: What could go wrong?

MOYNIHAN: We could get ourselves back into a nuclear standoff with the Russians because all Russia has now is its nuclear weapons. Its army has disintegrated. Its air force—it doesn't have one. Its navy is rusting in a Ukrainian port in the Black Sea. I jolted some people recently when I gave a speech and said, "We're asking for nuclear war." This is now, once again, the subject. Today, after half a century of nuclear terror that we thought we had negotiated away, the nuclear threat is in the hands of a desperate, angry, beleaguered, irrational, besieged country that feels it's being cast down. Now our principal ideological adversary has been succeeded by a nationalist adversary armed in the same manner—and scared, and angry. That situation could become far more unstable. But this idea doesn't seem to sink in with anyone. In the meantime the White House is pressing for the expansion of NATO, which will make Russians refuse to ratify any arms treaty. The whole triumph of the West could collapse because we failed to finish up a program of arms control. The Soviet Union entered the post–Cold War era shattered. We entered it broke—self-inflicted. We are not paying our dues to the United Nations, for God's sake. Come on, grown-up countries do not do that. We should be buying the Russian warheads and dismantling them. Surely we can seize the chance to avoid Armageddon.

PLAYBOY: If expanding NATO is such a bad idea, why does it have so much support?

MOYNIHAN: Ignorance and domestic politics. We think of Russia as the Soviet

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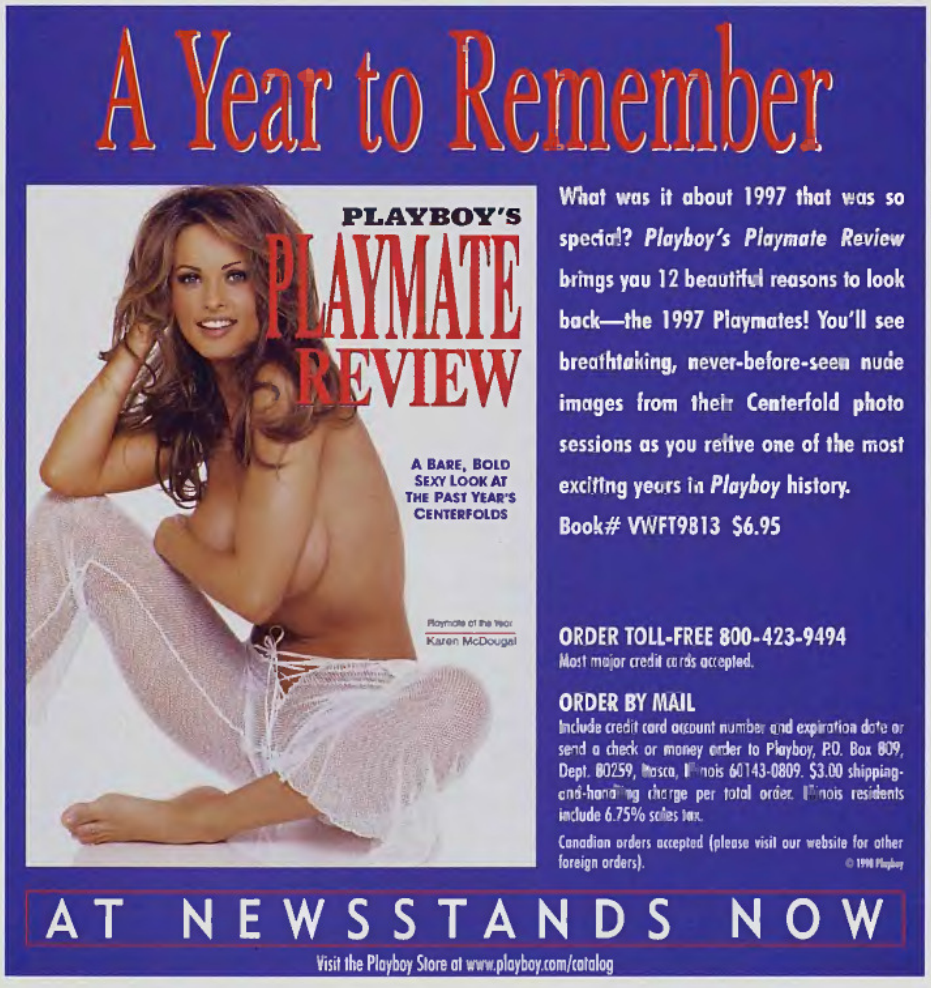
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Union and we see it as an aggressive force, always ready to conquer somebody. Then there's the power of ethnicity in U.S. domestic politics.

PLAYBOY: You make NATO expansion sound as dangerous as Iraq is.

MOYNIHAN: The biggest danger in the Iraq situation is that it could break up the seemingly promising relationship between Russia—which views the Persian Gulf as its part of the world—and the U.S. That would be a huge loss. The cost of losing an improved U.S.–Russian relationship could be beyond belief. Welcome to the 21st century.

PLAYBOY: You were among the first to predict the Soviet Union's collapse. What tipped you off?

MOYNIHAN: In 1979 I wrote an article for *Newsweek* arguing that the Soviet Union was almost certainly going to break up in the Eighties and we better watch out. Having been ambassador to India, I saw that all around me the great European empires—British, Dutch, French, Portuguese—had disappeared. So what made us think that this wouldn't happen in Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan and so on? Ethnicity is far more powerful than anybody understood. And the life expectancy of males had begun to decline in the Soviet Union, and that doesn't decline anywhere. So you ask yourself, What's that? But nobody heard.

PLAYBOY: Fundamentalism is a big problem at home and abroad. Are you lobbied by the Christian right?

MOYNIHAN: I will say this to you and if you can print it, do. Once a year the anti-abortion people come to Washington. They are the only people who come to see me. I shouldn't say "only," but they are the one group that comes to see me that doesn't want anything other than to discuss a moral issue it's concerned with. I might meet three or four other people a year like that, but not many. They're the only working people I ever see. They come down by bus. They don't go out to lunch at the mall. They just want to say they have a view of something. I've always voted against them.

PLAYBOY: But the Christian right has other issues besides abortion. Some members say every word of the Bible is literally true and they want to impose their views on everyone else. The movement seems pretty important. Do you agree?

MOYNIHAN: It is hugely important. And there's nothing new about this. At different times in our history there have been very important political movements that were basically religious or concerned with matters of conscience. Abolition was one, out of which came the Republican Party. Prohibition was another. And abortion is a third. *Roe vs. Wade* just shook the conscience of a large segment of the American population, particularly the fundamentalist Protestants, who were quite content to live a life that didn't have much politics in it. They

didn't have politics, they had their own religious concerns. Suddenly a matter of true import to them became the law of the land by a decision of the Supreme Court. And they thought, What is this? This has to change. And gradually they became a political force.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider the Christian right dangerous?

MOYNIHAN: No, good God. They're the nicest people in the world if you leave their consciences alone. And if you don't, it's not the first time in history you get resentment. The Catholic Church is just as involved, but the Catholic Church has a wider agenda. In the way we are now using the word, the Catholic social doctrine is liberal. If you're talking about minimum wage or something like that, they're with you all the time.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you have to take the Christian right, creationism and all, into account?

MOYNIHAN: Well, you'd better if you're thinking to run for president.

PLAYBOY: That makes them sound very powerful.

MOYNIHAN: They are. We may lose our voting rights in the General Assembly because we passed a bill that would pay almost $1 billion in UN dues, but it included a provision that no money will go to any organization that performs abortions. The president has said he will veto the bill over that issue. If you go two years without paying your dues—which may happen if this impasse is not resolved—you can lose your voting rights in the General Assembly.

PLAYBOY: This is bizarre.

MOYNIHAN: Yeah. And it's a big thing for us to lose our voting rights over something—over what?

PLAYBOY: So a minority can make international policy?

MOYNIHAN: The Southern Baptists aren't exactly a minority. The Supreme Court is. And if nine people can say that something they find absolutely morally unacceptable is the law of the land, well, that makes people think.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned running for president. Did you ever consider it?

MOYNIHAN: No. I just never for a moment imagined myself doing it. I don't have any executive abilities. My wife, Liz, keeps the checkbook.

PLAYBOY: You started working in Washington in the Kennedy administration in 1961. How different are things now?

MOYNIHAN: In the early days of the Clinton administration, I found myself in a meeting in the Oval Office with the president, the vice president and the committee chairmen from the Senate. And I found myself thinking that when I was first in that room, I was the youngest person present. And I looked around and realized, my God, now I'm the second oldest—only Robert Byrd was older. Without your ever having noticed it, things creep up on you.

PLAYBOY: Any other indelible memories of the Oval Office?

MOYNIHAN: The cleat marks on the floor made by Eisenhower's golf shoes. Would it help you to know that Dwight Eisenhower never learned how to use a dial telephone? He just picked up the phone and there was an operator. It didn't mean he couldn't invade Europe.

PLAYBOY: Are you technologically savvy?

MOYNIHAN: I still type letters.

PLAYBOY: What else strikes you as a big change over the years?

MOYNIHAN: Since Watergate, Washington has become a dangerous place to work. The least little allegation can be catastrophic to one's reputation or destroy a person's finances. There are people in the White House who, quite literally, will almost certainly die in debt. Secretaries, for instance. All those lawyers you see hanging around outside the grand jury room typically charge $300 to $500 an hour. In short order you can find yourself owing $200,000 to your lawyers, just to explain that you haven't done anything.

PLAYBOY: You worked in the administrations of four presidents. Does one of them stand out?

MOYNIHAN: Well, the one you had to love was Gerald Ford. He's just such a good man. And talk about how life isn't fair! Remember when he was running for reelection and he kept seemingly bumping his head on airplanes? I mean, here's a man who's a genuine athlete. It looked like he stumbled around. He didn't stumble at all.

PLAYBOY: What was Kennedy's greatest strength?

MOYNIHAN: His generation came into office. He was a special man in his own right. He spoke about the enormous optimism with which America came out of World War Two. Kennedy thought he would prevail. And he did very odd things. He gave a speech in which he said, "I think America, in this decade, should send a man to the moon and bring him back safely." Wow! In the same speech he said we should go to Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: But in terms of intellectual prowess, accomplishment, who was best?

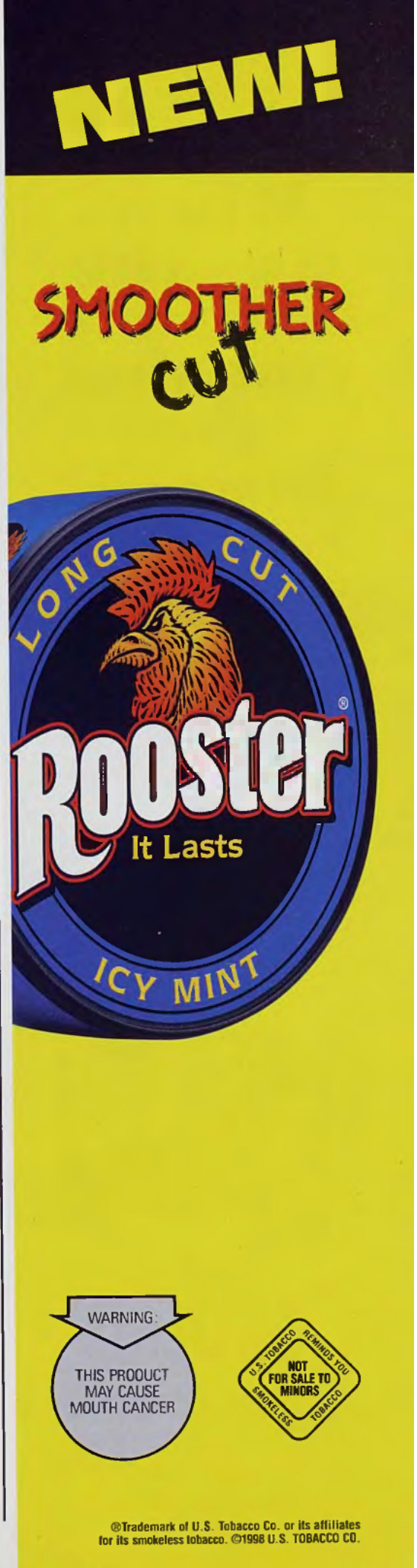
MOYNIHAN: They all had their qualities. Lyndon Johnson had the best knowledge of the way Congress works. That's knowledge not every president has.

PLAYBOY: Was LBJ an idealist?

MOYNIHAN: He was as much an idealist as anybody who's lived his life in the Senate will be. He would say to people, "You think I'm going to fire you and send you home? No, no, no. I'm going to keep you here and make you wish you never came to Washington" [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: What was your first impression of Richard Nixon?

MOYNIHAN: Very proper in cabinet meetings and respectful of form. He was someone who knew a great deal about



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government and was interested in it and was not at all the person people said he was. He was perhaps basically a liberal.

PLAYBOY: Nixon a liberal? Why do you say that?

MOYNIHAN: Nixon was part of the politics that came out of World War Two, in which the role of government was assumed to be proper and necessary and successful. He was surrounded by the most active government in domestic life since the Thirties. I mean, there was the Environmental Protection Agency, the end of the dual school system in the South—Nixon did all sorts of things. He had a most explicitly Keynesian budget. They built in a deficit, which was the difference between what revenues at full employment would be and what revenues would in fact be. As a stimulus. I can't imagine anybody doing things like that today. And then the federal government started sharing revenue with states and cities. Nixon had a very active urban policy.

PLAYBOY: Maybe he was bipolar.

MOYNIHAN: Well, he was that.

PLAYBOY: What was it like to talk to him outside a big meeting?

MOYNIHAN: He once asked me if I would give him a list of books that I thought a president ought to have read. He was absolutely captured by Blake's biography of Disraeli, the British prime minister. Disraeli said it's been Tory men with liberal principles who have changed the world. Nixon liked the idea that he was a Republican who could do things Democrats could never get done. That's what going to China was for him.

PLAYBOY: Did Nixon mind disagreement?

MOYNIHAN: No, he was perfectly happy with a White House that had three entirely different points of view. It didn't trouble him. He didn't need uniformity. He didn't mind arguments. He kind of liked them.

PLAYBOY: Did Nixon make the correct decisions?

MOYNIHAN: I think in the main he did, until he went crazy over Watergate.

PLAYBOY: How do you square your rather admiring picture of Nixon with the image of a paranoid in the Oval Office raging against his enemies?

MOYNIHAN: By the time Nixon became president, he had been so beat up in various media that his level of trust was very low. He confronted this world of people who thought he was vaguely dishonest, who called him Tricky Dick and thought they were better than he was. They attacked him as a red-baiter, as this and as that. Well, Nixon must have thought they all hated him. That can be a traumatizing and twisting experience. In situations of crisis he became unstable. That's why he handled Watergate the way he did. He thought nobody would impeach him for a little slip like that. He didn't imagine it would develop into a question of his own character and the crime of concealment. At one point, when some of the Watergate tapes were coming out, *The Wall Street Journal* ran a nice editorial which said, "You can't imagine anything like that being said with Arthur Burns or Pat Moynihan in the room." Nixon segmented his life.

PLAYBOY: Is there a hidden agenda that drives politics in Washington?

MOYNIHAN: There's a background drama going on in Washington at all times, and that is: Who's going to be the next president? Senators have an extraordinary disposition to hear *Hail to the Chief* from under their beds every morning. By and large they don't succeed in reaching the White House, but boy, they do try!

PLAYBOY: So a lot of the congressional hyperbole and hypocrisy, the breast-beating and righteous indignation, is simply a way to get press coverage and seem presidential. Isn't that extremely divisive?

MOYNIHAN: You would be surprised how everything is done with a smile, and those are the rules. There's no point in getting mad in the Senate. It doesn't get you anywhere. I was too young for indignation when I arrived in Washington and I'm too old for it now.

PLAYBOY: What does the smile mean?

MOYNIHAN: That I'm going to be asking you to cooperate with me in four hours. And you will need me to help pass your bill. You always refer to your "distinguished colleague." "Tell my distinguished colleague that I think he's a lying bastard!"

PLAYBOY: Is courage a plentiful commodity in Washington these days?

MOYNIHAN: Well, presidents are elected. They can't be elected indefinitely. Just how often are you willing to do something that would jeopardize your reelection? We're not talking about battlefield courage. But if your whole life is in politics and something comes along and you think it is the right thing to do but your constituents probably don't—what do you do?

PLAYBOY: Debates are often quite bitter nowadays. Has this happened before?

MOYNIHAN: Jonathan Swift laid out our situation in *Gulliver's Travels*. There was an empire divided between people who believed a boiled egg should be opened at the big end and those who believed in opening an egg at the small end. No compromise was possible. The Little Endians prevailed. The Big Endians fled to other countries, raised armies and made allegiances with foreign princes. Fleets were destroyed, armies clashed, there were invasions, horrors. It's like our trip to Israel for Yitzhak Rabin's funeral. You remember that Mr. Gingrich was not allowed to leave by the front entrance of the president's plane: literally the big end vs. the little end. No compromise was possible, unless you kicked out the windows.

PLAYBOY: What do you think will become

of the Republican revolution?

MOYNIHAN: Well, the Republicans did develop a powerful conservative ideology—new and different and heretical. As a result, Republicans are now thinking in terms of doctrine. In negotiations with Newt Gingrich, he will say to you in a very open and friendly way, "Now, is this doctrinal with you?" And if you say it's doctrinal—there's no give here—that's OK. What's the position you could compromise on? He is making that distinction.

PLAYBOY: How has the Republican doctrine worked out?

MOYNIHAN: Not well. The Contract with America has not been so popular as they thought it would be. A lot of the conservative rhetoric, when put to the test, hasn't been very conservative at all. And I think some of the more severe conservatives are finding out that Congress is not the awful place they had understood it to be.

PLAYBOY: Do the debates on the floor of the Senate ever really change anybody's mind? Sometimes the floor is almost empty.

MOYNIHAN: I think in 21 years in the Senate, I have only once or twice heard a debate where we changed votes on the floor. That usually happens in committee, where the real work is done.

PLAYBOY: Why have the debates?

MOYNIHAN: Well, people make their cases for your next election, and get themselves on television. Why not? I got myself 20 seconds of fame recently on NBC talking about NATO. I mentioned nuclear war. I thought it was 20 seconds but it turned out to be more like eight.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about how the Senate really works. Do civics books even come close?

MOYNIHAN: Well, once in a while you get little epiphanies about the legislative process. In the House they were gathering up the papers once and nobody knew what the hell was in the bill, and the next thing they knew, they had enacted a statute that said, "Tell Gloria to call Jack, number. . . ."

PLAYBOY: Did we hear that right? Lawmakers vote on laws that they don't understand?

MOYNIHAN: Yes, a lot of times. I once offered a resolution that said no law could be passed and sent to the president until the majority of those who voted in favor of it attested to having read it. It didn't get anywhere.

PLAYBOY: Tell us how you win, how you get what you want in this system.

MOYNIHAN: In 1993 I put through the Senate the largest tax increase in the history of taxation. It was a goddamn tough thing to do, but we did it.

PLAYBOY: And you're proud of a tax increase?

MOYNIHAN: You bet! I felt very strongly that we had to persuade the financial markets we had control of our finances, that we would not continue building up the debt and expect inflation to get rid of it. You could argue that showing we could do this was a factor in the second longest expansion in our history—no inflation, almost full employment. But I have to share the credit. The passage of the tax bill came down to one vote. It was Bob Kerrey, the Democrat from Nebraska who ran for president in 1992 and dropped out after the New Hampshire primary.

PLAYBOY: Did you back him?

MOYNIHAN: Right. I was his one supporter in the Senate. Bob Kerrey is a very special person. You don't win the Congressional Medal of Honor because of the speeches you give. In his view the tax increase was not large enough. He thought we should get rid of this goddamn deficit right now and pay our bills and grow up. On the day of the vote I am waiting around for his decision, and I get a call at about ten in the morning and Bob says, "I'm at the White House. I'm going back to the Senate. Can you come over and see me?" I say, "Sure." I get over to his office and make my way past 15 television cameras—"Excuse me. Excuse me. Excuse me." And there's Bob and he says, "Pat, I've told the president I'm voting no." I said, "Well, it can't have been a very easy scene." He said, "It wasn't." I gave Bob just one bit of advice. I said, "Why don't you get the hell out of here? I went through 15 camera crews outside and this isn't going to be any place for you to be."

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you twist his arm?

MOYNIHAN: Because we're grown-ups. I had made my case. He had heard it out and decided otherwise. I did tell my chief of staff, Lawrence O'Donnell, who called Mrs. Moynihan, who was at our farm in upstate New York.

PLAYBOY: The real power!

MOYNIHAN: Right! She was out in the stable getting ready for the arrival of our grandson, "Prince" Michael Patrick, painting Thomas the Train, an oil drum equipped with bells and whistles and wheels. She was awaiting word of when he would arrive, so she had taken the telephone on a long extension line and put it in the grass near the stable. So O'Donnell calls her, and she says, "What? Kerrey's going to vote no? He can't do that. It will ruin him as a national figure. It will be said he did it for revenge because he had to drop out after the New Hampshire primary. He must not do this to himself." So she puts in a call to Kerrey, who had taken my advice and slipped out of the Senate and gone to see a movie called *What's Love Got to Do With It*.

PLAYBOY: This sounds like a great script.

MOYNIHAN: Kerrey came back and there must have been dozens of calls. But he called Liz and she made her pitch: "Bob, I'm sure your reasons are compelling, but you cannot do this to yourself." The

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conversation went on a bit longer and he said, "You know, I think you're right." At the last minute he comes on the Senate floor and gives a speech: "Mr. President, if you're watching, and I think you are, I've decided to vote for this bill." Bill Clinton phoned Liz and told her, "You saved my presidency."

PLAYBOY: Most Washington stories aren't so nice. Most stories tend to confirm the *New York Times*' columnist Russell Baker's claim: "All the evidence suggests that when Americans look at Washington they see a conniving bunch of hustlers playing an insider's game at the expense of the nation." True?

MOYNIHAN: The ancients in Greece and Rome taught that the supreme political quality is virtue. Government would be virtuous men doing virtuous things. Bullshit! Madison called this "the defect of better motives." Meaning, don't bet on virtue. That's in short supply. In our system the avarice and anger and aggression of one party is offset by the avarice and anger and aggression of the other party. And it works very well. Anyway, your virtue is not necessarily mine.

PLAYBOY: Is that healthy?

MOYNIHAN: Self-interest will be stabilizing. It has been a factor in developing this hugely durable society, which is not threatened in any way by internal forces and is now the indispensable, number one nation on earth. And what Russell Baker—I know and admire him hugely—says people think about Washington is not what goes on in Washington. An amazing number of people are doing their work the best they can.

PLAYBOY: Does what we see in Washington today bear any resemblance to what the founding fathers intended?

MOYNIHAN: I say to you with a measure of vigor that the framers of the Constitution intended our republic to work precisely as it does—as a system of checks and balances between Congress, the president and the courts. Freedom lies in the interstices of these arrangements. You would be amazed at what would happen if they were lost. With so much power at the center, you would no longer recognize your country.

PLAYBOY: But only 49 percent of eligible voters voted in the last presidential election. Doesn't that indicate that people are turned off by politics?

MOYNIHAN: Well, you can also have a situation where politics doesn't matter a great deal because the conditions of life are really quite satisfactory. Interestingly, in New York City we had a much higher turnout in the 1880s when Tammany Hall was turning out those votes from the tenements. Maybe buying them. The voter turnout fell off precisely because reformers didn't want those undesirables voting—unlike the people on Fifth Avenue who were to be trusted. How do you know they can be trusted? Well, they're rich. How'd they get rich? None of your business. So reformers made it hard to vote. You had to register, fill out forms, prove citizenship, fulfill residence rules and so on.

PLAYBOY: Kevin Phillips, publisher of the *American Political Report*, called Washington "an enterprise zone for ethically disadvantaged officeholders." Why is that?

MOYNIHAN: When I go to the Committee on Environment and Public Works, where I was once chairman, and say, "I want a bridge for New York," nobody says, "But Senator, you're being selfish." I'm supposed to be selfish and look after my constituency. And I don't doubt that another senator wants a highway. After we work it out, the next thing you know, we have an interstate highway system.

PLAYBOY: But we've had the spectacle of Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott blocking a bill that would reform campaign financing while Senator Fred Thompson chaired hearings that could lead to legislation.

MOYNIHAN: The Republicans are in an impossible position. They want to go after the incumbent president for abusing the existing campaign finance system, but they are opposed to changing the system. When Dr. Johnson declared patriotism to be the last refuge of the scoundrel, he underestimated the potential in reform.

In the Senate, everything is done with a smile, and those are the rules. There's no point in getting mad.

PLAYBOY: Can politics solve the country's problems?

MOYNIHAN: I think that we have cycles in which we bring into politics many issues that politics cannot solve through compromise.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean moral or cultural issues?

MOYNIHAN: Yes. The next thing you know, you find yourself with a large number of alienated people who are persuaded of the evil of the system and who reject it accordingly.

PLAYBOY: What's on the horizon?

MOYNIHAN: In the year 2000, there will be 70 million children under 18 in the U.S.—about a quarter of our population—of which 25 million will have been born to single parents. When families break up, children often have lifelong emotional scars—the roots of the drug crisis, the education crisis, teenage pregnancy and juvenile crime. Now if you know that, you know what the conditions of your high schools will be in the year 2010.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything to be happy about?

MOYNIHAN: After World War Two, we still didn't know we could manage the economy. The top income tax rate was 90 percent, and our gross domestic product had been ricocheting up and down. But we've had 50 years of near-continuous economic growth. It's the most brilliant economy, beyond any imagining. Our unemployment rate is around 4.5 percent, with virtually no inflation. For 30 years economists have believed that you can't have both. So we're getting good at doing something that was thought undoable. It doesn't mean you can't screw it up—and if you can, you will.

PLAYBOY: What will America be like in the next century?

MOYNIHAN: I think the prediction of the economist John Maynard Keynes is coming to pass. He wrote in 1932, "The problem of want and poverty and the economic struggle between classes and nations is nothing but a transitory and unnecessary muddle, for the Western world already has the resources and the techniques, if we could create the organization to use them, and is capable of reducing the economic problem, which now absorbs our moral and material energies, to a position of secondary importance."

Keynes believed that "the day is not far off when the economic problem will take the backseat where it belongs and the arena of the heart and head will be occupied, or reoccupied, by our real problems—the problems of life and of human relations, of creation and behavior and religion."

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's an encouraging prediction?

MOYNIHAN: If the day comes when we don't have the economic problem and all we can think about is religion, you may long for the age of the general strike. You can compromise on wages. There are moral issues that do not allow compromise and accommodation—and those can be hugely divisive.

PLAYBOY: Are you optimistic about America's future?

MOYNIHAN: By birth I am a Roman Catholic, which demands that I be optimistic. But I've been a student of history too long not to notice how quickly the mighty can fall. Look at the British Empire: "Dominion over palm and pine." "The sun never sets." Now all is gone. We must take care.

PLAYBOY: When you come down the mall and see the Capitol—where you have membership in the nation's most exclusive club—rising ahead of you, what goes through your mind?

MOYNIHAN: That there are only a hundred of us, and we'd better get it right.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who likes to test his limits. Sure, perfection costs more, but how often do you get to live out a fantasy? That's why he loves to take out his classic cruiser. More than one in ten men who own motorcycles are PLAYBOY readers. Over half a million of our readers rode bikes last year, which is more than the number of men who read *Easyriders*, *Motorcyclist* and *Cycle World*. PLAYBOY—it's the magazine that's geared for excitement. (Source: Fall 1997 MRI.)

KEVIN HASN'T SEEN HIS BAD-BOY ROCK-STAR BROTHER IN TEN YEARS. THEIR MEETING, AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE BURNING MAN, IS A SHOCK

fiction
By Edward Falco

BURNING MAN

Burning Man was heat, dust and madness, and I felt about as out of place as it's possible to feel, in my middle-aged body, in my khaki shorts and knit shirt and sandals, with my expanding belly and soft chest and salt-and-pepper hair cut short, surrounded by the extraordinarily youthful with extravagant manes of vibrant hair and muscular, ripe bodies, either mostly undressed or wildly costumed in get-ups that ranged from Fellini to Mad Max. It was the Labor Day weekend Burning Man festival in Nevada. I was about to meet my brother, whom I hadn't seen in more than ten years. I was with a young woman named Chrysalis, no last name, whom I'd met as soon as I arrived at the festival. I pulled up in my Volkswagen camper, parked and got out to look around at the Black Rock Desert, which is an amazingly flat expanse of cracked mud, and she was standing there, a waif of a girl in fat metallic boots over silvery, quilted, space-suit pants that came up to her hips and left her hard stomach bare between their Velcro-tab top and the bottom of a bright-yellow halter. A massive framed backpack hovered over her shoulders like a small building. She struggled under the weight of it. I asked if I could be of any assistance, and she shook her head no, and said she was just about to set up camp. I told her I hadn't seen her when I pulled up, and I offered to find another spot, but she looked me over and smiled and said no, it'd be OK, and we went about setting up our encampments and thus we became neighbors.

My brother had given me instructions to meet him under the figure of the Burning Man, a 40-foot-high wooden statue that would soon burn while 10,000 to 15,000 onlookers danced and screamed and did God-knows-what, certainly lots of drugs. I was looking forward to it. If it weren't for Johnny, my brother, I'd have never known of the existence of the festival. It was his kind of thing, not mine. My brother is a public figure, a rock-and-roll bad boy known all over the world as Splay—guitar player, singer, public madman and pervert from the band of the same name. I am a writer of stories and novels, and because I have made a comfortable career for myself in academe, it behooves me to keep my relationship to Splay quiet. I have no wish to be identified as the writer who is Splay's brother, to walk out the door of my suburban ranch house near Iowa City and find newspapermen and photographers looking to get my reaction every time Splay gets into trouble, which, thankfully, is happening with less frequency as he gets older.

PAINTING BY PHIL HALE

Splay is 47, two years older than I. He is still famous, but not as much as he used to be. I hadn't told Chrysalis about him. All she knew was that his name was Johnny, and that we were to spot him by the big red sombrero he'd be wearing.

"More than ten years?" she said. "How come you haven't seen him in so long?"

"Falling out," I said. "Family thing."

"What about?" She tucked her hands into her pants, just slid them down under the waist, so that the heels of her hands were resting on her bare hipbones. She was wearing her big boots and fat pants again, astronaut pants. Same outfit as when we met, only now the halter top was blue—soft, watery, cerulean blue.

"It's a long, long story," I said, and I touched her elbow, signaling her to stop a moment. We were nearing the center of the series of concentric circles that formed the structural pattern of Burning Man. There were a couple of roads—aisles kept clear of encampments—that pierced the circles of vans and campers and tents and lean-tos and whatnots where masses of people were living for the weekend. Often the housing—which ranged from pup tents and trailers to wildly imagined temporary structures made of old parachutes and sticks and scrap metal—was itself arranged in circles, providing a wagon-train effect. We had just passed an encampment where several young women were showering under a line of plastic bags hanging from a freestanding construction of tubes and pipes, and it had taken all my willpower not to stop and gawk at their tanned bodies, and especially at the places where the tans disappeared, where they looked as though they were wearing white-skin bikinis. But I didn't stare. I walked on by as if I often stroll past women showering in the sun.

Chrysalis said, "Do you see him?"

"Chrys," I said. "Tell me the truth. How ridiculously out of place do I look?"

"Oh, chill." She hooked her arm through mine and pulled me along. "You're a writer. You're the real thing. You don't have to get dressed up."

I had given Chrysalis a copy of my most recent novel within an hour of having met her. I explained that I was recently divorced from my second wife and that I was in the process of rethinking my life. She told me she was an artist and an elementary school teacher. She was also divorced, though her marriage had lasted only a few months. It had ended as soon as she told her artist-husband, whom she had been with since they were both sophomores in college, that she was pregnant. He took off. She had an abortion. That was a little over a year ago. She was 22. "It's not as bad as it sounds," she had said. "I didn't want a kid either. I wasn't ready."

As we continued walking toward the towering wooden man, I relaxed a bit, pleased that she had hooked her arm through mine, which was our first physical contact. We strolled in silence, arm in arm. Then she said, "You never answered my question," and leaned into me playfully, nudging my shoulder with her cheek. "What was the falling out about? With your brother?"

I didn't know what to tell her. I didn't like the idea of lying, but I wasn't ready to tell her my brother is Splay—and I couldn't explain why I hadn't seen him in so long without revealing his true identity. I hadn't seen him since the Eighties. Once he figured out (which didn't take him long, he's bright enough) that I was embarrassed by him, he stayed out of my life. I felt bad about this, but not that bad. You can't do the things Splay does—or did, at least—and not expect some consequences. Offstage, he has been arrested twice for statutory rape. Ten years ago he got world famous for having oral sex, onstage, with one of rock's billionaires, the guy named Fey Wrey after the old screen actress, the one from *King Kong*. It was after that event that we stopped talking to each other altogether. Fey had turned his back to the crowd in the middle of an unending guitar riff and made the obvious motion of opening his fly—this is all on camera—and then Splay came onstage and knelt at his feet and gave him a blow job, or at least they made it look that way. Before the show was over they were both yanked off the stage and arrested, and for the next couple of years they were household names. The local priest, your Episcopalian minister—they knew all about Splay and Fey. Everyone did. Their CD sales broke records. Splay made many millions. So he was famous and rich, and one of the minor prices he paid was that he no longer talked to his brother, who was embarrassed by him. Our parents were both gone at that point, which was in some ways a blessing.

I was still pondering how to answer Chrys when I spotted a pair of red sombreros bobbing in our direction. "I'll have to tell you another time," I told her.

Chrys had already seen the sombreros. "I thought you said it would be just your brother."

"I'm not surprised," I said. "He's usually got somebody with him."

When we were about to walk right past each other, I stopped and smiled at Johnny, and he recognized me. He returned the smile and caught the woman with him by the wrist and turned her toward us. I offered Johnny my hand and we shook and then stepped back from each other. I put my hands on my hips and Johnny crossed his arms under his chest, and we just stood there looking at each other until the woman with him gestured toward a makeshift refreshment stand and said, "McSatan's anyone?"

I said, "Sure," and we all started for the corrugated-tin-and-scrap-wood McDonald's parody, complete with cardboard cutout golden arches, where a couple of guys were selling juice and sandwiches. McSatan's was situated a bit back from the stream of people, and on the way there we completed the introductions. Johnny introduced the woman with him as Melinda, Mel for short. I introduced Chrysalis as a friend, not bothering to explain that we had just met at the festival.

Johnny was dressed handsomely in a white linen suit over a wine-red shirt. His hair was cut short, much like mine, but it was a lustrous blond, far from my 50-50 mix of dark brown and gray. I was tempted to say, "Hey, I used to know you when you had brown hair," but I didn't. For all his expensive clothes and hair care, Johnny didn't look good. He was thin, and his features were pinched and tense. He seemed jumpy and edgy and simultaneously tired, as if he wanted to catch some sleep but was afraid to. I figured it was some drug he was on. He was still a world-class stoner. According to the tabloids, he was a heroin addict—but you know what that means.

"Johnny," I said. "You look like Tom Wolfe."

"Tom who?"

"*Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*."

Mel said to Johnny, "It's a book. Tom Wolfe wrote it." Then to me: "Your brother doesn't get too much time to read."

"Chrysalis," Johnny said, disregarding me. His eyes moved up and down Chrys with no subtlety at all, as if he were examining a potential purchase.

I said, "Chrysalis is an artist."

Mel smiled, and Johnny made a grunting noise.

I looked hard at Johnny, trying to read him. There was something decidedly different about him. He seemed . . . less intelligent. He had almost the look of the dim-witted, of someone who has to think a second or two to form a word. But the Johnny I knew was anything but dim-witted. He was smarter than I was. Things came to him easily; he did better in school. He was quicker. On the street, out with the kids, he had been my protector. If I had a problem,

(continued on page 74)

"Conan O'Brien can't keep a guy up as long as I can . . . !"

the keyboard queen of the playboy cyber club lives in the cubicle next door

OUR CHAT GIRL

IF PLAYMATES ARE the girls next door, Heidi Davies is the girl you want next door to you at the office. As PLAYBOY's online Playmate Coordinator, Heidi unites Centerfolds and Playboy Cyber Club members for live online conversations (or chats, as they're called in cyberspace). "Chats allow people to talk casually with the women they've seen in the magazine," says Heidi. As Rowan (her cyberspace alter ego), Heidi has developed a following of her own. "The Playboy Cyber Club regulars call me Rowan, the cybergoddess," she says with a giggle. "They voted me Favorite Playboy Woman in an online poll. How cool is that?" Pretty cool, considering Favorite Playboy Man was Hugh Hefner. Gaining the respect of her cyberpeers has been a breeze for this Chicago girl, who blew into the Windy City in 1984 after spending her childhood in Florida, Arizona and Michigan. "I used to be so quiet," explains the woman who now thrives on good conversation. "All I did was read." In seventh grade, when Heidi had to choose between a typing class and a computer class, she took the latter. "I was the only girl," she says, "but I thought it was cool that you could program computers to do stuff." In high school, she overcame her shyness. "I was on the gymnastics team and had to compete in a leotard. That took balls." Cut to 1995, when Heidi joined Playboy as an administrative assistant to the vice president of New Media. "I learned all about computers—e-mail, the Internet, everything." When the Playboy Cyber Club started its daily chats in May 1997, Heidi volunteered to help. She developed a special rapport with the Playmates and became a company standout. "I talk with the Playmates more than anyone. I help with computer problems, personal problems, whatever." The guidance goes both ways. Before she posed, Heidi asked for words of wisdom from her Playmate pals. "They said I would feel like the most beautiful woman in the world. And you know what? I did."

"I got my online name from Rowan Mayfair, a cool chick in an Anne Rice novel. Rowan has the same birthday as I have and blonde hair like mine, and she drives my dream car, a Jaguar XJ-6. The only difference is that she's a witch," says Heidi, above, surfing the Playboy Cyber Club—cyber.playboy.com—with Playmate Lynn Thomas. Left: "It's easy to feel sexy when you play in front of the mirror," she says.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEN NISHINO

"I really love nude photography," says Heidi, an amateur photographer. She also digs cars ("Especially curvy ones, like a 1957 Chevy"), funny guys and, of course, chat rooms. "It's easy to flirt online. It's all about innuendo."

"Van Gogh would have cut off his other ear for a chance to hang out here for a weekend."

Johnny always knew how to handle it. We walked home from school together most days, me and my big brother, side by side on neat suburban walkways bracketed by lawns. A couple of schoolkids, usually quiet, caught up in dreams. We were big dreamers. We had that in common.

"Johnny," I said. "You look tired."

"You're the one should be tired." He leered at Chrys a moment and then grinned at me.

"Don't mind him," Mel said. "All he ever thinks about is sex." She seemed amused. "You know his reputation," she said, giving Chrys a between-women look.

"Actually," I said, "she doesn't."

Mel said, "Oh," and Johnny grunted, and they both looked as though I had just answered a question for them.

Chrys asked, "Something I should know?"

Mel said, "Why don't you come back to our trailer with us? We can get something decent to eat." She was wearing a bright-yellow sundress, with red flowers to match the sombrero. She was in her 40s, at least. Her skin was thickening and there were lines around her eyes and mouth that showed her age, but she was still attractive and had obviously once been stunning.

"Shit," Johnny said, and then looked at me. "This heat's fucking with me, Kev. I need a siesta."

Mel put her arm around Johnny's waist.

Johnny said to Mel, "It's the fucking heat."

"It is hot," Mel said, and she seemed suddenly anxious to get Johnny away. "Why don't you two come by a little later? We'll send someone for you."

Johnny nodded to me and then turned to Chrys. "Chrys," he said, his grin openly lascivious, "I'll see you later."

They walked away into a line of moving people and disappeared.

When they were well out of sight, I turned to Chrys and said, "That was weird, wasn't it?"

"About as weird as you can get." Chrys seemed to think about it a moment, and then she laughed. "They'll send someone for us? Is your brother, like, an escapee from an asylum?"

"It's a long story."

"Of course."

Chrys seemed amused but on the verge of deciding we were all lunatics: Johnny and Mel, and me along with them. "Maybe I should explain a few things to you," I said.

"Good idea."

We started back to our encampment.

Chrys said, "I can't believe the way he was coming on to me—with his girlfriend right there. Not to mention you. I mean, he must figure we're together. Right?"

"He was outrageous," I said. "Are you offended?"

"You old guys," she said. "You're all crazy. You should meet Mr. Miller, our assistant principal."

Then it was my turn to laugh. I said, "I find it hard to think of you as a schoolteacher."

"You're a schoolteacher!"

"I didn't say it was hard to think of *me* as a teacher. That's not hard at all."

"So why is it hard to think of me?"

I didn't respond right away. I considered not responding at all, to see if she might be willing to drop the subject. It was obvious that I had hit a sore spot. Suddenly her shoulders were stiff, her face tight, her lips pressed together. From under her sexy blue halter and space-suit pants, from under her hard body and youthful skin, I saw the schoolmarm emerging, the woman she had the potential to become: stiff and cold and barren. It was distressing. I turned my best smile on her. "Because you're so young and beautiful," I said, trying to sound comically flirtatious, "because your beauty is so becomingly dressed in the robes of artistic spirit——"

She shoved me. "Stop it," she said. "Tell me the truth." The stiffness disappeared and she returned to her youthful self, though she still seemed worried. She stepped closer to me and hooked her arm through mine. We were walking with the crowd, in a stream of people, and when a young man walking toward us caught Chrys' eye and smiled at her, she ignored him. "You think it's a mistake, my teaching, being this young and teaching? I mean, shouldn't I be in Paris or something, being decadent, hanging out with Van Gogh types instead of with Mr. Miller, who cops feels off me whenever the hallway's crowded?"

I said, "Look around, Chrys. Look where you are." At that moment we were walking past an elaborate castle-like structure, complete with moat and drawbridge and a pair of young women in shimmering veils dancing on the battlements. "Van Gogh would have cut off his other ear for a chance to hang out here for a weekend."

Chrys brightened at that notion. She smiled genuinely. "This is wild, this place, isn't it?"

We had been moving away from the center of Burning Man, back toward our encampment, but there was still craziness going on all around us—and there was a tangible sense of growing excitement as the day wore on toward the climactic burning, which would happen some time after dark. All around us there was dancing, and little parades, and singing and music. It felt to me like a Bourbon Street of Alternative Culture, a Bourbon Street picked up and dropped in the middle of the desert. "Wild, absolutely," I answered. "But too hot. Must be a hundred and ten. I'm looking forward to my air-conditioning." We were nearing the van and the tent. "Why don't you come in and take a nap with me," I said. "It'll be too hot in your tent."

"A nap?"

"Sure," I said. And then, emphatically, "A siesta!"

Chrys seemed amused with me. "A siesta," she repeated.

"Us old guys," I said. "We get tired in this heat."

"Right." She pointed at the van, which was now directly alongside us. "It's probably a blast oven in there," she said. "Honk when it's cool." She went on to her tent and threw back the flap, then crawled in.

•

I had left the van's windows open a crack, so it wasn't exactly a blast oven—but it was close. I cranked it up and turned on the air and in ten minutes it was cool enough to climb in and straighten things out a bit. I liked my van. It was one of the few possessions I took away from the divorce. Alicia, my ex-wife—my second ex-wife—was an entirely domestic creature: a woman of minivans and suburban houses, of Little League and den mother–dom. Men kept disappointing Alicia. She divorced me when a student I had slept with showed up at our front door, wanting to have a talk with her. The fact that I was deeply sorry about what had happened, that I hadn't intended for it to happen, that it had been a one-time thing, a mistake I swore would never happen again—all that made no difference. Alicia had had it with men. When that girl showed up at the door, it meant I was gone. Alicia pitched my stuff out the windows. I drove away in the camper.

It was not a good time. I got in touch

(continued on page 166)

"I don't like the looks of <u>that</u>!"

Swing's the Thing!

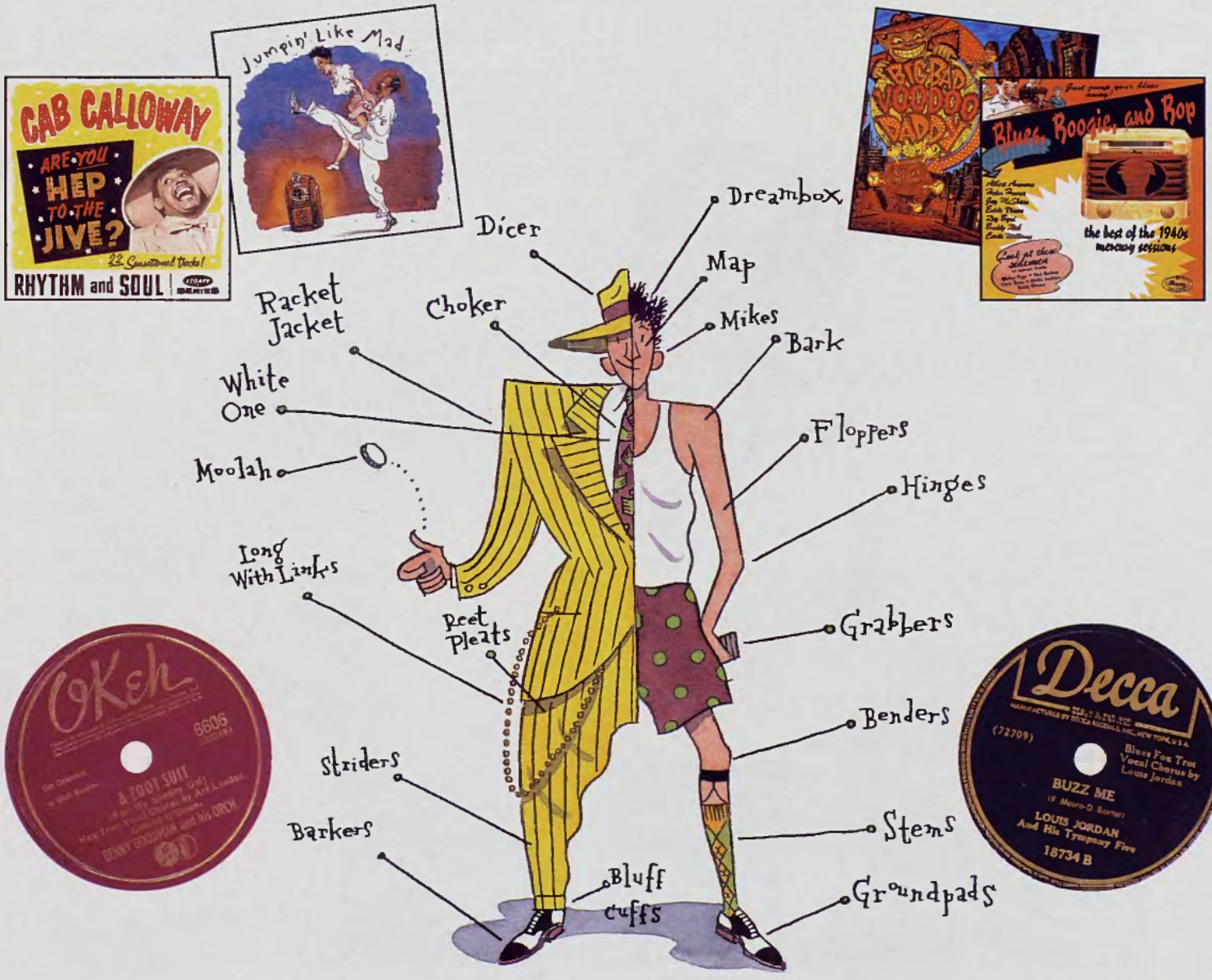
playboy's guide to the mellow side

by bob sloan and steven guarnaccia

It's late Saturday night. A soft rain falls on the weary city streets. You're standing outside one of the hippest nightclubs in town, hands in your pockets, waiting to get in. Suddenly the door opens, and you hear a sound that starts your toes tapping and your fingers snapping. Dancers twirl across the room, skirts are swirling, trumpets are growling, saxophones are honking. Get hep, daddy-o, it's Swing Night!

The bands are jumping, the dancers are bumping. It's where the hippest chicks and coolest cats hang out. New clubs are popping up all over the country, making room on their stages for saxes and cornets. They join such havens of the Swing Revival as the Supper Club and Irving Plaza in New York, where jitterbugs cut the rug every weekend.

Here's how to get in the know on what you need to be hep. We'll wise you up to the lingo and the right music. We'll clue you in on the proper clothes. And then, once you're togged in some swellelegant vines, we'll give you the lowdown on what to do on the dance floor. It's your official guide to the mellow side. Follow our line, Frankenstein, and you'll be able to walk into any joint that's jumpin' and feel right at home, a mellow fellow, a killer diller, a very hep cat.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

How to (Fake) the Lindy Hop

LET'S HOP

If your chick is in the know, she'll want to be out on the dance floor, jumpin' and swingin' with the rest of the couples. If you haven't spent any time at Arthur Murray's lately, you may have to ad-lib it. Fortunately, faking the lindy is easy, as long as your partner knows what she is doing. Once on the floor, act cool.

Keep hold of her hand while suavely leaning to one side, then to the other as she twirls around. Raise your arm and she'll duck under it. Spread your feet and she'll slide through your legs. Pull her gently and she'll spin toward you so you can wrap her in your arms. Just hold on tight and when in doubt, wiggle your finger, tap your toes and keep a copacetic look on your mug at all times.

FINGER POPPIN'

Step 1 | Step 2 | Step 3 | Step 4

You're standing in the club, glomming the chicks for a dish delish to dance the next number with. You want to look cool, hep, a solid sender. Here's how: Step one: Keep your hand relaxed and low—by your waist or just off your hip. Keep your forearm loose, moving only your wrist. Start counting to the music: "1-and-2-and-3-and-4-and." Snap on the offbeat—the first "and." Step two: On the second offbeat, tip your head slightly to the side. Don't force it, just let it drop gently, while maintaining a diffident, aloof expression. OK, now you're ready for Step three: Repeat step one, locking in the gaze of the jitterdoll you have your spotters on. Step four: Establish eye contact while bringing your hand up to your fedora. Tap the brim with the tip of your index finger while simultaneously tilting your head down slightly. Then direct your finger in her direction, accompanied by an inviting glint in your eye.

JIVE TALK GLOSSARY

The lingo you'll need to sound hep while talking to your duchess between dances:

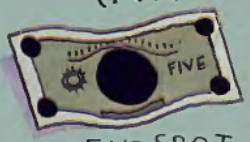
Abercrombie: Know-it-all
Able Grable: Well-built girl
Apron: Bartender
Bag with a sag: Unattractive, heavy girl
Beat to my socks: Very tired
Blow your wig: Uncontrollably excited
Boodle: Lots of money
Cake eater: Sissy
Chamber of commerce: Men's room
Chicken à la king: Your steady girl
Cooking with gas: Doing fine
Copacetic: Everything's OK
Dead pigeon: Uninteresting person
Dicty: High class
Do a Garbo: Remain aloof
Drip: Undesirable person
Droolin' with schoolin': Overeducated
Duchess: Steady girl
Fire extinguisher: Chaperone
Gams: Legs
Grab the ozone: Please go
Gruesome twosome: Engaged couple
Kink in the konk: Headache
Leaky: One who talks too much
Lip: Attorney
Marble town: Cemetery
Nodbox: Bedroom
Percolate: Stroll
Storked: Pregnant
Walking the plank: Falling in love
Wear a smile: To be naked
You melt me, Jackson: I'm thrilled
(from the "Hepcats Jive Talk Dictionary")

MOOLAH

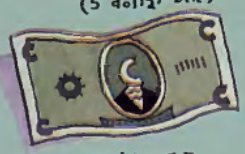
TIN
(small change)

DEUCE
(2 dollar bill)

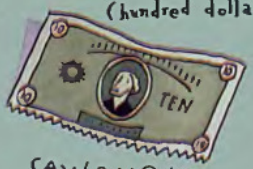
SMACKER
(1 dollar bill)



FIVE SPOT
(5 dollar bill)



C-NOTE
(hundred dollar bill)



SAWBUCK
(10 dollar bill)

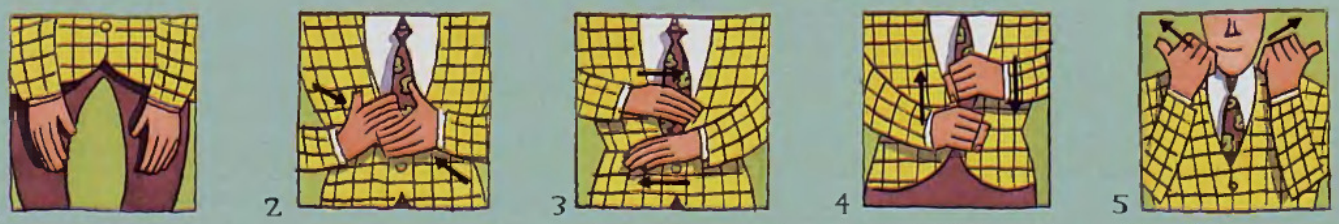
Corpus De Hepcat

Air bags: Lungs
Blinkers, gims, spotters: Eyes
Bark: Skin
Benders: Knees, elbows
Hinges: Elbows
Grabbers: Hands
Feelers: Fingers
Groundpads: Feet
Brush: Mustache
Choppers: Teeth
Floppers: Arms
Flippers, mikes: Ears
Schnozz: Nose
Stems: Legs
Dreambox: Head
Map: Face
Snags: Tonsils
Shutters: Eyelids

Togged To The Bricks

Barkers: Shoes
Pulleys: Suspenders
Threads: Wardrobe
Striders: Trousers
Bluff cuffs: Narrow cuffs
Coffee bags: Trouser pockets
Racket jacket: Zoot suit
Violin cases: Big shoes
Long with links: Fancy key chain
Dicer: Hat
Choker: Tie
Pinchers: Tight pair of shoes
Squeezer: Tight belt
Latch for the gate to your front yard: Stickpin
White one: Shirt
Reet pleats: Wide pleats

DOIN' THAT CRAZY HAND JIVE!



Repeat these moves twice. (1) Slap those grabbers on your thighs. (2) Clap 'em at the waist. (3) Shuffle 'em, right over left and left over right. (4) Tap your fists in the same order and then (5) make like you're going to hitchhike, each hand raised over your shoulders, then together.

INSTRUMENT NAMES

Woodpile: Xylophone
Gutbox, 88s, goola: Piano
Potato masher: Drumstick
Doghouse: Bass fiddle
Licorice stick: Clarinet
Tubs, hides: Drums
Ivories: Piano keys
Pot lids: Cymbals
Gas pipe: Trombone
Iron horn: Cornet

LICORICE STICK
(clarinet)

DOGHOUSE
(bass fiddle)

TUBS
(drums)

SPINNING THE PLATTERS

AN ESSENTIAL SWING DISCOGRAPHY

For Jitterbugging

These are the discs to play at your house party, to keep the dancers mopping all night:

Duke Ellington, "The Blanton-Webster Band" (RCA): Quintessential swing.

Count Basie, "The Complete Decca Recordings" (GRP): Kansas City swing at its best.

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, "Zoot Suit Riot": Contemporary jump blues.

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, "Big Bad Voodoo Daddy" (EMI–Capitol): The name says it all.

Benny Goodman, "Greatest Hits" (RCA).

Music from the movie "Kansas City" (Verve): Old wine in a new bottle. Young cats play the Kansas City standards.

Get Hep

Dig these discs to maintain the proper degree of hipness:

Louis Jordan, "One Guy Named Louis" (Capitol): Jumpin' and stompin' till the break of dawn.

Slim Gaillard, "Laughing in Rhythm: The Best of the Verve Years" (Verve): No one was hipper than Slim-a-rooni.

Cab Calloway, "Are You Hep to the Jive?" (Columbia): Mr. Hi-De-Ho.

After Hours

After you get home from the club, here are some mellow sounds for your late-night listening pleasure:

Ben Webster: "Soulville" (Verve).

Frank Sinatra: "In the Wee Small Hours" (EMI–Capitol).

"Count Basie Swings, Joe Williams Sings" (Verve).

Where to Swing

a guide to the jumpin' joints

Swing turned LA's Viper Room upside down.

Now that we have briefed you on the principles of swingmanship, you need to know where to show off your savvy. No sweat. Clubs around the country have added swing nights to their weekly calendars. Here's our coast-to-coast guide to the swingingest clubs.

LOS ANGELES: Ever since it took center stage in the movie *Swingers*, the **Derby** (4500 Los Feliz Boulevard, Hollywood, 213-663-8979) has been regarded as the heppest swing spot in town, which means you just might be flipping and twirling next to such celebrities as Leonardo DiCaprio, George Clooney and Geena Davis. Monday is lindy hop night. Sunday through Thursday nights feature free dance lessons. (Cover charges begin at $5.) On Fridays and Saturdays, the Beverly Hilton's **Coconut Club** (9876 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, 310-285-1358) is reminiscent of a lush old-Hollywood supper club, with its silver and gold palm trees, full menu and live big-band music. The $20 cover charge includes dance lessons and access to Chimps, the swank cigar room. Doors open at 7:30 P.M. On Tuesdays, **Hollywood Athletic Club** (6525 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, 213-962-6600) hosts its swing night, drawing a crowd of hundreds to its dance floor. Keep an eye on the **Viper Room** (8852 Sunset Boulevard, West Hollywood, 310-358-1881) if it revives its wild swing nights. Also check out the **Rhino Room** (7979 Center Avenue, Huntington Beach, 714-892-3316) and **Deuces'** (2020 Wilshire Boulevard, 310-829-1933).

NEW YORK: Local hipsters spend Friday and Saturday nights swinging to live music at the **Supper Club** (240 West 47th Street, 212-921-1940), which has a 2000-square-foot dance floor. Because of the club's art deco decor and flawless dancers, you'll ask yourself, Is it the cosmopolitan I just drank or have I stepped into Forties Hollywood? On Wednesdays try **Don Hill's** (511 Greenwich Street, 212-219-2850), where doors open at eight and it costs only a five-spot to get in if you're sporting vintage clothing. The swank-yet-not-too-cool **Lansky Lounge** (104 Norfolk Street, 212-677-9489) features small swing bands on Tuesdays and more-established acts on Big Daddy Swing Thursdays, including dance lessons at ten and live music at eleven.

CHICAGO: Forget the blues, swing's the thing with the postcollege set. The premiere spot is **Liquid** (1997 North Clybourn, 773-528-3400), which boasts a giant dance floor and offers swing lessons nightly at 7:30 (except Monday and Saturday). A DJ spins swing hits on Tuesdays and Wednesdays and the Big Swing, a ten-piece, five-horn band, jumps every Thursday. (Cover charges range from $6 to $10.) Every Monday, the **Beat Kitchen** (2100 West Belmont, 773-281-4444) features live swing bands. Other cool venues include the **Elbo Room** (2871 North Lincoln, 773-549-5549), the **Green Mill** (4802 North Broadway, 773-878-5552), **Olive** (1115 North Northbranch, 312-280-7997) and **Frankie's Blue Room** (16 West Chicago, Naperville, 630-416-4898).

SAN FRANCISCO: Locals can dance to swing seven nights a week at North Beach's **HiBall Lounge** (473 Broadway, 415-397-9464), a club with a poppin' dance floor.

ATLANTA: **Swingers** (3049 Peachtree Road, 404-816-9931) has two dance floors and lessons at 9:30 Wednesday through Saturday.

SEATTLE: Check out Zoot Suit Sundays at the **Showbox Showroom and Lounge** (1426 First Avenue, 206-628-3151), which feature introductory and intermediate lessons. They supply the music, you supply the racket jacket.

The Derby: Hollywood at its heppest.

Smooth and easy: Chicago's premiere club.

New York's Supper Club: a Forties time warp.

TATTO
MODE

THE SWEET LIFE OF

Ahmad Rashad

PLAYBOY PROFILE
BY CRAIG VETTER

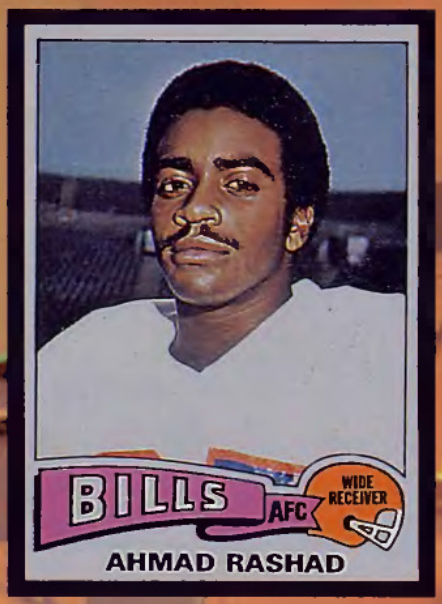
HE HAS FAME, A BEAUTIFUL WIFE AND A LEGENDARY BEST FRIEND. IS THAT ANY REASON TO HATE THE GUY?

On the Saturday eve of the last regular-season game between the New York Knicks and the Chicago Bulls at Madison Square Garden, Ahmad Rashad sat in his suite at New York's Plaza Hotel, smoking an expensive cigar, talking about how he knew it was time to get out of football. "I'd always felt in control out there," he said of his ten-year NFL career, "and as I got older I felt I was losing some of that." He spoke in the easygoing, offhand cadence that is his television trademark and that seems to put a half-smile into almost everything he says. "I'd made the Pro Bowl the year before, but I didn't want to stay around till the guys with the wrong numbers on their backs started running me down. I wanted people to tell me I quit too soon instead of hanging around till I wasn't any good anymore. A lot of athletes do that, and it's a shame."

"What about your friend Michael Jordan?" I asked him. "They're billing tomorrow night as maybe his last appearance at the Garden. Is he going to go out on top? Is this his final season?"

Rashad smiled, shook his head and took a puff. "Who knows?" he said, as if he gets his information about Jordan from the sports pages like the rest of

Much of Rashod's smooth image is based on the company he keeps, from actress-wife Phylicia (below left) to his controversial relationship with best friend Michael Jordan (below right, in 1997). "Before every game, Michael and I spend about 20 minutes together, someplace nobody can find us, just laughing and hanging out. I suppose the sports press would hate me even more than they already do if they knew that."



Back in his days with the Buffalo Bills, Rashod ended up on a trading card (above) and became close friends with teammate O.J. Simpson. Even though O.J. served as Ahmad's best man, the friendship soon faltered. By the time O.J. made headlines the two had little contact. "There was no real incident between us, we just went our separate ways," Rashod says. "I knew him, but I guess I didn't know him that well."

"I'VE NEVER TRIED TO ADVANCE MY CAREER OFF KNOWING MICHAEL. OUR FRIENDSHIP IS JUST THAT— A FRIENDSHIP"

us. And whether or not he and Michael have ever talked about the biggest pending question in professional sports, the depth of their friendship and the secrets it might hold are suggested by the ring Rashad wears on his left hand. It's nearly the size of a quarter, heavy gold with a field of small diamonds around the edges. A raised basketball net sits in the center, surrounded by five larger diamonds signifying the Bulls' NBA championships. The number 23 is engraved in the shank. Jordan gave it to him for Christmas.

"THERE WERE COACHES I HATED AND WOULD HAVE LOVED TO BEAT UP. BUT YOU DIDN'T DO IT"

"We had known each other casually for a while, and then we met at Magic Johnson's Midsummer's Night Classic," he said about the genesis of their eight-year friendship. "It was my first assignment for NBC. We exchanged telephone numbers and just hit it off from there."

Which is putting it mildly. The two of them are best friends and, for some reason, Rashad takes intense heat for it. I was about to ask him why many fans and almost all sports journalists resent the relationship, when there was a knock at the door. It was the night maids, asking if they could turn down the bed.

"I love that *(continued on page 159)*

the Single Guy's Guide to Technology

sure, there's a lot of neat stuff out there—here's what it can actually do for you

article by andy ihnatko

A Short History of Palmtop Computing

Though Apple's Newton Messagepad line (recently discontinued, reportedly to make way for future Macintosh-based palmtops) made the biggest splash with the concept of handheld computing, 3Com's Palm series has refined the concept. While the Newton was designed with enough features to do everything for everybody, the Palm sticks to the compulsories: It is trivially small, it nicely tracks addresses and appointments and records the odd note and, most important for this category, it's affordable.

The Palm has proved to excel in the freestyle category, too. It's beloved by developers and as such has inspired a flurry of third-party software that greatly expands its repertoire. The latest entry, the Palm III, gives users what they want (more memory, chiefly) while maintaining the simplicity and low price that made the originals great.

What of palmtops based on Windows CE? They make your Windows data more portable, but they have little of the ease and elegance of the Apple, 3Com or Psion devices. Those capable of word processing and other big-machine tasks are generally priced within a nine iron of a nice, cheap Windows notebook, anyway. However, Windows CE 2.0 supposedly gives designers and programmers greater flexibility. So better products may be on the way.

The Palm III is simple to use, hooks up to your computer and has lots of memory.

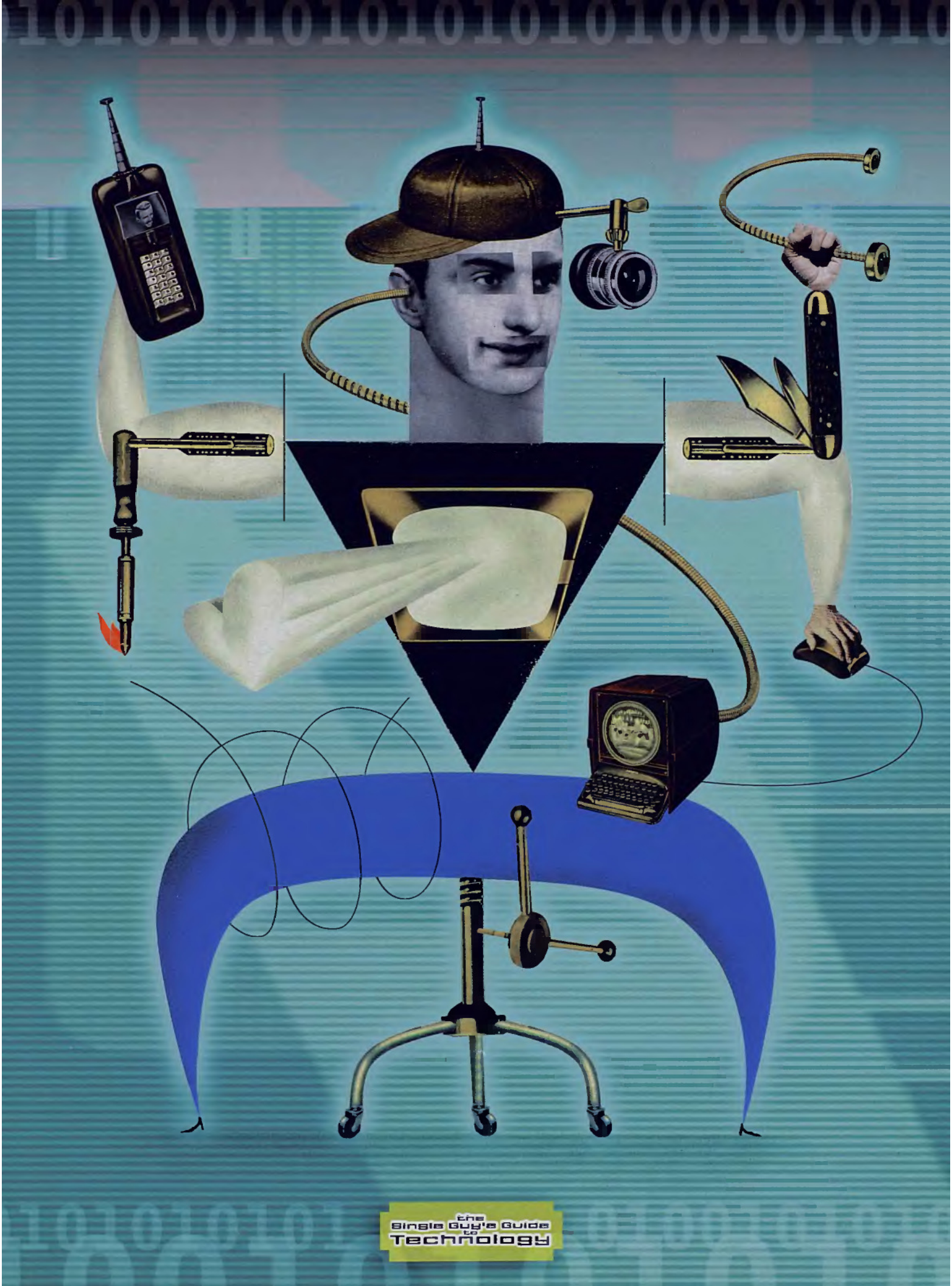
The Need For Speed

The universal law of speed is that it roundly sucks, especially when you don't have it and someone else does. The easiest and most satisfying way to boost the speed of your hardware is, of course, the Dumpster Upgrade. But you can't buy a whole new machine just because you're dissatisfied with how fast your solitaire reshuffles and deals. Short of that, a range of options are available.

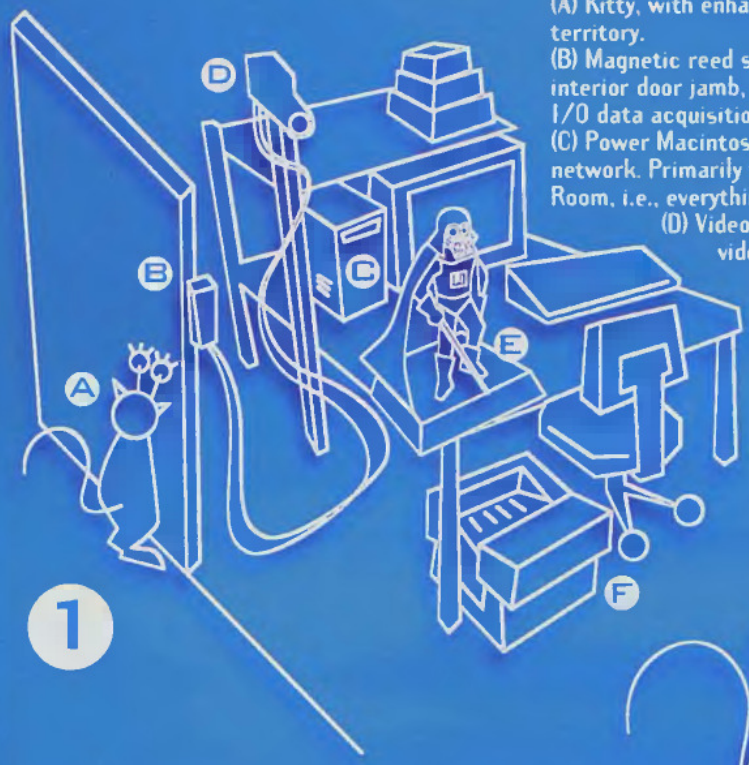
Painless: Change your system settings. Your computer can get tripped up by simple changes in the way it does business. Change the color depth of your monitor to the smallest range of colors you can work with: A display that is eight bits (256 colors) deep makes the machine do 25 percent of the heavy lifting required by a 32-bit display. Turn off virtual memory if you can live without it—it's a performance cannibal. Check for unnecessary hidden programs launched and left running at start-up—they're found in the Start-up Items folder on a Macintosh, or in the Start-up programs under the Start menu in Windows 95.

Do some spring cleaning. Keep your hard disk at least ten percent empty at all times, which should enable the OS to stash files faster. If you haven't done so in more than a year, defragment your hard drive (with a disk utility such as Norton Utilities or with Windows 95's built-in utility). This procedure tidies up your data so the drive heads don't have to move around a lot to read them. Don't keep more fonts installed on your system than you need: An enormous list of installed fonts slows operations, particularly launching and quitting programs. Clean up your operating system: Check all system extensions and additions, and make sure they are up to date. (Visit the company Web sites for each of the products installed in and on your system; updates are usually free.) An antique bit of code that's subtly incompatible with your OS can cause things to grind to a halt. And once a year, back up your data, reformat your hard drive and reinstall all your software from master disks.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PLUNKERT


the
Single Guy's Guide
to
Technology

Office Overview



(A) Kitty, with enhanced sense of personal territory.
(B) Magnetic reed switch mounted on interior door jamb, interfaced to the computer via BeeHive Technologies' ADB I/O data acquisition and control box.
(C) Power Macintosh, called Crunchy Frog. One of seven computers on house network. Primarily tasked as liaison between house network and the Big Room, i.e., everything outside the house. Up and running 24 hours a day.
(D) Video camera, composite output connected to Crunchy Frog's video-in jack.
(E) Darth Vader action, lights and sounds bank. Ordinarily operated by dropping coin in slot but interfaced via ADB I/O box so that it can be activated by Crunchy Frog.
(F) Laser printer, running 24 hours a day to process incoming faxes, features a deep output bin just aft of its fusion rollers. It's a reliable source of heat and thus encourages warmth-addicted Kitty to put his own desire for comfort ahead of owner's need for reliable communications.

1

2

Activation Sequence

(1) While owner is away at trade show, Kitty, drawn by siren call of print-bin warmth, leaps against doorknob until he gains entry. Magnet taped to door swings away from switch, causing circuit to open, thus notifying Crunchy Frog.

(2) Crunchy Frog waits five seconds, then silently captures image-form video feed. This image (drawing 2) is attached to a message detailing date and time door opened, and is e-mailed to owner.

(3) Owner receives alert in hotel room. Sees Kitty wantonly defying his will by napping in printer tray. Sends a reply message.

TO: crunchyfrog@ihnatko.com
SUBJECT: !password-DAHLIA
kitty-countermeasure

3

In "away" mode, Crunchy Frog checks its e-mail every quarter hour. It receives this message, sees that the password is correct and executes kitty-countermeasure—a prewritten script of instructions. Computer activates Darth Vader bank. Darth lights up and starts swinging his light saber wildly while "Star Wars" music and dialogue blare (drawing 3). Crunchy Frog takes another picture immediately and one more a minute later, then e-mails results to owner.

(4) Waiting in hotel room, owner picks up e-mail and observes events from 3000 miles away. Kitty is reminded that he is utterly powerless against the Dark Side, and owner receives confirmation (drawing 4) that this demonstration has made the appropriate impression upon the subject.

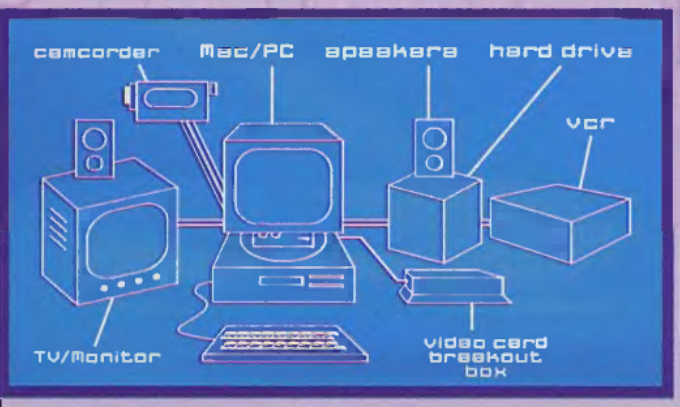
4

Stupid AV Tricks

Homemade Movies Nineties Style

The Technological Date

Whatever other uses electronic gadgets may have, at least they should be good for getting you closer to women. A guy at our office likes to create digital home movies of his girlfriends—complete with music soundtracks. Experience tells us the impact of a high-quality video tribute is substantial and often provokes a romantic response. And if that relationship doesn't work out, the effort can make a lovely parting gift—or just one more thing to put on your Web site. Here's what our digital moviemaker suggests you'll need to get started.



Video Equipment

Consumer-level camcorders such as Hi-8 or VHS are fine for your moviemaking tasks. Add a VHS or S-VHS VCR to your setup for video output and taping.

Computers

For use in digital video production, Power Macintosh and Pentium-class computers are the best. Although you can use older Macs with NuBus architecture, it's best to operate with newer PC or Mac PCI systems. They're much faster and provide better playback and capture performance.

New in the digital video environment is FireWire, an input-output standard that offers digital transfer from digitally driven devices (DV camcorders). Make sure your monitor provides NTSC or PAL display capability, and the larger the monitor display, the better.

Hard Drives

For data transfers, a one- to four-GB drive should be sufficient for short video production. For longer videos, consider a nine-GB drive and possibly an array system.

RAM

The more memory, the better. Although you can make movies with as little as 16 megabytes, it will be excruciatingly slow. Better to start with at least 32 to 64 MB and move up from there.

Video- and Audio-Capture Hardware

Look for cards that offer at least 320x240 or 640x480 resolution and that capture 15 to 30 frames per second, with composite input and output.

Video-capture cards with audio capture are preferable, but if yours doesn't include it, make sure that your Mac or PC has a factory-installed audio card. Otherwise, you should purchase one that can capture 44kHz, 16-bit (CD quality) audio. A pair of good stereo speakers will round out this package.

Software

Although there are a number of video software packages available, the new Adobe Premiere 5.0 is an example of an accessible video software with high-end technological capabilities.

Becoming a videographer and moviemaker has never been easier.

—ARTHUR SMILEY

dvd

digital video disc

All across America, in every office and every cubicle, people want to know when they can get DVD drives for their PCs. And with good reason: DVD is the ripest scam for corporate layabouts since the advent of the CD drive, which allowed us all to bring our Beatles collections into the workplace.

Alas, the DVD transition won't be quite so simple. While the CD-ROM drive contained everything that was needed to spin "The White Album" (as well as that phone database), a DVD-ROM drive can't play video without a lot of support from your computer. Cheap Macs and low-end Wintel machines are out: Only Power Macs and midrange Pentiums need apply. More important, though, DVD video relies on the MPEG-2 format, which for now is processed with special decoder hardware. Several developers promise software-based decoders. But unless your computer is so fast that switching it on causes every dog in the neighborhood to bark, there'd better be an empty slot in there somewhere.

If your boss falls for it, though, you'll be set for one of the best possible viewing environments for DVD. Only a truly exceptional video monitor can render the high fidelity and resolution of a DVD image as potently as can a computer screen, which was, after all, engineered specifically so you could easily see that a speck-sized *H* isn't really an *E*.

Still, even without the video frills, DVD-ROM is an intriguing proposition for the PC. When formatted strictly for data purposes, a single disc can hold as much as 16 gigabytes of information, roughly 25 times the amount stored by a standard CD-ROM. What effect will this have on data publishing? After all, it was once impractical to try to sell a complete national phone directory; CD-ROM allowed every listed number in the country to be collected on a pair of CDs. Five years after DVD-ROM takes root, you may be able to not only find the phone number of a long-lost classmate but also pull up a stored satellite image and make sure his house isn't more expensive than yours.

Mice For the Lovelorn

The Web is a great tease when it comes to helping you out with women. Within moments of making your new e-mail address public, you'll be flooded with invitations from willing young women to visit their Web sites for $14.95 a month. And singles' live chat rooms may be everywhere and always busy, but they're of no use to the single guy unless he has a fetish for middle-aged men pretending to be lonely college girls whose roommates have gone home for the weekend.

So perhaps the Internet is a washout for target acquisition. But if you manage to get the date on your own, the Web can help you make the most of it.

Get Her in a Romantic Mood: Film Nation's Date Movies

What do you know about the sort of movies that make a woman swoon? Nothing, that's what. If you've never stepped beyond the Trucks on Fire aisle at Blockbuster, you need this master compendium of surefire chick films. *(http://homearts.com/depts/pl/movie/67fndate.htm)*

Cook Her a Meal: The Recipe Ring

This is a Web ring (a chain of linked, related sites) that will answer any cooking questions you might have, including what to make for your date at the last minute when all you have on hand is half a lemon, a pound of processed American cheese and a box of stuffing mix. *(http://www.geocities.com/NapaValley/2267/recipering.html)*

And Mix Her a Pitcher of Perfect Freezing Garrets: The Webtender

One of the handiest wine-and-spirits sites on the Web tells you how to mix any of 4000 drinks as well as what you can make when all you have on hand is half a lemon, a pound of processed American cheese and a quarter of a bottle of vermouth. *(http://www.webtender.com)*

Be Gallant to Her Last Man's Goofus: Real Dates From Hell

Benefit from these true stories submitted by the people who lived them. Don't risk being the second man in her life who eats spaghetti with his hands. *(http://dating.miningco.com/library/blhell.htm)*

Just Like a Brother: Make Her Your Platonic Friend

By taking this advice as a negative example, you can avoid those four little words no man wants to hear. And if you've already heard them, maybe reading these stories will make you think twice about being bitter. *(http://www.wizard.net/~joelogon/platonic)*

Web Sites That Don't Waste Your Time

Five Web sites that are actually useful:

- What's the name of that old movie about a circus, where the high-diver gets killed and everyone thinks the wife did it? The Internet Movie Database **(http://www.imdb.com)** offers answers on just about every movie, TV movie and TV show ever made, even really pathetic ones like *Carnival Story* (1954). It's search-oriented, so it's as indispensable as it is exhaustive.
- Is it going to be on TV anytime soon? *TV Guide*'s online listings **(http://www.tvgen.com/tv/listings)** are useful mainly for searching. Provide your zip code and a few search terms (such as the name of an actor) and—bingo—you'll be presented with a list of every show Clint Howard will be on in the next two weeks.
- Am I dreaming or did that really happen? Check out **http://dailynews.yahoo.com,** Yahoo's page for current news. (Sometimes the news is just a few minutes old.) It collects info from a range of wire services and other news sources.
- I have a song in my heart but I'll be damned if I know what it is. World Wide Music **(http://www.worldwidemusic.com)** and CDNow **(http://www.cdnow.com)** have tens of thousands of discs in their catalogs, and you can listen to samples of most of them before you buy. Once you've found something you like, you can order online—or just exploit the sites for the sound samples.
- My girlfriend told me to meet her at a place I have no idea how to get to. Type in any known U.S. street address and Maps On Us **(http://www.mapsonus.com)** will draw a detailed street map of that location. If you have a GPS receiver, it will even give you satellite coordinates.

More Video-Card Tricks

You've heard great things about the audio and video capabilities of modern PCs, and you intend to explore them—right after you're done playing Quake II through your 200-watt home theater system on your big-screen television.

But unless you have an expensive prosumer video card, all your video card can do for you is capture single images from a video source, such as a VCR or a camera. But happily, a computer's strength is its ability to engage in brainless activity for tremendous lengths of time

(concluded on page 156)

The Shiny New Apple

The new translucent iMac boasts no straight lines except, perhaps, the one that connects it to the Internet. Apple is betting that its radically designed desktop will catch on with consumers who are looking for an easy-to-use, high-performance computer at a bargain price ($1299). Apple's hopes for the iMac also rely on the powerful lure of the Internet. The iMac has been put together with many networking options in mind. The computer comes with a built-in modem and an Ethernet card. Apple is betting that it has itself a winner—and it may very well be right. —A.S.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 166.

"That's my dad. He loves ships, but he doesn't trust the men who go down to the sea in them."

THE NEW *Shelby*

TEAM SHELBY'S SERIES 1 JUST MAY BE THE ULTIMATE ROADSTER

CARS BY KEN GROSS

Each Playmate of the Year receives an exciting car as one of her gifts, but no gift provides the impact and incredible performance of this year's automotive pick—the Shelby Series 1. Fortunately, Karen McDougal (Miss December 1997), who was featured receiving the car in our July issue, loves to drive. The Series 1 is the spiri-

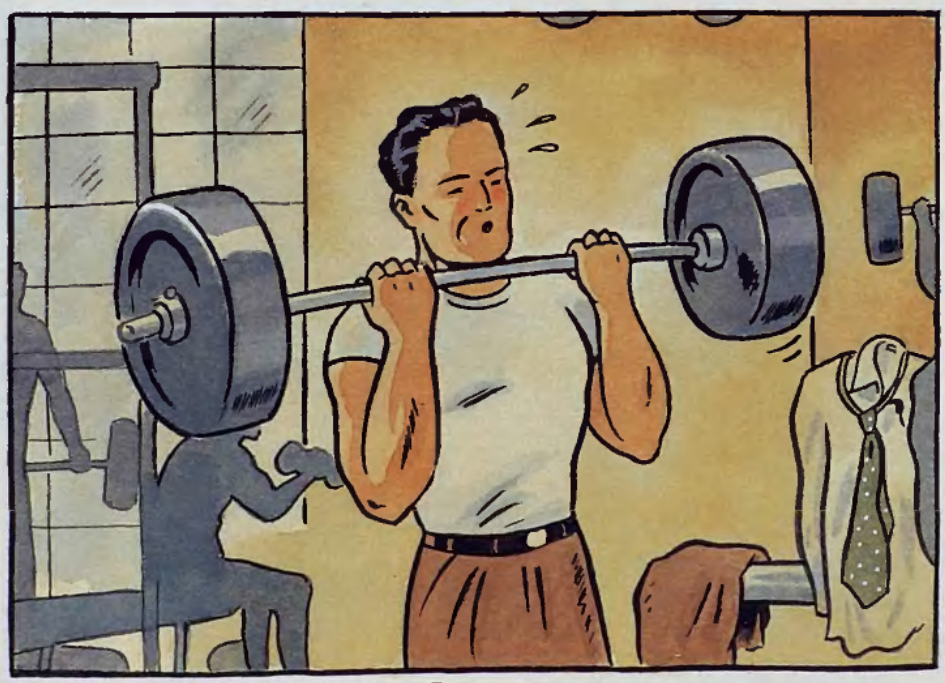
tual successor to one of America's greatest sports cars: Carroll Shelby's Cobra. Conceived in the Sixties, the Cobra was that decade's quintessential road-racing hot rod. Cobras fitted with a 450-hp motor could sprint to 60 mph in four seconds and outperform any production Ferrari. With some of the best drivers at the wheel, the cars won races from Riverside to Le Mans. Today, an original snake sells for six figures and is so scarce that it has spawned a host of kit-car imitators. The new, limited-production Shelby Series 1 is a highly sophisticated sports car made of aircraft-inspired alloys and carbon fiber. It's blindingly fast, yet very drivable. The car is the first creation from Team Shelby, a management group created by chairman and founder Carroll Shelby and Don Rager, president and chief operating officer for Shelby American, Inc.

(text concluded on page 164)

The limited-edition Shelby Series 1 roadster pictured on this spread is as fast as it looks. The top speed—if you ever see it—is 170 mph, and zero to 60 is clocked in about four seconds. Team Shelby, which created this gorgeous monster, coupled an aluminum chassis with race-car suspension and a lightweight carbon-fiber body to a modified 325-hp Oldsmobile Aurora V8. It's a marriage made in heaven. Above: The Series 1's sleek cockpit features a 200-watt Monsoon CD stereo and power everything. Only 500 cars will be built, each priced at $106,795.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

THE PERFECT WORKOUT IN 90 MINUTES A WEEK



ILLUSTRATIONS BY A.J. GARCES

Fitness by Peter Sikowitz

GOOD NEWS FOR BUSY GUYS: YOU CAN GET BUFF AND STILL HAVE A LIFE

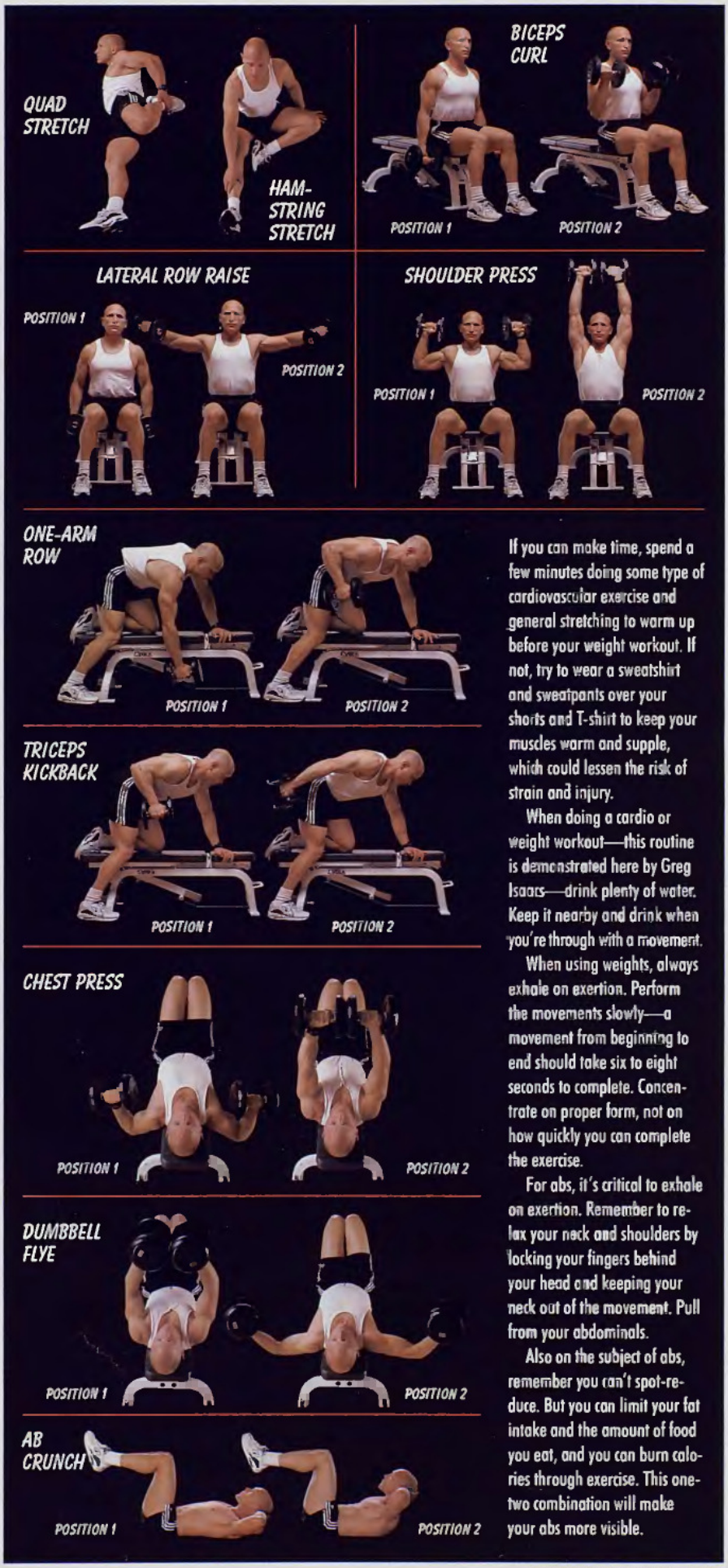
This is a guide for men who "don't have time" to get into better shape. Those who know they should do something but just can't seem to. Let's put it another way: Buddy, can you spare 90 minutes a week to look and feel a hell of a lot better? There are 10,080 minutes in a week—90 minutes is less than one percent of them. It's three *Seinfeld* reruns.

The trouble is, it can be hard to start and stick with a plan. To increase your chances of success, set realistic goals and choose a workout you'll enjoy.

Greg Isaacs is a Los Angeles–based personal trainer who knows how to get people to achieve results. He's the author of *The Ultimate Lean Routine* and the director of corporate fitness at Warner Bros.' Fitness Center in Burbank, California. His clients have included Pierce Brosnan, Vendela, Clint Eastwood and Kurt Russell (he worked with Russell for the film *Soldier*, scheduled for release this fall).

"It's really about using time efficiently," says Isaacs, whose approach is refreshingly sensible. "You have to take the time for your well-being—your physical health and your mental health. You *can* make a difference." Although you won't win the Boston Marathon or the Mr. Muscle competition with this amount of training, it is possible to improve upon what you have now, especially if you adjust your eating habits.

Here is Isaacs' plan for beginners, or for anyone coming back to training after a long layoff. Work out Monday through Friday (weekends are for good times, which can, but don't have to, include fitness), concentrating on cardiovascular exercise to *(concluded on page 144)*



If you can make time, spend a few minutes doing some type of cardiovascular exercise and general stretching to warm up before your weight workout. If not, try to wear a sweatshirt and sweatpants over your shorts and T-shirt to keep your muscles warm and supple, which could lessen the risk of strain and injury.

When doing a cardio or weight workout—this routine is demonstrated here by Greg Isaacs—drink plenty of water. Keep it nearby and drink when you're through with a movement.

When using weights, always exhale on exertion. Perform the movements slowly—a movement from beginning to end should take six to eight seconds to complete. Concentrate on proper form, not on how quickly you can complete the exercise.

For abs, it's critical to exhale on exertion. Remember to relax your neck and shoulders by locking your fingers behind your head and keeping your neck out of the movement. Pull from your abdominals.

Also on the subject of abs, remember you can't spot-reduce. But you can limit your fat intake and the amount of food you eat, and you can burn calories through exercise. This one-two combination will make your abs more visible.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 166.

To the Moon, Vanessa

miss gleason jumps into modeling

I WAS BORN horse crazy," 19-year-old Vanessa Gleason declares, plopping her size-three figure into a seat at a sunny Santa Monica eatery. "I rode seriously from the age of 12 to the age of 16. I did the horse shows. Then I discovered boys, and I had no time for horses!" Horses, boys, surfing, modeling. Lately, the ebullient Mexican American, who grew up on the beach in San Diego, has had many options on her plate, and given her I-can-do-anything attitude, we can't wait to see what she does next.

Q: Is it still your dream to work with horses?

A: Oh, yeah. I'd love to have my own stable, be a trainer, give riding lessons, compete as an Olympic rider.

Q: And this dream led to animal rights activism?

A: Yes. I used to be hard-core vegan. I belonged to an animal rights group. I resigned because I was tired of people arguing. Plus, I was weak and thin. All I ate were raw foods. I like a round body, you know? With meat on the bones.

Q: Your mom is Mexican, your dad American. How did they meet?

A: Dad was visiting Mexico, and he saw my mom sitting on

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

the beach. It was love at first sight. They couldn't speak the same language, but three days after they met he asked her to marry him. They've been married for 25 years.

Q: What were you like as a child?

A: I was a tomboy. I had very short hair and wore a shirt with a horse on it every day.

Q: How did the tomboy blossom into a model?

A: This sounds like another fairy tale, but it's true. I was working in a mall when an agent came in and gave me her number. I was sure she was a scam artist, but I called. She got me my first jobs, one of which was being a Reef girl.

Q: One of the girls who model Reef sandals in surf magazines?

A: Yep. I'm not a very good surfer, though I can stand up. I love long boarding but I had a little accident, so I gave it up.

Q: What happened?

A: I did a pearl dive and the board went under, came back up and hit me in the nose. Blood gushed out, and I had two black eyes. I thought, I can't be doing this if I want to model.

Q: You also want to act, right?

A: I do! First I need some lessons. I was never even in a high school play. I thought those theater people were weirdos. But now I feel like I can be anything I want. My glass is only half full.

"I used to pretend I was a horse and gallop around the house," Vanessa recalls with a laugh. "My room was filled with horse posters and stuffed animals."

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: VANESSA GLEASON

BUST: 34D WAIST: 23 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 8/31/79 BIRTHPLACE: SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

AMBITIONS: THE NEXT CHALLENGE FOR ME WOULD BE TO STUDY ACTING.

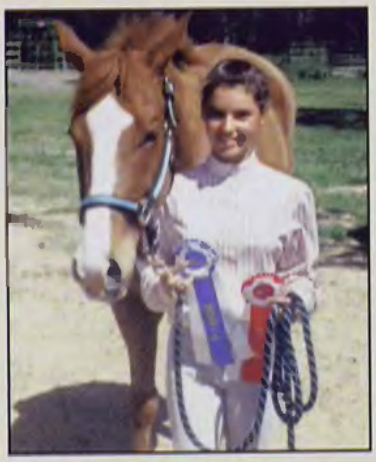
TURN-ONS: NICE TANS, CONFIDENCE, HONESTY, SKINNY-DIPPING IN THE OCEAN, SEX ON THE BEACH.

TURNOFFS: I CAN'T STAND OBNOXIOUS DRUNK GUYS, "MACHO" MEN AND SUGAR DADDIES.

TRAVEL DREAM: I WOULD LOVE TO SEE INDIA AND BE IMMERSED IN WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN EXOTIC, ELEGANT AND VERY DIFFERENT CULTURE.

PHRASE I LIVE BY: CARPE DIEM – SEIZE THE DAY !

I STAND UP FOR: ANIMAL RIGHTS. I HAVE BEEN ACTIVE WITH MANY ANIMAL RIGHTS GROUPS FIGHTING ANIMAL CRUELTY, ANIMAL TESTING, FUR FARMING AND OTHER ESSENTIAL ISSUES.



FIRST PLACE AT HORSE SHOW

BIG HAIR BY THE POOL

HAWAIIAN TROPIC PAGEANT IN OAHU

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During an international gynecology conference, an English doctor and a French doctor were discussing unusual cases they had treated recently. "Only last week," the Frenchman said, "a woman came to see me with a clitoris like a melon!"

"Don't be absurd," the Brit exclaimed. "It couldn't have been that big. My God, man, she wouldn't have been able to walk if it were."

"Aah, you English, always thinking about size," replied the Frenchman. "I was talking about the flavor!"

A college physics professor was explaining a particularly complicated concept to his class when a premed student interrupted him. "Why do we have to learn this stuff?" the young man blurted.

"To save lives," the professor responded before continuing the lecture.

A few minutes later the student spoke up again. "So how does physics save lives?"

The professor stared at the student for a long moment. "Physics saves lives," he said, "because it keeps the idiots out of medical school."

How is Viagra like Disneyland? There's a one-hour wait for a two-minute ride.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: "Doc, you have to help me," the desperate man pleaded. "My wife isn't interested in sex anymore. Don't you have something I can give her? My life is going utterly to hell!"

The doctor opened his desk drawer and removed a small bottle of pills. "Ordinarily I wouldn't do this," the medic replied. "The tests so far indicate that they're very powerful. Don't give her more than one, understand?"

"OK," the grateful fellow promised.

That evening after dinner the man's wife went to the kitchen to fetch dessert. He pulled the pills from his pocket and dropped one into her coffee. He thought for a moment, hesitated, then dropped in a second pill. And then an inspiration struck—and he dropped one pill into his own coffee.

His wife returned and they enjoyed their dessert and coffee. A few minutes after they finished, the wife shuddered a little and sighed deeply, then a strange look entered her eyes. In a husky near whisper she said, "Oh God, I need a man."

The husband's eyes glistened, his hands trembled. "Me too," he said.

A beautiful blonde took her seat on the first day of biology class. The young man behind her tapped her on the shoulder and said, "What do you think you're doing wearing a football jersey?"

"I bought it," she said. "Why shouldn't I wear it?"

"You're not supposed to wear one unless you've made the team."

"Oh," she replied sweetly, "who did I miss?"

John was a little too old to take care of himself, so he checked into a nursing home. He quickly became one of the most popular residents, always happy and outgoing. One day, however, a nurse saw him walking down the hall looking very depressed. "What's the matter?" the nurse asked.

"My dick died," John said.

"What?"

"My dick died," he repeated.

"Well, sorry to hear it," the nurse replied, patting the man's shoulder before moving on.

A few days later the nurse spotted John walking down the hall and noticed that he was exposed. "John," the nurse whispered, "your penis is hanging out of your pajamas."

"I told you my dick died," he replied. "Today's the viewing."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A chicken and an egg were lying in bed. The chicken smoked a cigarette with a satisfied smile on its face while the egg frowned, looking put out. The egg muttered to no one in particular, "Well, I guess we answered that question."

Off the seventh tee, Doug sliced his shot deep into a wooded ravine. He took his eight iron and clambered down the embankment in search of his lost ball. After many long minutes of hacking at the underbrush, he spotted something glistening in the leaves. As he drew nearer he discovered that it was an eight iron in the hands of a skeleton. Doug called out to his friend, "Carl, I've got trouble down here."

"What's the matter?" Carl asked from the edge of the ravine.

"Bring me my wedge," Doug shouted. "You can't get out of here with an eight iron."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"Buy one, get one free."

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

forget about the coaching, forget about the draft picks and free agents. this season, the six franchise quarterbacks will determine who goes to the super bowl

One Super Bowl ring makes you a champion. Two make you an expert. Jimmy Johnson has the rings and an opinion: Quarterbacks win. Games. Championships. Hearts. Success always starts with the trigger. At least it has for Johnson.

Had it not been for All-Americas Bernie Kosar, Vinny Testaverde and Steve Walsh during Johnson's reign at the University of Miami in the Eighties, he still might be on campus coaching the Hurricanes. He would not have won the games, bowls and national championship that so enthralled Jerry Jones in Dallas. Had it not been for Troy Aikman, Johnson still might be coaching the Cowboys. He would not have won the two Super Bowls that ignited the power struggle between owner and coach deep in the heart of Texas.

Give Johnson a quarterback and he'll give you championship visions. Which is what the Miami Dolphins have in 1998 with Johnson on the sideline and Dan Marino on the field.

"The quarterback," Johnson says, "is 90 percent of the equation."

So forget the four coaching changes around the NFL this season. Forget the millions of dollars pumped into free agency. Forget the infusion of some 200 draft picks in April. It's all cosmetic. Fantasy says 30 teams enter the 1998 season with a shot. Reality says there are only six—the six with franchise quarterbacks.

You know the names. You've seen them in Super Bowls. You've seen them in Pro Bowls. You've seen them on various magazine covers. *Troy Aikman*: three Super Bowl rings. *Brett Favre*: three NFL MVP awards. *Steve Young*: six NFL passing titles. *John Elway*: an NFL-record 138 career

sports By Rick Gosselin

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID SCOTT SINCLAIR

With a Super Bowl victory for the Broncos finally in sight, Denver quarterback John Elway gives up his body for a first down.

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

AFC

Eastern Division: Dolphins

Central Division: Steelers

Western Division: Chiefs

Wild Cards: Broncos, Jaguars, Patriots

AFC Champion: Steelers over Dolphins

NFC

Eastern Division: Redskins

Central Division: Packers

Western Division: 49ers

Wild Cards: Buccaneers, Cowboys, Lions

NFC Champion: Packers over Buccaneers

SUPER BOWL

Steelers over Packers

victories. *Dan Marino*: pro football's all-time passer in yards and touchdowns. *Drew Bledsoe*: two Pro Bowls.

When you assemble the Super Bowl contenders in this or any other season, start with the franchise QBs and their teams: Dallas, Green Bay, San Francisco, Denver, Miami and New England. They have accounted for 20 division titles, eight conference championships and six Super Bowls in the Nineties. A Favre or a Young gives his team the ability and confidence to win any game, anywhere, any time. Especially in January.

"The quarterback is what allows you to be better than average," Johnson says. "If you're going to make the playoffs, he's going to have to make a few plays. If you're going to go all the way, he's going to have to make a lot of plays. Quarterbacking is 90 percent of what dictates how far you go."

Trent Dilfer and Scott Mitchell are playoff-caliber quarterbacks. But franchise quarterbacks? Hardly. The same goes for Jeff George and Brad Johnson. If you want admission to this club, you need to play one of those late-January dates. Like Marino. Then win there. Like Favre. Then go again. Like Aikman. Then go again and again. Like Elway.

"One win may separate you from the pack," Aikman says. "But I think it takes more than one before you really sit there and say, 'Now I've accomplished something.'"

That's why Dallas, Denver, Green Bay, Miami, New England and San Francisco are the favorites, once more, in 1998. Quarterbacks win. But there is hope on the horizon for the have-nots. The club may be expanding soon. Mark Brunell at Jacksonville appears poised for entry in 1998. So does Kordell Stewart at Pittsburgh. Further down the road is Jake Plummer at Arizona. And both Peyton Manning and Ryan Leaf stroll onto the NFL landscape this fall. Maybe one day they will realize the franchise potential that made them the top two picks of the 1998 NFL draft.

Until then, stick with the Big Six. Or Seven.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
EASTERN DIVISION

Washington	10–6
Dallas*	9–7
NY Giants	8–8
Arizona	7–9
Philadelphia	6–10

*Wild-card team

Commission a bust of Aikman for Canton today if he never throws another pass in the NFL. Not even Joe Montana won three Super Bowls in four years, as Aikman did from 1992 to 1995. With an 11–2 career playoff record, he has mastered the big game. But age has deprived his **Cowboys** of the legs to win enough little games to reach the big ones.

Jerry Jones gambled all of his salary-cap dollars on the star system. He spent lavishly to keep a small nucleus of superstars with stars on their helmets. Early in the decade he decided to ride this winner until it dropped. So Jones has his bandwagon hitched to many of the same horses America's Team rode to that first Super Bowl in 1992: Aikman, Emmitt Smith, Michael Irvin, Daryl Johnston, Erik Williams, Nate Newton and Kevin Smith.

But Aikman is now 31. Irvin and Johnston are 32. Newton is 36. Williams turns 30 in September. Emmitt Smith is 29 and running in quicksand these days. Deion Sanders, the one impact addition made by Jones in the NFL's free-agency era, also is 31. A 6–10 collapse in 1997 taught Jones what the Green Bay dynasty learned in the Sixties and what Pittsburgh learned in the Seventies: Greatness ages, and not always gracefully. The salary cap has made this a young man's game, and the Cowboys are trying to compete as graybeards.

Stuck with the same players, Jones has changed his approach. Out went easy rider Barry Switzer as head coach, and in came Chan Gailey, the offensive whiz who created the Slash persona for Kordell Stewart in Pittsburgh. Out goes the Dallas power offense, in comes the shotgun with finesse-spiced four- and five-receiver sets. The Cowboys have always placed the pigskin in the hands of Aikman during the postseason. Now they are giving him the ball in the regular season as well. But Aikman doesn't play defense. He can't

(continued on page 146)

Little Annie Fanny

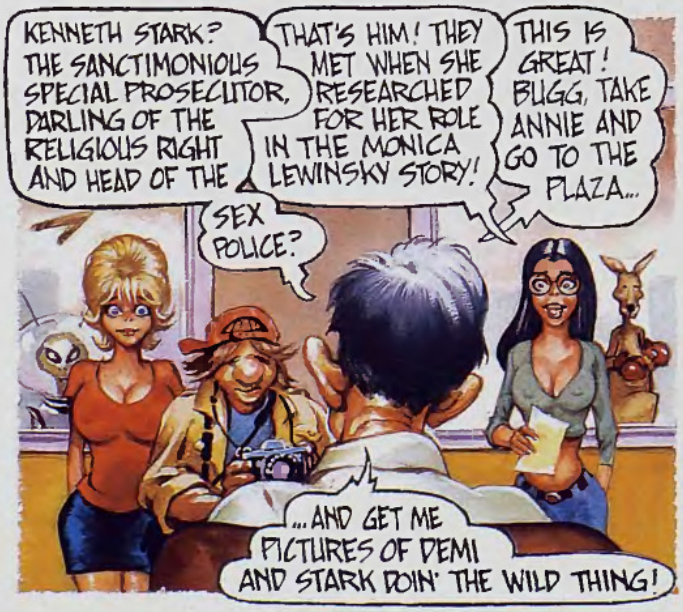
BY RAY LAGO AND BILL SCHORR

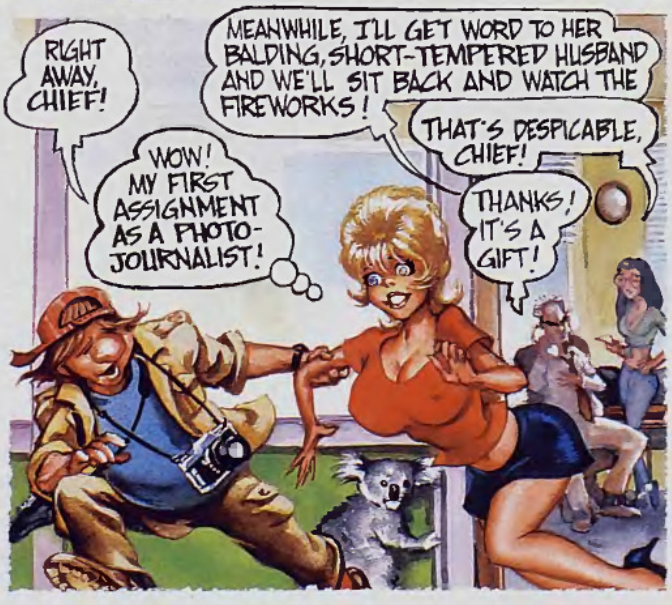
THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY HAS GONE THE WAY OF THE DODO AND PRESIDENTIAL FIDELITY. NO INSTITUTION PROVES THAT BETTER THAN MEDIA MOGUL RUPERT HEMLOCK'S TABLOID THE UNNATURAL ENQUIRER, WHERE ANNIE HAS TAKEN A JOB AS ASSISTANT TO FAMED PAPARAZZO CHARLES "SHUDDER" BUGG. LET'S LISTEN IN ON THE MORNING MEETING.

I NEED STORY IDEAS, PEOPLE!
I HEAR WOODY ALLEN'S OPENING AN ADOPT-A-DATE SERVICE.
I KNOW! IT WAS ON 60 MINUTES.
MICHAEL JACKSON'S HOLDING A SLEEPOVER FOR THE SOUTH PARK KIDS!
SAW IT ON NIGHTLINE.
AN ALIEN ABDUCTEE SAID DIANA'S ALIVE AND DATING ELVIS ON URANUS!
KISS MY ANUS... THAT WAS ON MEET THE PRESS.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM...THE LEGITIMATE PRESS IS CUTTING IN ON OUR TURF!
...LOOK AT THESE HEADLINES!
The New York Times
ELLEN DATING RU PAUL
DOES THIS MAKE HER HETEROSEXUAL?
The Washington
GEORGE MICHAEL PULLS A PEE-WEE
CAT FA
SOX OR MONICA~ WHO'S TOP WHITEHOU PUSSY?
WE'VE GOT TO RECLAIM OUR PLACE AT THE TOP OF THE BOTTOM FEEDERS!

HEY, CHIEF! I JUST GOT A TIP THAT SULTRY DEMI MORPH AND HER HUNKY HUSBAND, BRUCE WILLCALL, ARE HAVING MARITAL TROUBLE!
THAT'S OLD NEWS... I READ IT IN THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.
YES, BUT DID IT SAY SHE WAS SHACKED UP IN THE HONEYMOON SUITE AT THE PLAZA HOTEL WITH KENNETH STARK?


KENNETH STARK? THE SANCTIMONIOUS SPECIAL PROSECUTOR, DARLING OF THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT AND HEAD OF THE
THAT'S HIM! THEY MET WHEN SHE RESEARCHED FOR HER ROLE IN THE MONICA LEWINSKY STORY!
THIS IS GREAT! BUGG, TAKE ANNIE AND GO TO THE PLAZA...
SEX POLICE?
...AND GET ME PICTURES OF DEMI AND STARK DOIN' THE WILD THING!


RIGHT AWAY, CHIEF!
MEANWHILE, I'LL GET WORD TO HER BALDING, SHORT-TEMPERED HUSBAND AND WE'LL SIT BACK AND WATCH THE FIREWORKS!
THAT'S DESPICABLE, CHIEF!
WOW! MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT AS A PHOTO-JOURNALIST!
THANKS! IT'S A GIFT!

ANNIE, PUT ON THE MAID'S UNIFORM, THEN USE THE PASSKEY I SWIPED TO ENTER AND PRETEND YOU'RE DELIVERING TOWELS. IF DEMI AND STARK ARE IN THE SACK, I'LL POP IN AND GET THE PICTURES!
CLICK
POSING AS SOMEONE I'M NOT... IS THAT ETHICAL?
SURE! I ONCE WORE A HORSE COSTUME FOR 3 MONTHS SO I COULD GET SHOTS OF PRINCE CHARLES AND CAMILLA PARKER-BOWLES ROLLING IN THE HAY AT THE POLO MATCHES!
THAT MUST'VE BEEN EXHAUSTING!
ONLY WHEN THEY PUT ME OUT TO STUD.
DO NOT DISTUR
SEXU
INTERRO
I DON'T SEE THEM... WHAT DO WE DO?
HIDE AND AMBUSH THEM WHEN THEY SHOW UP!
HIDE? AMBUSH? IS THAT ETHICAL?
CLICK
MMPH! MMPH!
COO! LISTEN, IT'S THE MATING CALL OF THE PLASTIC-BREASTED STARLET!
YOU BET! I HID FOR 14 HOURS IN A HOTEL AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT TO GET PHOTOS OF FORMER FOOTBALL GREAT FRANK GIPPER AND A STRIPPER CHEAT ON KATHY LEE!
OOH, KENNY! YOU GIVE NEW MEANING TO "GOVERNMENT MOUTHPIECE"!
GLORYOSKY! THEY'RE IN THE BEDROOM!
I LOST TWO TOES TO FROSTBITE!
OOOOOH PANT!
CLIK!
CLIK!
KENNY, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
TAKING A SHOWER!
NO! COME BACK TO BED! NOW!
OK, MY HUSKY-VOICED LITTLE NYMPH!
CLIK!
I'M SOAKED! I NEED TO GET OUT OF THIS UNIFORM!
YOU CALL THIS WET? I WAS SUBMERGED SIX HOURS IN A HOT TUB TAKING PIX OF JACQUES COUSTEAU AND THE GIRLS OF BAYWATCH PEARL DIVING!
CLICK!
I'VE NEVER FELT SO DIRTY AFTER A SHOWER! I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR TABLOID JOURNALISM! I QUIT!
COME BACK! THINK IT OVER! TAKE ANOTHER SHOWER!
CLIK CLICK

AHA! CAUGHT YOU, YOU SILICONE SLU-
HEY. YOU'RE NOT MY WIFE! AND THOSE ARE DEFINITELY NOT SILICONE!
KRASH
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE BRUCE!
DEMI! HOW COULD YOU!? AND WITH THAT HYPOCRITICAL GEEK!
ME!? WHAT ABOUT YOU AND THAT BIMBO!?
I'M IN DEEP WHITEWATER!
"BIMBO"?!
POW!
THUMP!
GACK!
C'MON, ANNIE... LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! I GOT SOME GREAT SHOTS!
JEEPERS! THANKS, BUGG!
OH, BRUCE! YOU DO CARE!
CLICKETY-CLICK!
BUGG, THE PHOTOS YOU TOOK OF DEMI AND STARK COULD SAVE THIS PAPER! LET ME SEE THEM!
MY NEXT JOB IS GONNA BE SOMETHING SAFE... LIKE WHITE HOUSE INTERN!
EDITOR IN CHIEF
OK, CHIEF! HERE YA GO! SIXTY-TWO ROLLS! PRETTY IMPRESSIVE, HUH?
I ONLY HAVE TWO WORDS, BUGG!
YOU'RE FIRED!
END

what is it?

electronics By JONATHAN TAKIFF We've been hearing that high definition television is just around the corner for more than a decade. Well, it's finally true. Come November, broadcasters in the nation's largest markets will begin transmitting HDTV signals to anyone who can afford a new digital television set. That could be a short list. Remember, it took eight years for color TVs to make their way into ten percent of U.S. households. But change is inevitable and, thanks to strong government backing, so is high definition television. In fact, the Federal Communications Commission has mapped

Digital television will initially come to your home in two forms—high definition and standard definition. HDTV delivers up to 1080 scan lines, more than double that of today's TV signals and with six times the resolution. We saw a high definition broadcast at the Consumer Electronics Show last winter and it looked almost three-dimensional. Beyond the great picture, HDTV programming has the wide, 16:9 aspect ratio of movie theater screens plus Dolby Digital Surround sound, another cinema spin-off. By comparison, SDTV divides the single HD signal into as many as five separate ones. You lose the wide-screen dimensions and some picture quality, but you'll still notice a significant improvement over analog television. Why not just stick with HDTV? Because extra channels mean extra advertising revenues, and an opportunity for broadcasters to recoup some of their investment in new digital gear.

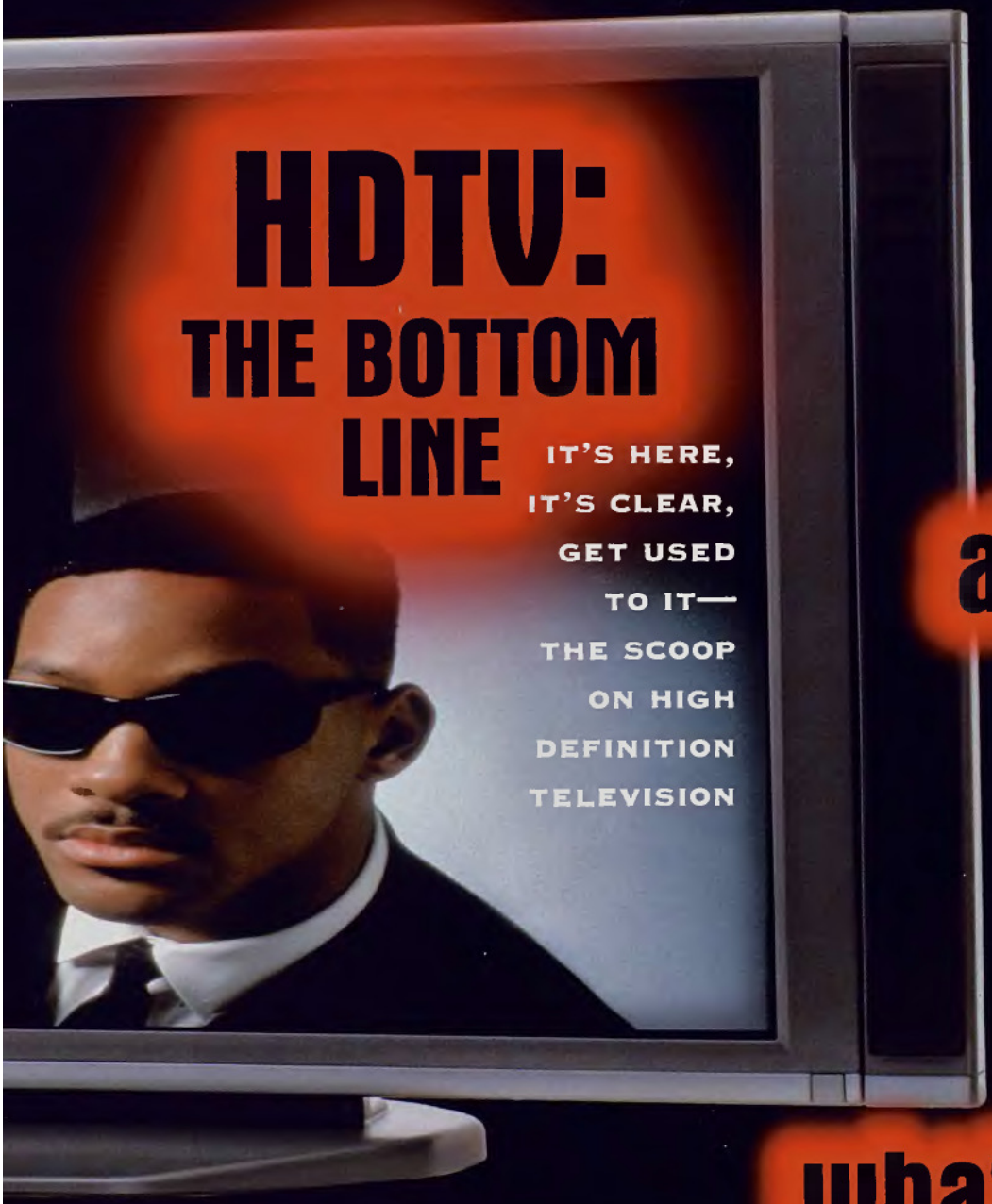
how much?

You know the price of that Ducati motorcycle you've been eyeing? The average cost of first-generation digital televisions will be in the same ballpark. Rear-projection DTVs from Hitachi, RCA, Mitsubishi, Panasonic and others will have screen sizes ranging from 50 to 80 inches and prices from $4000 to $13,000. Sony is expected to introduce a direct-view HD Trinitron Wega; no price yet. And if price is no object, try Pioneer's wall-hangable digital plasma television (pictured here). The slick 50-inch PDP-501HD weighs just under 100 pounds and is only 3.86 inches deep. The price: $25,000.

who gets it?

The rollout planned for the U.S. will be swift but methodical. First up for DTV are stations in America's top ten television markets—Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Washington, D.C. All have committed to being on the air with digital programming in November, though we wouldn't be surprised if there were some delays, given the technical variations that are being permitted. Visionary digital TV stations in a few smaller cities, such as Honolulu, Seattle and Raleigh-Durham, also will be up and running this fall. Broadcasters in the next 20 largest markets will power up throughout 1999, with the remaining stations going digital by 2003 (as ruled by the FCC). Assuming this transition goes smoothly, all analog broadcasting will cease by 2006 (another FCC mandate). Theoretically, if you don't have your DTV—or at least a converter box that can pick up the signals—by then, you'll have to kiss broadcast programming goodbye. But we wouldn't want to be president of the U.S. when 98 million households go dark.

out a strategy that will have all of America watching digital television shortly after the turn of the century. Although several technical issues (including a single HDTV standard) remain unresolved, two things are certain: This 21st century technology will dramatically improve the picture and sound quality of television broadcasts, while enhancing your television with all kinds of bells and whistles. With an HDTV, all the interactivity that we've been promised—from surfing the Net via television to armchair shopping—will finally be delivered. Here are the answers to the questions everybody is asking.



HDTV: THE BOTTOM LINE

IT'S HERE, IT'S CLEAR, GET USED TO IT— THE SCOOP ON HIGH DEFINITION TELEVISION

what'll we watch?

Not much initially. CBS, ABC and NBC each promise a minimum of five hours of digital broadcasting per week beginning November 1. *The Tonight Show*, *ER* and movies such as *Men in Black* and *Titanic* are expected to be among the first to go digital. DirecTV will soon dish two pay-per-view HD movie channels to DSS subscribers in the U.S. and HBO plans two HD movie channels in 1999. But you'll have to wait for sports. Our sources at CBS and Fox tell us there aren't enough digital mobile production units to do it right just yet. Last to go digital? The news.

what about my tv?

Don't trash it yet; broadcasters will simulcast analog and HD signals at least until 2006. If you need a new set but don't want to pop for a digital one, look for an analog TV with component video jacks. You can use these jacks to connect a digital TV converter box. The signals you receive, while not HD quality, will be far better than what you're getting now. The first model, Panasonic's TU-DST50, costs $1700, but prices of future boxes are expected to hit the $300 mark quickly.

what's next?

Think interactivity. Future generations of digital television sets will be veritable computers with all kinds of cool multimedia capabilities. In addition to picking up remarkable audio and video feeds, they will be able to grab content from the Web and receive data and additional info tied to the news or other TV shows. Want to play along with *Jeopardy* or e-mail your photo to Juli and Doria on *Night Calls*? High definition technology makes that possible. Digital VHS VCRs for capturing broadcast digital signals will come from Panasonic and JVC, priced at $1000. On the drawing boards are much less expensive digital TVs that display only standard definition pictures, but in a wide-screen perspective. And because core processing chips are alike in various digital video products, we may see interesting hybrid audio-video components as soon as next year. RCA has hinted about a receiver that delivers DSS, digital and analog programming. Combination DTV and WebTV boxes seem like a natural for Philips and Sony. Also in the works: digital TV tuners with DVD drives and, particularly promising, DVD recorders.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 166.

Nina Hartley Is The Smartest Woman In Porn

and, as chip rowe found out, that's saying a mouthful

Nina Hartley began her career as a sex performer in 1983, dancing nude once a week at the O'Farrell Theater in San Francisco while she went to school. In 1984, while pursuing a nursing degree at San Francisco State University, she appeared in the first of more than 400 triple-X films. (She graduated magna cum laude from SFSU in 1985.) Today, at 37, Hartley continues to star in adult movies and commands as much as $10,000 a week to dance at gentlemen's clubs. She is also an advocate for sexual freedom, lobbying California legislators for more-liberal dancing laws and writing essays such as "Frustrations of a Feminist Porn Star" and "Pornography at the Millennium." Last year she crossed over to Hollywood, briefly, playing the nymphomaniacal wife of a porn crew member in the hit film "Boogie Nights."

Hartley lives in San Francisco with her husband, Dave, and their girlfriend, Bobby Lilly. They are dedicated nonmonogamists.

PLAYBOY: You attended a swing party last night. How did it go?

HARTLEY: We had a wonderful time. There were seven couples, five of whom participated. You're not obligated to do anything but be honest and polite.

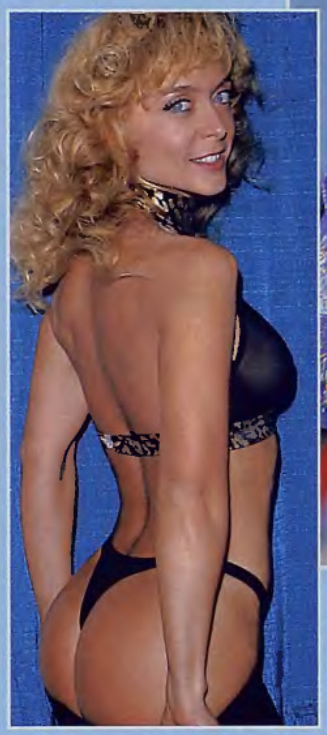
PLAYBOY: As they say, "If you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"

HARTLEY: Exactly. You have to like the people, because after you have sex, you usually talk. It's an extremely female-positive environment. When the women want sex, it happens.

PLAYBOY: Is oral sex adultery?

HARTLEY: It depends on the rules you have with your partner. If he goes beyond the bounds of the agreement, that's adultery. On

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA



"You know it's good porn when you turn off the movie and your partner wants it as much as you do," says Nina, who's been in more than 400 sexvids. Above: Hartley accepting a Hot d'Or award in Cannes.

the other hand, women need to relax. For a lot of guys, getting a blow job is not intimate. They don't connect emotionally, and they don't love their partners less because of it. Hillary shouldn't give a hoot.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever blown someone you didn't want to?

HARTLEY: Sure, but it's only a blow job. It'll be over soon and I won't have to do it again. When I find myself thinking that, I work hard to make the guy come as quickly as possible.

PLAYBOY: What's the best way to get a guy off fast?

HARTLEY: Grab his dick, look into his eyes, talk nasty. Mesmerize him. The deal I have with my husband is that I will never say no. Even if I'm half asleep, I will still do my enthusiastic, sloppy blow job best. Hmmm, slurp, smack. I'll be *so* into it. But he only gets five minutes. If he doesn't come by then, it's not my problem. I've known so many women who feel used because the guy takes 20 or 30 minutes. I say, "Don't let him." But he also shouldn't have to masturbate when there's a lovely, warm body next to him.

PLAYBOY: How does your three-way relationship work? Do all of you share one bed?

HARTLEY: Bobby has a bedroom and I have a bedroom and Dave bounces back and forth. If I were going to redo the logistics, I'd give Dave his own bedroom and Bobby and I would share a girls' room.

PLAYBOY: The three of you put a lot of thought into creating Nina's public persona. What made you decide the world needed Nina Hartley?

HARTLEY: In the early Eighties, a lot of sex-negative forces were heating up. I was a bisexual exhibitionist—what was I going to do with myself? We asked ourselves what pro-sex feminist rhetoric would sound like, and Nina came out of that.

PLAYBOY: So from the beginning, Nina had to be——

HARTLEY: Accepting. A champion of desire.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into porn?

HARTLEY: It was a gradual process. The first step was learning to accept a massage. Then I learned to dance nude in front of a mirror without dying of embarrassment. Then I danced for my husband. Then I did an amateur night at a strip club. I enjoyed the attention. Attention is why anybody gets onstage, with or without their clothes. My first film was *Educating Nina* in 1984.

PLAYBOY: What sex advice do you have for men?

HARTLEY: Never date a woman who doesn't masturbate. She doesn't know what turns her on, or how to ask for it.

(continued on page 157)

"OK—you're an undercover journalist. So, exactly what are you investigating?"

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

SLEEK, MUTED SUITS FOR THE MODERN WORLD

THIS IS your life: home by twilight. Quiet evening after a summer of weekends. This is your pad: Answering machine whirs softly, clicks, takes a message. Something lacy lies on the leather sofa. This is your woman: She walks through the front door, smiles and slips her copy of your keys into a handbag. This is your night: Heels snap across tile, then trail off to the kitchen. Sound of a drink poured over ice. Two drinks. This is your shopping list: Tattersall shirts. Contrasting ties. A gray suit. This is her reaction: Mmm, baby. This is no joke.

Sitting pretty, our man wears a beautiful woman wrapped around the shoulders of his four-button suit by Emporio Armani ($850). It's made of chalk-stripe wool. The tattersall shirt is by Brioni ($275). The tie, by Etro ($100), is an example of today's tone-on-tone patterns. The block belt ($35) and the boots ($160) are by Kenneth Cole.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Surprise the lady in your life with this single-breosted suit from the Donno Koron Collection ($1595). The pottern is o shodow stripe and the wool hos o bit of stretch. Updote your old suits with this coshmere V-neck by Belford Men ($250). Hold up your ponts with o silver-buckled belt by Kenneth Cole ($35).

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

Brioni

We call the page at left a Monet shot. It's an up-close take on the tiny elements that make up this season's look. When it comes to broad color strokes, gray—the predominant color—is offset occasionally by touches of magenta. Start with your face: You'll notice that black horn-rims (these are by Kenneth Cole Eyewear, $110) are surpassing wire-rims as the glasses of choice. The tattersall shirt beneath them is by Briani and has a widespread collar ($295). The tone-on-tone pattern of the silk tie (call it red) shows up nicely at this scale. It's by the Donna Karan Collection and costs $95. The other tattersall tone-on-tone combo is a Thomas Pink shirt ($110) with a jacquard tie by Ermenegildo Zegna ($125). The shirt has French cuffs; the silver link holding one sleeve together is by Elsa Peretti ($130 a pair). The shirt at far left, the most intricate tattersall on the page, is from Polo by Ralph Lauren ($80). The magenta cashmere scarf is by Meg Cohen ($295). On it are two sets of silver links. Silver, of course, is the hot metal this season. The round pair is by Angela Cummings ($150) and the oblong pair is by Harald Nielsen ($300).

On this page, you'll find an unconventional beauty. It's a singled-breasted suit with two colors of pinstripes. The unique design turns the traditional banker's uniform into a younger, mod outfit. The creation is by Boss Hugo Boss and costs $850. The gray shirt is by Joseph Abboud ($85) and the tone-on-tone tie is by the Donna Karan Collection ($95).

In your dreams: At left is the ensemble suit you could only imagine existed. Yes, this sharp-looking brown tweed Calvin Klein suit ($1650) is actually soft. It is matched with a cotton shirt ($165) and silk tie ($95) by the Donna Karan Collection. OK, eventually you'll have to go outside. If you want your leather to stand out in a crowd, consider this blazer by Trussardi. It feels as opulent as its price ($1795). Pick up a hooded sweater for $165 and a pair of cords for $180. Both are from Nicole Farhi. But don't pull the hood over your head. That's for your girlfriend to try when she steals the sweater.

WOMEN'S STYLING BY ANTONIO BRANCO FOR TRILISE INC.
HAIR BY FRANÇOIS ILNSEHER
MAKEUP BY RUDY SOTOMAYOR

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.

"You know what they forgot to teach us in survival training? How to survive without nooky!"

GOT A HUNCH? BET IT WISELY

MONEY MATTERS BY CHRISTOPHER BYRON

Want some advice? Never place a market order for what you believe will be a hot stock—especially when you've read about the stock in the newspapers.

A lot of people lost a collective fortune last spring when they rushed to place "buy at the market" orders for shares in a company *The New York Times* reported might have come up with a cure for cancer.

Placing a market order involves telling your broker to buy a specified number of shares in a stock at whatever the going price is—as opposed to telling him, say, "Buy me 100 shares, but don't go a penny over $20 per share," a so-called limit order. Market orders are often used by investors to buy a rapidly rising stock that might be going up faster than the investor can adjust his limit orders upward. The risk is that the stock isn't bought at all.

Back in early May, a stampede of "buy at the market" orders hit the Nasdaq-traded stock of EntreMed, Inc., a Rockville, Maryland medical research company. EntreMed had been working to develop two promising anticancer drugs—angiostatin and endostatin—and its progress was well known within the medical profession.

As a result, the prospects for angiostatin and endostatin were already reflected in EntreMed's stock price of $12 per share when the Sunday *New York Times* chimed in with its take on the drugs. The *Times* rehashed information about the drugs that had been published in November 1997—only this time in a manner that made readers think the information was new.

What happened next is one for the books. Thinking the world was learning for the first time of a breakthrough in the war on cancer, investors by the thousands rushed to place "buy at the market" orders with their brokers that would be filled next Monday morning.

In the weeks and months prior to the *Times*' story, fewer than 100 EntreMed orders had been traded each day. During January the average had been 32 per day. But on the Monday after the item appeared in the *Times*, 46,228 trades took place.

According to a Nasdaq official, many of these transactions came from investors on the Internet, which is hardly surprising as one of the big appeals of online investing is the opportunity for investors to place orders when conventional brokerages are closed. Yet data supplied by E Trade Group, an online investing service, show that many online investors are new to the market.

These investors learned the hard way you can lose—and lose big—even when stocks go up. By placing "buy at the market" orders for EntreMed shares, they generated unprecedented (but fleeting) demand for the stock—all created by individuals like themselves, who'd seen the story in the *Times*. Says Steve Hetlinger, who handles capital markets and trading for E Trade Group, "There's really only one way to protect yourself from this sort of situation: Don't place market orders."

In fact, there's more to it than that. By placing their orders in a dealer market such as Nasdaq, investors had set themselves up for a fleecing by the dealers themselves.

The New York Stock Exchange's specialist system matches buyers and sellers in a continual auction managed by specialists, one for each stock. Nasdaq uses broker-dealers, who buy and sell shares for their own accounts (they're also referred to as market makers).

The difference between the two systems puts investors at a real disadvantage with Nasdaq. In a specialist system, buyers and sellers trade with one another, with the specialist acting as a middleman. In a broker-dealer system, investors trade with market makers. That means investors never know the price actual sellers are offering (or buyers are bidding) for any given stock. All the investors know is the price at which the market maker is willing to sell (or buy). And the market makers know far more about the demand for any given security than investors do.

In the case of EntreMed, 14 different Nasdaq broker-dealers function as market makers in the company's stock. By early morning on Monday, May 4, they knew something the public did not: The avalanche of "buy at the market" orders meant EntreMed's shares would open at a price vastly higher than where it closed Friday. The price would be far higher than was justified by its prospects.

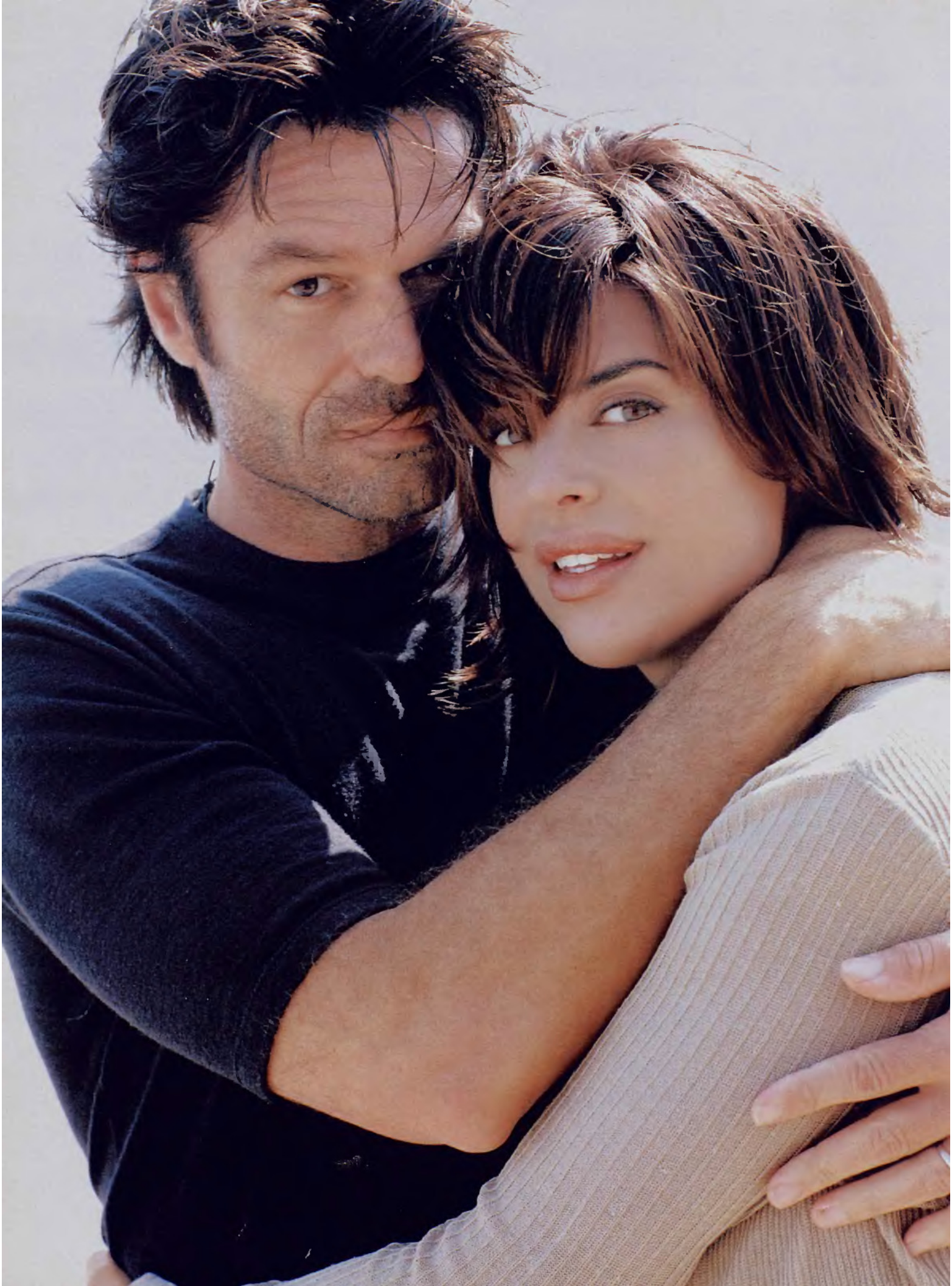
It was a situation custom-tailored for exploitation. Any market maker who wanted to do so could profit from what amounted to legalized insider trading. He could conduct his market-making activities so as to take advantage of the fact that EntreMed's price would open high, then slump back down once supply and demand balanced. In other words, any market maker with a mind to do so could fill a "buy at the market" order from one of his customers by simply delivering shares borrowed from someone else. Then, when the stock dropped from its opening price, the market maker could go back into the market, buy up some shares at the new lower price and use them to pay back the shares he'd borrowed in the first place—the classic strategy of a Wall Street short-seller.

That, in essence, is exactly what happened as EntreMed's stock opened at nearly $83 per share at 9:30 A.M. Monday. It fell within 30 minutes to barely half that price, wiping out 50 percent of all the money invested by anyone who'd placed "buy at the market" orders over the weekend. In that first 30 minutes alone, more than $500 million of investor capital was wiped out, every penny of it invested in EntreMed only minutes earlier.

Bottom line? If you wouldn't give a blank check to a roofing contractor, why would you ever consider giving one to your stockbroker?

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbscoop@aol.com.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY



Melrose Mom

lisa rinna is great with child

Some PREGNANT women get cravings for pickles and peanut butter. For Lisa Rinna, the yen was for something grander than that. "I was at the newsstand," says Lisa, whom you may know as *Melrose Place*'s bad girl Taylor McBride, or as Mrs. Harry Hamlin. "I saw a PLAYBOY next to the cash register, and all of a sudden something in me said, You have to do PLAYBOY pregnant."

For a woman from a small town in Oregon who had never even considered posing nude, this suggestion (she says it was as if she heard a voice) came as something of a surprise. "I thought, What?" she says, laughing. "But I was also really excited about it." She polled her best girlfriend, then her publicist, then her husband. The reaction from all quarters, she says, was shock, then consensus: "This could be really cool."

So she pursued the idea—gingerly, cautiously—convincing herself that if it didn't happen, she wouldn't be upset. After all, she could always continue a career that featured a mid-Nineties stint on *Days of Our Lives* before heating up with her move to *Melrose Place*, and a life with Hamlin that would soon include the first of the several children she would like to have. "I thought, I'm just going to put it out there, and if the universe says this is what I should do, it'll

"I always thought that when I became pregnant, I'd do something that would change people's perceptions, or make them take another look," says Lisa, shown at left with her husband, Harry Hamlin. "This might be controversial, but that's never stopped me before."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALBERTO TOLOT

"What's really ironic," Lisa says af the two-day photo session, "is that it was the most comfortable that I've ever been at a photo shaot. I wasn't embarrassed or shy, and I never thaught, What am I doing? It was effortless. I thought my body looked beautiful, but it wasn't really about me anymore—it was about the other being who has come into my bady, and into my saul."

MAKEUP BY BETH KATZ FOR CLOUTIER
HAIR BY ENZO ANGILERI FOR CLOUTIER
STYLING BY XAVIER CABRERA FOR CLOUTIER

"They were lovely with me," Liso says of her *Melrose Place* bosses, who wrote her pregnoncy into the show. (The actress she replaced, Hunter Tylo, sued over her dismissol for becoming pregnont.) But Liso opted to leave *Melrose* after this summer's season, her new priority being "to spend time with the boby, to hang out with motherhood for a while."

happen. If it doesn't, it'll go away," Lisa says. "But in a strange way, I also felt that I had to do it. As I talked the idea through with Harry, I said, 'I don't know why, but I just have to do it.'"

She shrugs. "Like every woman, I have always had a fascination with PLAYBOY. My dad got it, I saw it in the house from the time I was young and I was intrigued by the women: What does it take to pose nude, what's it all about? But I never imagined myself doing it—it was just this thing other girls do."

Step-by-step, though, she moved toward doing it. After running the idea by PLAYBOY, she recruited her makeup artist to shoot some test Polaroids one day in Lisa's trailer on the lot where *Melrose Place* is filmed. "It was spur-of-the-moment," she says, "and I had to fib a little bit. I told her I was taking some pictures for Harry for Valentine's Day."

She loved the results and decided to forge ahead—which is why Lisa, fecund and six months pregnant (daughter Delilah Belle was born June 10), spent a weekend showing off that certain glow we've heard about. She has a point to make here, and it's not just that she looks great. "Society usually deals with pregnancy

by covering it up," she says. "But I think it's something a woman should be proud of, as opposed to saying, 'Put me in a corner for nine months, and once I have the baby and work my butt off to get back to my regular weight, then I'll be accepted again, then I'll be beautiful again, then I'll be loved by my husband again, then I'll be a sexual being again.'"

If she'd like to change a few minds about how pregnancy doesn't diminish sexuality, that may be because the experience has changed some of her own attitudes. "Especially if you're an actress living in this town, you can get preoccupied with how you look and what you weigh," says Lisa, who has long kept toned through grueling martial-arts and aerobic workouts. "But when I got pregnant, all of a sudden I accepted myself the new way I am. It is the most beautiful I've ever felt. I feel the most sexual, the most sexy, the most confident. I just feel great about myself."

Throughout the pregnancy, she adds, she refused to conceal her body in traditional maternity clothes. "There's this sense of 'Oh, she's pregnant, we have to take care of her, don't let her lift things or work too hard. Don't let her show her body. Let's put her in clothes that hide it.' But if I go to an event where I have to wear a long dress, I don't wear a muumuu. I wear a dress that I would normally wear, just a little bit bigger. Women have responded wonderfully to that—but in the time that I've been pregnant, I have also had more men come up to me and tell me how beautiful I am and how sexy I look."

She laughs, and the sound of triumph in her voice is unmistakable. "There is no reason," Lisa says, "why we shouldn't look at a woman who is naked and pregnant and say, 'Isn't that cool?'"

Kevin Williamson

the man behind scream and dawson's creek talks about teenage sex, bad dreams and scary lingerie

It took the son of a fisherman to resurrect the dormant horror film genre. Writer-director Kevin Williamson drew on his childhood love of scary movies to create the highest-grossing horror film franchise in movie history—"Scream" and its sequel, "Scream 2." Along with director Wes Craven and a cast of young TV stars, Williamson has parlayed his "unconditional love of Jamie Lee Curtis and director John Carpenter" into a cottage industry.

Williamson was born and raised in the fishing town of New Bern, North Carolina. Influenced by his storytelling mother, he originally considered a career as an actor, studying theater and film at East Carolina University. He moved to New York, where he landed bit parts on stage and TV, then relocated to Los Angeles, where he worked as an assistant to a music-video director and took screenwriting classes at UCLA. His first screenplay, "Killing Mrs. Tingle," will serve as his directorial debut this year. Williamson's second sale, "Scream," made horror film box-office history and was followed by an adaptation of the novel "I Know What You Did Last Summer." After that, Miramax secured Williamson's services for $20 million. "Scream 3" and "The Faculty" are forthcoming, and Williamson wrote the story for "Halloween: H_2O," starring one of his idols, Jamie Lee Curtis. Williamson has also found time to create the provocative TV series "Dawson's Creek" for the Warner Bros. Network and is developing another series, "Pamlico," for ABC.

Robert Crane caught up with the indefatigable screenwriter and director at his West Hollywood office. Crane reports: "The smell of success permeates Williamson's office—assistants and publicists scurry about the comfortable surroundings, which are laden with 'Scream' merchandise and posters. Williamson is young, handsome and rich. It's enough to make anyone scream."

1

PLAYBOY: Which involuntary bodily response serves as a standing ovation for the horror film auteur?

WILLIAMSON: A scream? I like to hear the gasp. I like that lull, when your mouth is dry and you hear the gurgle of not being able to swallow. You hear the gasp, followed by laughter, because the viewers are laughing at themselves for getting so worked up. And then you realize that they are really enjoying themselves.

2

PLAYBOY: Would you be better or worse at what you do had you gone through therapy?

WILLIAMSON: I have gone through a lot of therapy, and I'm a much better writer for it. I mean, my entire career is based on my therapy. The kids on *Dawson's Creek* all speak psychobabble. The fact that I sat down to write at all was a result of some huge breakthrough I had in therapy, working through my demons in order to have the confidence to put pen to paper.

3

PLAYBOY: We read about your Uncle Phil holding you by the ankles and dangling you over a school of sharks. Do you two still hang out?

WILLIAMSON: We do hang out, actually. He is the coolest guy. There was a long period of time when I was traumatized by that experience. I had nightmares about it. My uncle was 18 years old at the time, a kid himself. Now we have a big laugh about it. We sit back and smoke cigars and laugh about the whole thing. But he gets harassed—it has reached a point now where every time he walks into the local grocery store, the local diner, people just look at him and go, "I can't believe you did that to your nephew."

I guess I should give him ten percent of my earnings because it was experiences like that that led my brain down a dark path, which has ultimately been fruitful. So I'm very grateful for that shark experience. In fact, I just signed a book for my uncle with the message "Thank you for what was possibly the best experience of my life."

4

PLAYBOY: Is a partially clad woman more fearful than a fully clad woman?

WILLIAMSON: What is scarier for the viewer will not necessarily be scarier for the woman. But seeing skin is definitely scarier for the viewer because there's a vulnerability factor. Our clothing is our armor a lot of the time, so, yes, a scantily clad woman is probably more scared than someone who has an armor of clothing around her. There's something vulnerable about visible skin—seeing the surface that can so easily be punctured. When you cover it up with clothing, you put a whole layer between the audience and the character.

5

PLAYBOY: You're directing your script *Killing Mrs. Tingle*. Is this an opportunity for revenge?

WILLIAMSON: Yes, it's my revenge movie. My high school English teacher said to me, "You can't spell, your diction is terrible, you come from the sticks. You'll never be a writer." I wrote this story about a girl who is raped by her boyfriend, and it was a little too graphic. When I stood up to read it out loud, the teacher stopped me in the middle of it and told me to sit down. She said, "Your voice is one that should never be heard, and you should give up any idea of becoming a writer, because it will never, ever happen." And I believed her for a long time. The story was a little ahead of its time, because date rape wasn't a big issue then. It

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FERGUS GREER

struck a chord and the teacher certainly didn't want to hear it and she wanted to shut me out. And she did shut me up, for a dozen years.

6

PLAYBOY: Why are horror films excellent date movies?
WILLIAMSON: They're a roller-coaster ride. You're sitting in a dark room clutching each other. It's great foreplay.

7

PLAYBOY: Neve Campbell said in *Scream*, "All scary movies are the same. Some stupid killer is stalking some big-breasted girl who can't act and who's always running up the stairs when she should be going out the front door." Would the horror be diminished if the character had smaller breasts?
WILLIAMSON: I guess it would depend on what she looks like. Most horror films are so plot driven, you don't really have enough time to develop character. So breasts replace character. A young guy—the core audience for these films—responds to young, bouncing breasts. That's supposed to take the place of character development. So in a sense those breasts are the character. It's all about breasts. Oh God, I'm going to get killed for this.

8

PLAYBOY: Which actors make good horror film heroines?
WILLIAMSON: Jamie Lee Curtis is the end-all. I have had an unconditional love for Jamie Lee Curtis since I was 12 years old and saw *Halloween* for the first time. That's the reason I participated in *Halloween: H_2O*—just for the opportunity to sit in a room with her and gawk at her, which I did a lot. And getting back to the breast thing, you know.

I wrote the story for *Halloween: H_2O*. The screenplay was written by others. I sat down with Jamie—and her breasts—and we discussed where Laurie Strode would be 20 years later.

9

PLAYBOY: What more can you do to Laurie, this poor woman?
WILLIAMSON: That's what we asked. This movie is played very real. We play it straight in the sense that we do know it's *Halloween*, part seven, and we don't shy away from it. One thing we try to do is go back to the original. We try not so much to send up the first one, but to honor it, you know, and to pay homage to it, pay tribute to this wonderful, groundbreaking film. So there are all sorts of little inside jokes—all the true fans of *Halloween* will get them. We left in dialogue and scenes and beats, so you almost have to be a *Halloween* expert to get the movie. I would urge everyone to see the first movie again before going to see *Halloween: H_2O* because then you'll truly enjoy it.

10

PLAYBOY: There's a strange cross-wiring in horror films. The killer wants to kill the woman, and the straight guy sitting in the audience wants to fuck her.
WILLIAMSON: You just want to thump that killer on the forehead, don't you? Since there's no character development, there is no way to relate that character to the viewer except to show someone who is beautiful and desirable. We want her, so we root for her. We want her to live. We want her to persevere. That too takes the place of character development, which is unfortunate, but it's typical for a plot-driven movie.

11

PLAYBOY: What are some of the new variations on horror film stereotypes?
WILLIAMSON: What I'm dying to do is kill the heroine. It's time to see Jamie Lee Curtis die, or to have Neve Campbell get it at the end of the movie and then begin *Scream 3* with the surprise revelation that she's alive. Traditional filmmaking dictates that you can bend the rules only so far. In horror movies, the stereotype is that if you do something bad, you will be punished. I try to dispel that in a lot of instances, particularly in *Scream*. Neve's character loses her virginity and doesn't die. The horror genre has set up this plot that rules that if you have sex you die. So I knew immediately upon sitting down to write it I was going to let her lose her virginity and still live. I would have fun with the idea that sex doesn't always equal death. When you are drinking and doing drugs, that is an extension of the sex-equals-death idea, because drinking and doing drugs usually lead to sex and in a teenager's world, sex always leads to lots of judgment. That's the big stereotype.

12

PLAYBOY: Dawson's Creek is a real place. Did the Williamson Realty and Development Corp. buy creekfront property in anticipation of the show's becoming a hit?
WILLIAMSON: Kind of like the baseball diamond in *Field of Dreams* that everyone is going to come to? No. I come from a family of fishermen, and we don't deal in real estate at all. But Dawson's Creek really exists. It's where I lost my virginity.

13

PLAYBOY: Describe the Dawson's Creek theme park. Would a high school teacher be one of the rides?
WILLIAMSON: Oh God, I hope so. You know, I'm new to all this TV and movie stuff, but it's my understanding that marketing is where it's at. So, sure, *Dawson's Creek* lunch boxes and action figures. We could have a lot of fun with teacher and student action figures. You have set my mind racing. I hadn't really thought of any of this until now, but I'm going to make a few phone calls as soon as this interview is over.

14

PLAYBOY: For a teenager, is there such a thing as too much sex?
WILLIAMSON: No. When you're a teenager, it's all about sex. There's no such thing as too much sex because when you're a teenager you're getting very little sex. I remember a point when I was having sex all the time, but until I hit that point it was never happening, and all I could do was talk about it. Or I'd have sex once, and then it wouldn't happen again for months. All I could do was talk about that one experience until I forgot about it. *Dawson's Creek* has been criticized for dealing too much with sex, but the show is about romance. It's about passion. And it's about sex. *Dawson's Creek* goes beyond sex, but the characters talk about it because that's what kids talk about. I've sat down with them and listened to them. That's what I talked about when I was a teenager. Ultimately, though, the show is about romance. How romance doesn't equal sex. For instance, the teacher–student relationship started out as sex but has become a nonjudgmental romantic relationship, whether people want to realize it or not. That relationship is based on romance, and I think that's why people have a hard time with it and why the Moral Majority has gone after it. It's probably not the most responsible relationship on television in terms of right-wing philosophy. But it certainly is a nonjudgmental relationship that I find very endearing.

15

PLAYBOY: What is the set like? Is it as hyperactive as the stories?
WILLIAMSON: It's a little *Peyton Place* down there, because we shoot in North Carolina. The cast will kill me if I reveal too

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much, but I will say that, yes, you could write an exposé, a *Behind-the-Scenes of Dawson's Creek*, believe me. I'll leave it at that, because I have to answer to these kids. They would never forgive me, and they are a great bunch of kids.

16

PLAYBOY: Can you describe where the characters will be five years from now?
WILLIAMSON: We're going to treat the first two seasons as one year, and then by the third season I'm sure we'll move into summer, and they will all get summer jobs, and Dawson's dad's restaurant will have opened, so they can all wait tables there. Then we'll push it all the way up to when they're seniors in high school, then they'll go off to college, maybe a nice little liberal arts school nearby with the same picturesque environment. I don't want to do the *90210* thing. I haven't really even thought about it other than to say God, I hope I get to the point of having to figure it all out.

17

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you won't write about?
WILLIAMSON: You'll probably never get some huge war drama or period piece out of me. I'm not interested. I'm more into a contemporary vibe. I've studied Steven Spielberg. I've studied James Brooks. I've studied *Terms of Endearment*. I learned dialogue from Quentin Tarantino and James Brooks. They have an ear for unique dialogue. I saw *As Good As It Gets*, and I'm amazed at how the dialogue flows from the characters' lips. I get so jealous when I see someone so talented at writing dialogue. I'm dying to explore as many genres as I can, and you can pretty much guess the stuff I won't be writing about. I'm just not interested in the past.

18

PLAYBOY: You sleep four hours a night. Do you ever have really bad dreams?
WILLIAMSON: I have really bad dreams. I scratched myself last night in my sleep while I was dreaming. I don't know what I dreamed, but I clawed myself in the face. It was really bizarre. I am a big dreamer, but I can barely remember my dreams. It's scary, isn't it? I am most alert at four A.M., when I wake up. I'm alert, I'm alive, I'm headstrong. So I get my best work done then. I can get done in two hours what it would take me ten hours to do in the afternoon. I move fast, and my brain is sharp at that time of day. It's a shame no one else is up with me to experience it, because I'd probably be great in bed. Actually, I've been sleeping a little later these days. I get up about five A.M. now. I have been pushing it, because I've been exhausted. I am running on empty at the moment. I need to go away and rejuice for a while. Then I can get back to that four o'clock schedule. It used to be three A.M. I don't sleep that much—it's really bizarre. Maybe there's something psychological there that I haven't broken through yet in therapy, but I'm not interested.

"Bellini is featuring simplicity this season, Armano, pure flowing lines, and Donna Lorenzo is retro Quattrocento—so, I'd put them away for a while."

19

PLAYBOY: Is it ever a good idea to taunt a monster?
WILLIAMSON: Oh sure. That's the most fun. For instance, in *Halloween: H_2O*, there's a point where Jamie Lee Curtis' character goes after Michael Myers. She gets an axe and goes after him. She's like, "You want a piece of me? Let's go." She drops to his level instead of running from him. It's great. It's the cheering moment. Ripley did it in *Aliens*. The reason it works so well is that it's all about character. What type of character when facing death would choose to talk? You have to be driven to that point by that monster, and that's what leads you to the moment of madness, when you don't care about your life anymore. It's a character-defining moment. It's hard to get there, and it's hard to make it believable. If you can get there, what a great place to take the audience.

20

PLAYBOY: Being scared and having sex: Describe the connection.
WILLIAMSON: For me, the emotions involved in sex and in being scared are the same. When blood rushes and things get engorged, it's a sign of the same emotion. When you're scared, your face gets flushed. You turn red. Your forehead throbs. Blood rushing is always a wonderful thing.

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PERFECT WORKOUT

(continued from page 93)

Don't cheat—use muscle, not momentum. To keep your heart rate up, don't rest between moves.

strengthen your heart and lungs and burn calories, and weight training to add muscle and to help burn calories. Isaacs' nutritional guidance emphasizes low-fat, low-calorie food choices to help you get—and stay—lean.

Naturally, you'll want to talk to your physician before you start any fitness program. And if you're a beginner, consider using a certified trainer for at least a couple of sessions to get you safely on the road to fitness.

Looking for an even simpler plan? "Eat less and exercise more," says Isaacs. "Change your routines regularly—your diet, your workout. Have fun!"

CARDIOVASCULAR EXERCISE

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, do 20 minutes of cardiovascular exercise. Use a treadmill or stationary bike if you like. If not, do whatever you feel like doing—ride a real bike, skate, play a sport, swim, run, walk briskly. To prevent boredom and burnout, don't do the same thing every day. Don't monitor your heart rate obsessively, either. As a guide, you should have a little trouble comfortably holding a conversation during the middle 15 minutes of your cardio workout (before and after that is warm-up and cool-down time).

When you're done, stretch your quadriceps and hamstrings. Do this gently (if you feel pain, you're going too far), and hold each stretch for at least ten seconds. Then do three sets of 20 abdominal crunches.

WEIGHT TRAINING

On Tuesday and Thursday, work out for 15 minutes with weights. You can do this at home or in a gym; all you need is a pair of dumbbells. The moves are, in order: chest press–dumbbell flye combination; shoulder press–lateral row raise combination; one-arm row–triceps kickback combination; biceps curl. Use enough weight that you feel like you're getting a workout, but not so much that you strain or use bad form. Don't cheat—use muscle, not momentum. To keep your heart rate up, don't rest between moves.

Do this circuit twice. For the first set, do ten to 12 reps of each move; for the second, do eight to ten reps and increase the weight if you can.

Finish with eight to ten push-ups, full or on your knees.

NUTRITION

Here are some ground rules for low-fat eating.

Minimize the use of oils, butter and margarine. Use nonstick cooking spray when preparing food. Avoid cream- or oil-based dressings and sauces.

Steam, bake or broil—don't fry.

Use meat as a flavoring or condiment, not as the main event.

Think of balancing food groups—eat equal amounts of starches, vegetables, fruits and protein sources.

Consider going vegetarian. Be open-minded—many cuisines consist mainly of tasty, healthful, meat-free fare. (On dates, the line "I'd never eat anything that nuzzles its mother" could yield significant results.)

Cut back on portion sizes. "There's nothing wrong with eating food you enjoy," says Isaacs. "But don't overdo it. If you really want a hamburger, have a modest-size burger—don't order the biggest one and a pound of fries. People eat way too much."

Sample meals:

BREAKFAST

Oatmeal or high-fiber cereal with fruit and nonfat milk (low-calorie sweetener or a little sugar is acceptable).

Fresh-fruit smoothie with two tablespoons of protein powder, plus half a bagel with peanut butter or jelly or both.

Egg-white omelette (one yolk is OK if you don't have a cholesterol problem) with any combination of spinach, mushrooms, tomatoes, salsa and herbs, plus dry toast or a bagel.

LUNCH

Tuna (or turkey or chicken) sandwich with nonfat mayonnaise on seven-grain bread, vegetarian pea soup and a piece of fruit.

Pasta with marinara sauce, steamed broccoli or green salad and crusty Italian bread.

Sushi (avoid avocado, tempura and mayonnaise sauce), miso soup, cucumber salad, melon.

DINNER

Grilled or baked fish or shrimp with steamed vegetables.

Vegetarian (or ground turkey or lean beef) chili with whole wheat rolls.

Eight-ounce lean, grilled steak, baked potato with salsa, green salad.

For dessert, splurge occasionally on what you like, but keep portions small.

SNACKS

Air-popped popcorn with the seasoning of your choice, baked tortilla chips with salsa, fruit, raw vegetables, fat-free pretzels with mustard, breakfast cereal with nonfat milk and fruit, nonfat yogurt with fresh fruit.

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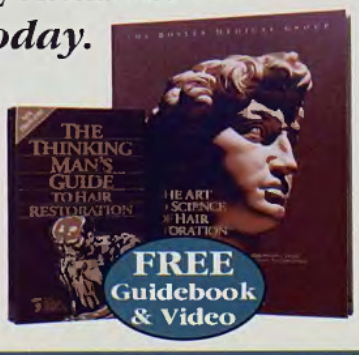

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PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST *(continued from page 110)*

It's impossible to keep a dynasty intact in a salary-cap world. Everyone else wants your players.

rush the passer. He can't stop the run. Defense will determine if Aikman hits the field for any big games this January.

The Washington **Redskins** also struggle to stop the run. That's a fatal flaw in football's premiere power division. That's why Norv Turner hasn't given the nation's capital a playoff game in his four seasons as coach. The best Washington has finished in run defense during the Turner era is 27th.

But the Redskins patched that pothole in their playoff portfolio with two bold strokes: acquiring defensive tackles Dana Stubblefield in free agency and Dan "Big Daddy" Wilkinson by trade. Stubblefield was the NFL's defensive player of the year in 1997 at San Francisco. Wilkinson was the number one overall pick of the 1994 NFL draft by Cincinnati. They bring big bodies (a combined 630 pounds) and bigger wallets (a combined $57 million in new contracts) to the middle of the Washington defense. The Redskins finished 8-7-1 without them in 1997. With them, the team is the NFC East favorite.

The **Giants** capitalized on a soft, last-place schedule in 1997 to vault from worst to first in the NFC East. But life becomes more taxing for the Big Blue this fall with a first-place schedule that includes games against Denver, Green Bay, Kansas City and San Francisco. Coach Jim Fassel needs Danny Kanell to take longer, bolder strides in his development as an NFL quarterback. Kanell will benefit from a full season with flashy wideout Ike Hilliard, who missed most of his rookie year due to a neck injury.

The NFL's top candidate for a worst-to-first transformation in 1998 is Arizona. In Jake Plummer, the **Cardinals** have a gangly gunslinger who, coming out of college, drew comparisons to Joe Montana. Plummer didn't disappoint, throwing 14 touchdown passes in his nine NFL starts. He torched the Giants for 388 yards in November and the Redskins for 337 in December. The Cardinals procured help for Plummer this season in 1000-yard rusher Adrian Murrell, who was acquired by trade from the Jets. On defense, the Cardinals bulked up by drafting end Andre Wadsworth with the third overall pick. You want a sleeper in 1998? It's the Cardinals.

Philadelphia's Ray Rhodes will coach every ounce of ability out of his roster. His teams always overachieve. But the **Eagles'** talent level is skidding along a plateau. Bobby Hoying is a huge question mark at quarterback. Charlie Garner is another at halfback. Irving Fryar is the team's best offensive weapon, and he turns 36 this September. Hugh Douglas gives the Eagles speed in their pass rush and Bill Johnson offers size to their run defense. But if the Eagles can't score, it won't matter.

"Don't try acting innocent with me."

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
CENTRAL DIVISION

Green Bay	11–5
Tampa Bay*	10–6
Detroit*	9–7
Minnesota	8–8
Chicago	5–11

*Wild-card team

The **Packers** are discovering what the Cowboys and the 49ers have known for years: Success has a price. The more championships you win, the more players you lose. It's impossible to keep a dynasty intact in a salary-cap world. Everyone else wants your players and is eager to overpay for them.

Consecutive Super Bowl appearances took a mighty swipe out of the Green Bay roster this off-season when the Pack lost four starters and a punter. Contributors, one and all, but they were members of the supporting cast nonetheless: cornerback Doug Evans, defensive end Gabe Wilkins, safety Eugene Robinson, guard Aaron Taylor and punter Craig Hentrich. To retain them would have cost the Packers $62 million in contract commitments, money that general manager Ron Wolf decided would be better spent on difference makers such as LeRoy Butler, Dorsey Levens and

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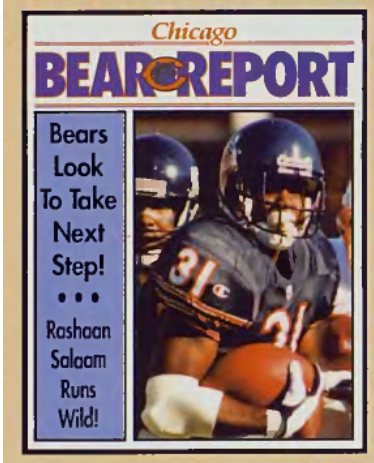

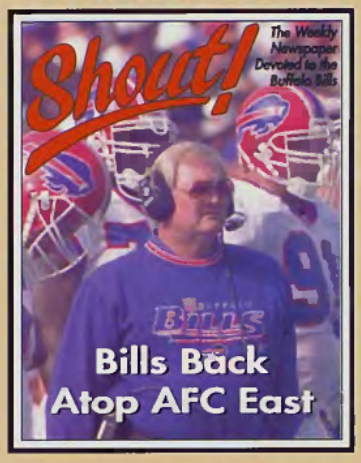

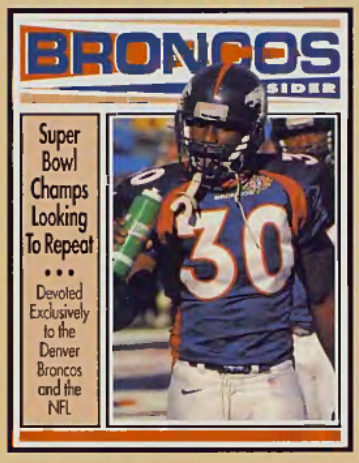

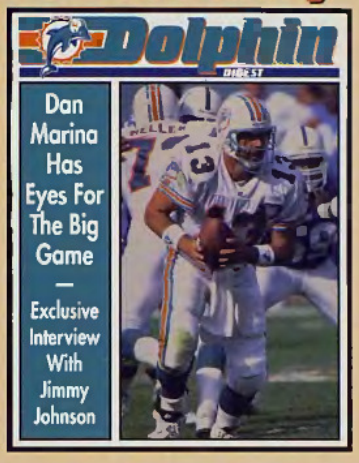

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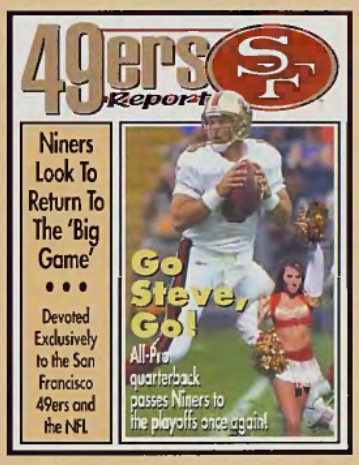
49ers Report
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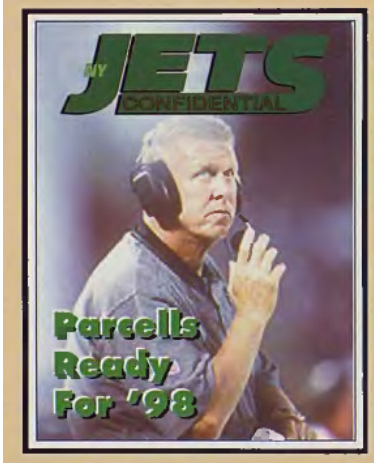

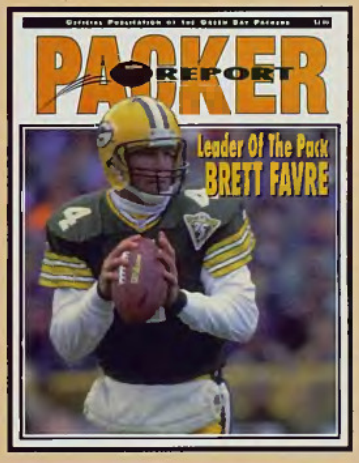

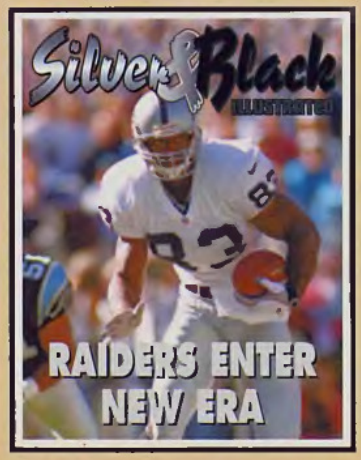

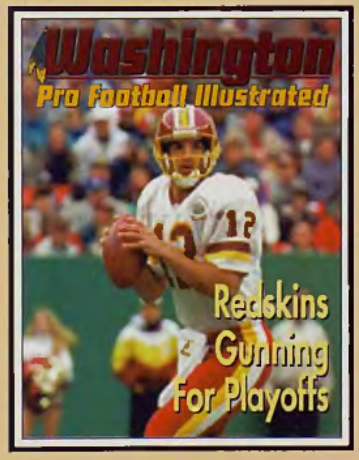

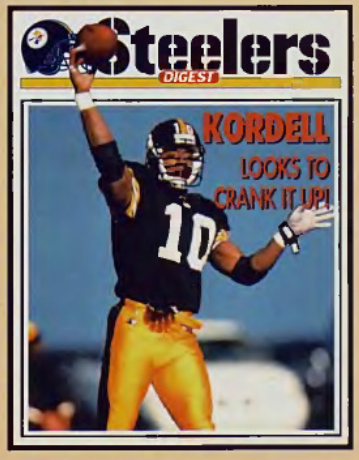

Antonio Freeman.

"We expected some action," admits Packers coach Mike Holmgren of the free-agent battering his team took. "I thought we might be able to compete for a couple of the guys. But the contracts were just incredible. They all had to do what they did."

Those defections have chipped away at the deepest roster in football and left the Packers a vulnerable champion, not only in the conference but in the division. Tampa Bay now has every bit the championship strut that Green Bay has at 21 of the 22 starting positions. The difference is, obviously, at quarterback. Favre is a Hall of Famer, Trent Dilfer is not. Down the stretch and into the postseason, when Favre was powering the Packers to the Super Bowl with his prolific right arm, Dilfer was not. In Dilfer's final 11 games of the 1997 regular season and postseason, he threw only 11 touchdown passes. During his final 11 games, Favre tossed 22 of them. That's what separates a Super Bowl contender from a playoff contender.

Buccaneers general manager Rich McKay has craftily eased Dilfer's load. McKay's drafts have produced a thunder-and-lightning backfield tandem of Pro Bowlers Mike Alstott and Warrick Dunn. Now McKay has given Dilfer a legitimate go-to guy on the flank in Bert Emanuel, signing him away from the Atlanta Falcons in free agency. The NFL's number three defense also improved with the selection of Southern Cal's Brian Kelly in the draft. Kelly gives Tampa Bay a big corner to line up against the Redwood receivers in the division, such as Herman Moore, Cris Carter and Jake Reed. But the NFC Central race still comes down to the quarterbacks. Favre or Dilfer? Give the nod to Favre. If he has a fourth consecutive MVP season, the Green Bay Packers will return to the Super Bowl.

Offense is the song this division sings. Detroit has the best runner of his time and maybe all time in Barry Sanders. His four consecutive 1500-yard seasons, including a Herculean 2000-yard effort in 1997, give the Lions a Jim Brown–type supremacy on the ground. Detroit backs up Sanders with sure-handed Herman Moore, who has a streak of three consecutive 100-catch seasons. But when you talk about receivers, start with the Vikings. Minnesota has almost as many pass catchers as it has lakes. The trifecta of Carter, Reed and newcomer Randy Moss could give even Deion Sanders a sleepless night. How does a defense cover all that size (all are 6'3" or taller) plus the sprinter speed of Moss? Does it double up on Carter, who caught 13 touchdown passes in 1997? Or on Moss, who snared twice that at Marshall?

Both the Lions and the **Vikings** should score points aplenty. But, again, look to the quarterbacks. In a big game do you want Favre or Detroit's Scott Mitchell? Minnesota's Brad Johnson? Detroit and Minnesota also have craters on defense. The Lions struggle against the run, the Vikings against the pass. The Packers, for that matter, must find a pass rush now that Wilkins is gone and Reggie White is a press conference away from retirement. Reinforcements come in the form of number one draft pick Vonnie Holliday and former Tampa Bay number one Eric Curry.

The **Bears** need a quarterback. They also need a few more blockers, another pass rusher or two, a big-play receiver, another cover corner—all of which separates Chicago from the four playoff contenders in the division. First-round draft pick Curtis Enis gives the Bears a chance to run the ball, which will be a life preserver this fall for quarterback Erik Kramer and a short-staffed defense. But Chicago will still be two drafts away from contention.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
WESTERN DIVISION

San Francisco	10–6
New Orleans	8–8
Atlanta	7–9
Carolina	6–10
St. Louis	5–11

The reality of mediocrity descends on the NFL's greatest dynasty. Since the advent of the salary cap, the off-seasons have been tougher on the San Francisco 49ers than the seasons have been, and last spring was the worst yet.

San Francisco lost its best defender (tackle Dana Stubblefield) in free agency. Also accepting more dollars elsewhere were its leading scorer (kicker Gary Anderson) and its fullback (William Floyd). A Pro Bowl tight end (Brent Jones), middle linebacker (Gary Plummer) and the guardian of Steve Young's blind side (tackle Kirk Scrafford) all retired, and age caught up with perennial Pro Bowl corner Rod Woodson. His 33-year-old legs were banished back East. Not that the roster as a whole is getting any younger. Other mainstays showing their wear: Steve Young turns 37 this season, Jerry Rice is 36, Tim McDonald is 33 and Ken Norton is 32.

But there is no panic in San Francisco. The 49ers continue jogging along uncontested in the NFC West. San Francisco captured the division by six games in 1997 as Atlanta, Carolina, New Orleans and St. Louis all finished below .500. The 49ers went 8–0 in the division and 5–3 against everyone else. An 8–0 gives San Francisco a titanic jump on the rest of the NFC in the sprint for home-field advantage. Green Bay doesn't have that luxury in the NFC Central, nor does Dallas in the NFC East. So the 49ers remain in position to contend for Super Bowls whether they want to or not.

Credit Young. He ran away with his sixth NFL passing title last year with a 104.7 efficiency rating. Against the NFC West alone, the efficiency rating zoomed to 119.5. Young threw 14 of his 19

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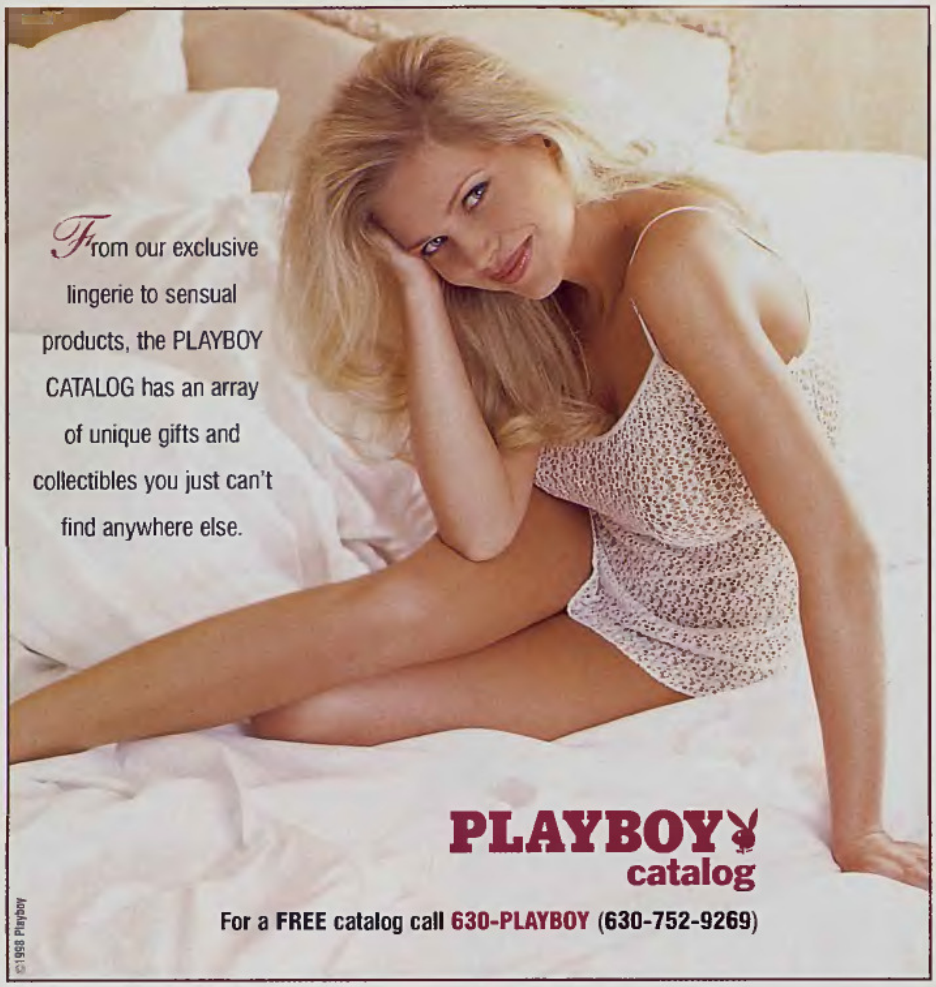
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touchdown passes against the NFC West with only two interceptions. He is the difference in a division of backseat quarterbacks: Tony Banks at St. Louis, Chris Chandler at Atlanta, Kerry Collins at Carolina and Billy Joe Hobert at New Orleans.

Rice played in only one of San Francisco's 13 victories last season. He's back after two knee injuries. The 49ers also upgraded themselves defensively with the free-agent signings of cornerback Antonio Langham from Baltimore and linebacker Winfred Tubbs from New Orleans. Tubbs was the leading tackler on the NFL's fourth-ranked defense. The Super Bowl days may be over for the 49ers, but the NFC West remains their exclusive property until further notice.

Somebody has to challenge the 49ers, and the **Saints** seem as good a bet as any. OK, Hobert doesn't intimidate anyone. But the New Orleans defense does, even without Tubbs. The Saints have the NFL's best pass rush, led by tackles Wayne Martin and Joe Johnson. New Orleans improved itself at the expense of its lodge brothers by signing cornerback Tyronne Drakeford away from the 49ers and safety Chad Cota from the Panthers. Coach Mike Ditka is building an offensive line in his own image with number one draft picks Chris Naeole and Kyle Turley. Tough, tough guys.

Annually, Dan Reeves coaxes more from less than any other coach in the business. He did that once again at Atlanta in his first season with the 7–9 **Falcons.** But Chandler is a journeyman. He puts a lid on any achievement by the Falcons. The loss of wide receiver Bert Emanuel in free agency cost Atlanta its best weapon, but top draft pick Keith Brooking brings much-needed size and speed to the defensive front seven.

The **Panthers** are trying to buy their way back into contention, spending $18.5 million in signing bonuses alone to lure defensive tackle Sean Gilbert from the Redskins, cornerback Doug Evans from the Packers and linebacker Kevin Greene back from the 49ers. But offense, not defense, was the problem in Carolina's collapse last season from conference runner-up to division also-ran. The Panthers need to be smarter with their money.

Banks has fumbled 36 times and has thrown 28 interceptions in his two seasons as the starting quarterback for the **Rams.** Enough young bodies are in place for St. Louis to compete—most notably receivers Isaac Bruce and Eddie Kennison, pass rushers Kevin Carter and Grant Wistrom, and safeties Keith Lyle and Toby Wright. But only Banks can make the Rams a contender.

•

Perseverance finally paid off for John Elway. In his 15th NFL season, 240th career game and fourth Super Bowl,

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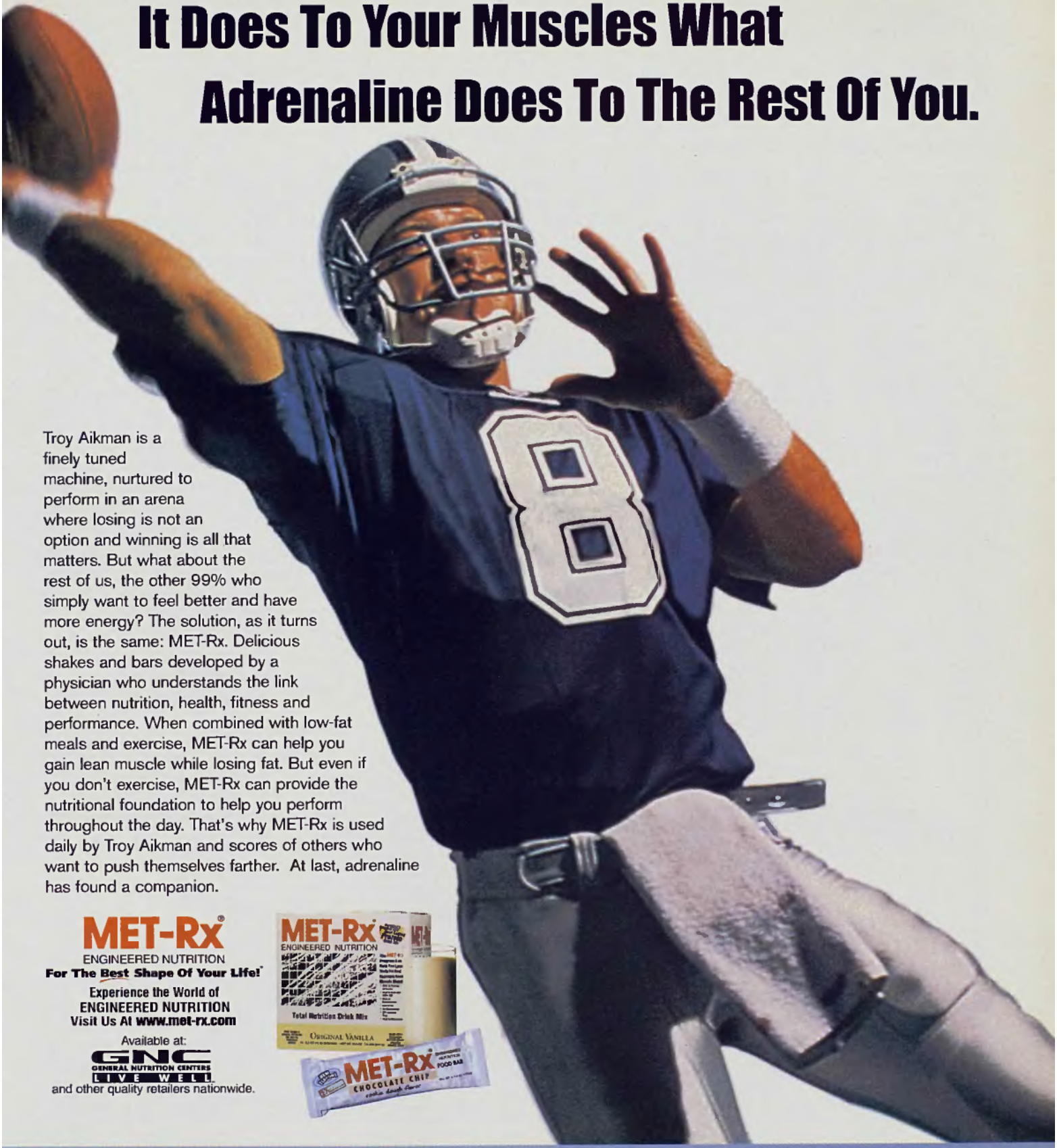

Troy Aikman is a finely tuned machine, nurtured to perform in an arena where losing is not an option and winning is all that matters. But what about the rest of us, the other 99% who simply want to feel better and have more energy? The solution, as it turns out, is the same: MET-Rx. Delicious shakes and bars developed by a physician who understands the link between nutrition, health, fitness and performance. When combined with low-fat meals and exercise, MET-Rx can help you gain lean muscle while losing fat. But even if you don't exercise, MET-Rx can provide the nutritional foundation to help you perform throughout the day. That's why MET-Rx is used daily by Troy Aikman and scores of others who want to push themselves farther. At last, adrenaline has found a companion.

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AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
EASTERN DIVISION

Miami	11–5
New England*	9–7
NY Jets	9–7
Indianapolis	7–9
Buffalo	4–12

*Wild-card team

Elway finally won his first championship last January. All of America (except Wisconsin) was pulling for him. Now the weight of that public support shifts to Dan Marino. Like Elway, Marino was a member of that fabulous quarterbacking Class of 1983. Like Elway's, Marino's Hall of Fame career needs a championship for proper closure. He lost in his only Super Bowl appearance in 1985 and hasn't been back since.

Jimmy Johnson has been to the big game and won there. He knows the road and its shortcuts. Three solid drafts have fortified the **Dolphins** as a contender, but youth is not Marino's friend. He's 37 this season. A torn Achilles tendon in 1993 robbed him of what little mobility he once had. This may be Marino's last shot at a championship. It also may be his best shot. There isn't a great team out there like the Joe Montana 49ers he faced in that 1985 Super Bowl. Marino also won't have to do it all by himself as he has so often in the past. Johnson has changed offensive coordinators, replacing Gary Stevens with Kippy Brown, and decreed that Miami run the ball in 1998.

The Dolphins were a flawed entry in 1997. They ranked 29th in the NFL in rushing and 26th in defense. Knee injuries cost Miami big-play receiver Yatil Green for the season, plus fullback Stanley Pritchett and pass rusher Danny Stubbs for all but a handful of games. Yet the Dolphins came within a field goal of beating New England in the season finale, winning the division and hosting a playoff game.

Now the **Patriots** have taken a giant step backward with the loss of Pro Bowl halfback Curtis Martin to the New York Jets. The Dolphins have taken a bounding leap forward with the return of Green, Pritchett and Stubbs, the signing of free agents Kevin Donnalley on offense and Brock Marion on defense, and the arrival of top draft pick John Avery as a Warrick Dunn–type weapon on third downs and special teams. If the Dolphins can milk 1600 rushing yards from their tailback tandem of Karim Abdul-Jabbar and Lawrence Phillips, Marino could be Super Bowl bound.

"We have got players who can win," Johnson says, "and they're only going to get better."

New England also has players who can win. The nucleus remains from a team that played in the Super Bowl just two Januarys ago. Drew Bledsoe authenticates that contender status. But losing Martin is a staggering blow. Over his three NFL seasons, Martin has averaged 1266 yards and 12 touchdowns for the Patriots. That's a chunk out of any offense. New England hopes to replace him with rookie Robert Edwards.

But rookies tend to fumble (Barry Sanders gave up the ball a career-high ten times in his rookie season), and a ten-win team like the Patriots doesn't have the luxury of turnovers.

The **Jets** have Martin. But they don't have Bledsoe. Glenn Foley isn't even a reasonable facsimile. But the Jets will run the ball, control the clock and play aggressive defense. Bill Parcells demands it. That will make them a playoff contender, though they could use a few mashers along the offensive front and more size in the secondary.

The **Colts** and the **Bills** have new quarterbacks. Indianapolis drafted Peyton Manning and Buffalo traded for Rob Johnson. The two teams also have new coaches. The Colts hired Jim Mora out of a TV booth and the Bills promoted Wade Phillips from their defensive staff. But Buffalo took some huge hits in free agency, losing Pro Bowl pass rusher Bryce Paup to Jacksonville, top cover man Jeff Burris to the Colts and starting guard Corbin Lacina to Carolina.

Lindy Infante invested in youth at Indianapolis last season, starting rookie offensive linemen Tarik Glenn and Adam Meadows and cornerback Monty Montgomery. It probably cost him his job as head coach. Now Mora will benefit. Halfback Marshall Faulk, tight end Ken Dilger and speedy rookie wideouts Jerome Pathon and E.G. Green give both Manning and Mora a chance for some early success.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
CENTRAL DIVISION

Pittsburgh	11–5
Jacksonville*	10–6
Tennessee	9–7
Baltimore	6–10
Cincinnati	6–10

*Wild-card team

The AFC Central is the only division without a franchise quarterback. But top to bottom, the Central has the best quarterbacking in the NFL.

Start with Jacksonville's Mark Brunell, who went to the AFC championship game in 1996 and won an AFC passing title in 1997. Then there's Kordell Stewart, who passed for more touchdowns last year than Dan Marino did and ran for more than Emmitt Smith did. He took Pittsburgh to the AFC title game in 1997 in his first season as a starter. Jim Harbaugh took Indianapolis to the 1995 AFC title game and won an NFL passing crown that same season. Now he's quarterbacking the Baltimore Ravens. Steve McNair also has franchise potential. At least the Tennessee Oilers thought so when they made him the third overall pick of the 1995 draft. And Cincinnati's Jeff Blake started in the Pro Bowl as recently as 1996.

Mark Brunell is the AFC's Steve Young, right down to his jersey number,

"No, really. I'm sure Oprah would be happy to hear your story."

left-handed delivery and scrambling style. Mike Holmgren had a hand in developing both quarterbacks, coaching Young as an offensive coordinator at San Francisco and Brunell as the head man in Green Bay. Brunell and Young are too similar for Brunell not to experience the same successes Young has had. That means Super Bowls. Brunell is championship caliber right now, but his team is only three years old. Jaguars coach Tom Coughlin has done a marvelous job of building a contender around Brunell and hopes the final element has been locked into place with the selection of halfback Fred Taylor in the 1998 draft. The Jaguars need a 1000-yard rusher to relax the defensive focus on Brunell and his Pro Bowl wideouts Keenan McCardell and Jimmy Smith.

But what continues to separate Jacksonville from perennial division champ Pittsburgh is defense. The **Steelers** have it, the Jaguars don't. Unable to develop a Pro Bowl defender on their own, the Jaguars bought one in free agency with the signing of linebacker Bryce Paup this off-season. That's one. The Steelers countered with linebacker Levon Kirkland, tackle Joel Steed and safety Carnell Lake. Pittsburgh also improved its defense in free agency by signing cornerback Dewayne Washington away from the Vikings.

But the real key to Pittsburgh's season remains Stewart. If Stewart develops as a starter in his second season the way he did in his first, he could beat Brunell to a Super Bowl. Defenses are still scared to death of his legs. His 74-yard touchdown run against Baltimore last year was the third longest by a quarterback in NFL history. Few defensive backs, much less linemen and linebackers, can run with him. But Stewart matured as a passer as the season progressed and even won a December shootout against John Elway with a 300-yard performance. An emerging Stewart gives Pittsburgh the most complete team in the AFC.

"Some of the mistakes Kordell made last year he won't make this year," Steelers coach Bill Cowher said. "He's the real deal."

The **Oilers** have been gradually surrounding Steve McNair with the weapons he needs to compete with the elite. They drafted a running game in 1996 with Eddie George. Then they built a passing tree in 1998 by signing wide receiver Yancey Thigpen and tight end Jackie Harris in free agency, and drafting wide receiver Kevin Dyson. Like Stewart, McNair enters his second season as a starter in 1998. Increased options should accelerate his development as a top-flight passer. But Tennessee also lags behind Pittsburgh on defense. The Oilers have the best safety tandem in the AFC in Blaine Bishop and Marcus Robertson but they need a shutdown corner and a home-run hitter in the pass rush.

The **Ravens** are building a defense to compete with the Steelers. Their last three number one draft picks—linebackers Ray Lewis in 1996 and Peter Boulware in 1997, and cornerback Duane Starks in 1998—have Pro Bowl qualities. Lewis gives the Ravens a chance against the run, Boulware in the pass rush and Starks against the pass. Baltimore's offensive line is one of the best in football. But to challenge in 1998, the Ravens need career revivals by newcomers Harbaugh, halfback Errict Rhett and fullback Roosevelt Potts in the offensive backfield.

Speaking of revivals, Cincinnati coach Bruce Coslet needs to remind Blake of his skills. He went from the Pro Bowl in 1996 to the bench in 1997. The retirement of Boomer Esiason puts Blake back on the field in 1998. The **Bengals** can run with Corey Dillon, catch with Carl Pickens and Darnay Scott and play defense with five first-round draft picks. But to win, Blake needs a wake-up call.

•

Kansas City's Marty Schottenheimer knows the value of franchise quarterbacks—and the pain of playing against them. He has fielded 11 playoff teams in

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AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
WESTERN DIVISION

Kansas City	11–5
Denver*	10–6
Seattle	8–8
Oakland	6–10
San Diego	4–12

*Wild-card team

his 13 years as an NFL head coach, but an inability to defeat those franchise quarterbacks has prevented Schottenheimer teams from reaching a Super Bowl. His teams have been eliminated from the postseason three times by Dan Marino, three times by John Elway and twice by Jim Kelly.

But lost in the euphoria of Denver's Super Bowl conquest was the fact that the best team in football wasn't even the best team in its own division. The Chiefs beat the Broncos on the way to the AFC West title in 1997. The Chiefs also beat Super Bowl champions Green Bay in 1996 and San Francisco in 1994. The Chiefs have proved they can beat the best. They just can't seem to do it when it matters most.

That said, the best team in the AFC West will be better in 1998.

Kansas City has added veteran Pro Bowl defensive linemen Chester McGlockton and Leslie O'Neal, plus wide receiver Derrick Alexander in free agency. The Chiefs already have one of the best secondaries in football. Now McGlockton toughens them up against the run, and O'Neal joins Derrick Thomas for a stereo pass rush.

The Chiefs won 13 times last season despite the six-game absence of starting quarterback Elvis Grbac, out with a broken clavicle. He's back and healthy, and the arrival of his former college batterymate Alexander takes the heat off Andre Rison to make all the plays downfield for the Chiefs. Alexander caught nine touchdown passes in Baltimore last year. Marcus Allen retired, which leaves a canyon in the backfield. So Kansas City will go with a big-back attack featuring fullback Donnell Bennett as the lead ball carrier.

The Broncos lost starters Allen Aldridge and Brian Habib in free agency and sweated threats of retirement by Elway and Pro Bowl pass blocker Gary Zimmerman into the summer. The running of Terrell Davis will continue to make the Broncos a contender, but Denver needs the arm of Elway to harbor any hopes of a repeat. This was not a team built to last—not with 12 starters in their 30s.

There are better offenses and defenses than those of the Seattle Seahawks. But there are few better spenders. The past two off-seasons, Seahawks owner Paul Allen has written checks for $27 million in signing bonuses alone for free agents. Seattle has added a pass rusher (Chad Brown), a running back (Ricky Watters), a coverman (Willie Williams) and blockers (Kevin Glover and Brian Habib). But when are the wheels going to fall off quarterback Warren Moon? He turns 42 this season.

Al Davis believes in the vertical stretch. He likes to air it out on offense with big-armed quarterbacks. Jon Gruden is a disciple of the West Coast offense. He likes quick drops and quick throws by his passers. His scheme asks the receivers to do the work. Those contrasting philosophies were wedded in 1998 when Davis hired Gruden to coach his underachieving Raiders. Gruden offers solutions on offense. But the Raiders need answers on defense, where they ranked last in the NFL in 1997. The Raiders took a step forward with the drafting of Heisman Trophy–winning cornerback Charles Woodson but took another step backward with the defection of McGlockton to Kansas City.

San Diego has a future with quarterback Ryan Leaf. But close your eyes on the present. This is the worst team in the AFC and it's without a first-round pick in the next two drafts. General manager Bobby Beathard patched some holes around Leaf in free agency by signing John Jackson and Aaron Taylor for the offensive line and Natrone Means for the backfield. But this talent is light years removed from the juggernaut the Chargers fielded in 1994 when they were the AFC's best.

Saturday Nite Jive
BY BILL JOHNSON
HOW'S THIS? "AFTER A DATE, NEVER CALL A GIRL FOR AT LEAST A WEEK."
THAT'S A GOOD ONE.
HOW ABOUT: "BEFORE BUYING MOVIE TICKETS, ALWAYS BUM A FEW BUCKS OFF HER."
HEE HEE. GREAT.
HERE'S ANOTHER: "NEVER GO TO THE DOOR TO PICK A GIRL UP, JUST STAY OUTSIDE AND HONK."
EXCELLENT.
OR "NEVER GIVE A GIRL FLOWERS, AND IF SHE ASKS WHY, SAY YOU'RE ALLERGIC."
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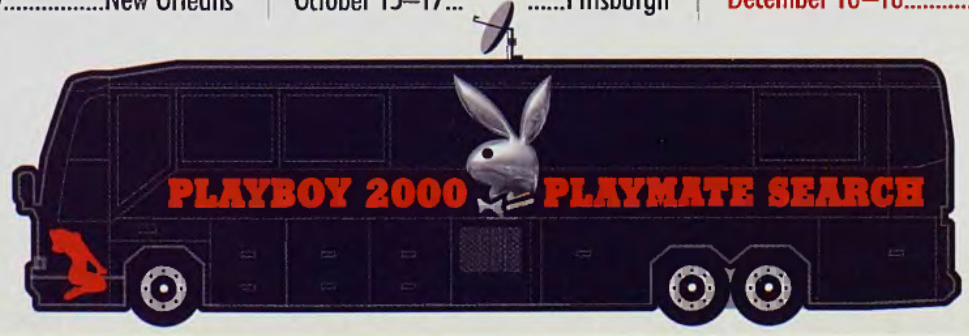

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Technology

(continued from page 88)

Find where you recorded the "Letterman" show on which Drew Barrymore took off her top.

without complaint. With that in mind, the advantages of getting your computer to watch TV for you are apparent.

Want to see what's on that unlabeled six-hour tape before you record over it? Use the time-lapse feature on the frame-grabber software that came with the card. Push the button on your VCR remote that displays the elapsed time on the screen and tell the software to grab an image every second. When you come back six hours later, you can view the entire contents of the tape in a few minutes, discovering in the process that the reason you hadn't recycled that tape earlier was that two hours into it you'd recorded the *Letterman* show on which Drew Barrymore took off her top.

But that's not really watching TV, is it? For that, your video card will need TV features. Most cards with onboard TV tuners also offer closed-captioning decoders that throw captioned text into a separate window, which can be a boon for folks who worry about missing that two-hour PBS special on the Tokyo market. Instead of merely recording the show, let your computer create a transcript of what was said and scan it when you get home. Some cards can do better than that: Give the software a list of "hot words," and the computer will alert you (or capture the text to a file) whenever they're spoken on a selected channel.

Of course, when a video camera is hooked up to a computer with Internet access, all kinds of fiendish things are possible. If your computer can maintain an Internet connection full-time, tell the image-capture software to grab an image from the camera once a minute and copy it to your Web directory. What you have is a spy-cam accessible from anywhere in the world. If you don't want to seem sinister, you can set it up at home to check on the baby's room while you're at work.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE NOTEBOOK

Once, the division of labor was fairly clear-cut: Notebook PCs were slow, limited in their expansibility and had Playskool screens and keyboards that you wouldn't want to work with for any significant length of time. Your real computer was the big box on your desk. But modern notebooks have the benefit of ten years' worth of product design and engineering. They now have easily expandable memory and processors; they have such built-ins as CD-ROM and Zip drives; they have huge, megapixel displays and networking hardware.

Best of all, they are wickedly fast. Intel-based notebooks can challenge all but the best desktop machines. In the Mac OS line, there's almost no difference between the two. (While Intel's Pentium II processor is adapted for use in notebooks—it's huge, consumes Chernobyl-level quantities of power and generates similar amounts of heat—practically any PowerPC processor used in a desktop Mac can be incorporated into a PowerBook design.) Apple's fastest PowerBooks are so powerful they can actually run Windows software at speeds comparable to that of a credible Intel notebook via software such as Connectix' Virtual PC, creating a "virtual Pentium" in your computer's memory.

It makes you wonder why you should bother having two machines. Most notebooks let you plug in external monitors, keyboards and mice, so you can duplicate the desktop computer experience at a fraction of the cost without having to synchronize two complete sets of files.

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NINA HARTLEY

(continued from page 118)

PLAYBOY: How about the man who wants to improve his cunnilingus skills?

HARTLEY: Pay attention. It's hard to eat pussy. You can get lost in it. If something clicks and you can tell she's not with you anymore, press your mouth on her vulva for a minute. She'll start moving and let you know what pace you need to get back to. It's like downshifting. You rev up the gear and then put in the clutch.

PLAYBOY: What's the most common mistake men make?

HARTLEY: They head right for the clit. Look, I can make her jump! What I find as a recipient is that so many people feel they have to "do" me. They nail me to the bed. Back off! If you hold the clit right, the woman's breathing and heartbeat will move it enough.

PLAYBOY: What's the first thing you notice on a naked man?

HARTLEY: Lately? Whether he's circumcised. I used to be neutral, but now I'm against it. Not only is it torture for an infant, but the foreskin is not useless. It keeps the head of the penis delicate and sensitive, and it has nerve endings that add to sexual pleasure. I'm meeting more white men in their 20s who are intact.

PLAYBOY: What is the most hateful thing someone has said to you?

HARTLEY: "I hope you never have kids." That was when I was a guest on *Donahue*. People tell me I'm delusional, that I'm a tramp, that I have no self-respect. In some towns, people might pull their children away and hiss. Yet we're talking about consensual sex between adults. That's how demonized sex has become.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to insult you.

HARTLEY: A tramp or slut is a woman who likes sex. I'm like, "Yeah, what's your point?"

PLAYBOY: What do your parents think of your career?

HARTLEY: At first my mother was distraught. Had she been such a bad mother? My parents haven't seen any of my movies, because it's obviously not appropriate for your parents to watch you fucking.

PLAYBOY: What about the rest of your family?

HARTLEY: I'm on speaking terms with everyone but one brother. I suspect he's upset because I ruined porn for him. He can never flip through a skin magazine because he might see his sister. And I'm the type he looks for—a blonde with a big butt.

PLAYBOY: Does porn degrade women?

HARTLEY: The antiporn people say porn shows women as whores by nature, and that men like to see women made miserable. But the simple fantasy of porn is that women want sex as much as men do. The cliché is that men give love to get sex, and that women give sex to get love. But women should give sex to get sex and men should give love to get love.

PLAYBOY: You can't dismiss the biological differences. Are men more driven to fuck?

HARTLEY: Yes, and that's OK. But a woman can wear you out. As Bobby says, "One woman can take on a regiment." That's partly why men fear female sexuality. At one time, if a man walking down the street felt an attraction to a woman, he could charge her with witchcraft for putting a spell on him. She made him sin by inspiring lustful thoughts.

PLAYBOY: Is sex overrated?

HARTLEY: It's undervalued.

PLAYBOY: Are men oversexed?

HARTLEY: Men like to be around naked chicks who are having orgasms. But women make guys lie. If a guy walked up to a woman and he were honest and said, "You're attractive, I'd love to get with you," she would feel disrespected. To equate that wonderful feeling in his loins with disrespect is the worst thing that antiporn feminists such as Andrea

NICE BRAIN

NINA ON SEX, POLITICS AND PORN

FROM "WHORES AND OTHER FEMINISTS"

"This culture's sexual mores stem from those of the founding religious fanatics who hanged women who were different; our sex laws come directly from their warped viewpoints. For Puritans, sex is a balance beam: One false step and you are damned forever. For me, sex is a big gated meadow with a sign that says CONSENTING ADULTS WELCOME. It's impossible to fall off into damnation."

"When I was younger I was angry that there was no place for me to gain sexual skills without the burden of relationships and love. You could go to school for any other skill, but not sexual skill."

"For some women, objectification is humiliating. Other women suffer for never being the object of anyone's desire. Certain feminists throw the baby (sex and the mating dance) out with the bathwater (male violations of women's space and dignity). We do not need less objectification (where else does one get the courage to say hello to someone at a party?). Rather, we need to make men more aware of how to act once they are next to a woman. Women will feel freer to say yes to sexual pleasure when men start honoring our nos."

"If a woman presents a sexual, confident persona, men generally listen to all she has to say. Susan Sarandon said it succinctly in *Bull Durham* when she tied Tim Robbins to a bed and read him poetry: 'Men will listen to anything if they think it's foreplay.' If she underscores her point by encouraging or facilitating or inducing his orgasm, the point may well stick for good."

FROM "PORNOGRAPHY AT THE MILLENNIUM"

"Pornography can save civilization. How? Because of pornography's raison d'être: orgasm. After millennia of bad press, the physiological phenomenon known as orgasm has been shown irrefutably to have no negative side effects."

"Over the years, I have found that the people who have the strongest negative reaction to me are those whose sex lives are less than satisfying. They are not coming enough, and I, who remind them of that fact, am not welcome."

"For people who believe that pleasure is the devil's tool, people like me and my friends signal the end of the world. They've been told that they need outside assistance to connect with God, and here we are, saying God is as close as the end of your arm and your next orgasm."

"I am an unabashed flag-waver for the positive effects of nudism, dance, jazz, full-body massage, swinging and group sex. Being part of the parallel universe of sex-positivism has changed my life for the better. Whether you're celibate or 'promiscuous,' there is some form of sexual expression right for you."

"While I champion the cause of pornography, I am aware there is material produced that is barely tolerable. I agree in part with the antiporn feminists: A majority of adult movies are being made by infantile misogynists who are obsessively reliving their adolescent fixations. Does that surprise us? We do our best to raise sexually twisted people, then act outraged when they create or desire twisted sexual entertainment or release? Puh-leeze."

Dworkin, Catharine MacKinnon and Susan Brownmiller ever did.

PLAYBOY: You've described yourself as an "erotic actress." Where's the acting?

HARTLEY: There's fucking and there's fucking with flair. How do you put feeling into a hand job? That's where my dancing comes in. It's a performance. At home I like two or three positions and that's it. When I'm not acting, I'm a very boring cunnilingus recipient.

PLAYBOY: You once said that you don't "draw the weird kind of crowd." Isn't anyone who idolizes a porn star sort of cracked?

HARTLEY: There are two kinds of fans. There are fans who don't have a life and never will have a life. Then there is the regular guy who likes to masturbate every now and again, or he and his wife like to watch me. He wants to meet the person who has brought him so much pleasure. Those aren't cracked people. Pornography can make monogamy easier to handle. You go through periods where you need it more.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest thing a fan has done in an attempt to sleep with you?

HARTLEY: No one does bizarre things. If I want to sleep with you, you'll be the first to know. There are no hoops.

PLAYBOY: So guys never beg?

HARTLEY: Some do, but I don't let them go on for long. They don't expect me to say yes. They just had to ask. I say, "Of course you did. I'm certainly not offended." Some guys will offer me money—a lot of money. But there's no amount worth going to jail over. If I were single, who knows what I would risk? But presently it's not fair to my family.

PLAYBOY: In *Boogie Nights*, when your husband—played by William H. Macy—yells at you for fucking some guy in the driveway, you have a great line: "You're embarrassing me." Is there anything that embarrasses you?

HARTLEY: I can't deep-throat worth a dang. I haven't learned how to get past the gag reflex. A couple of girlfriends told me to breathe out. I tried that last night, and it helped a little.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

HARTLEY: Gas on the set. You just point your butt elsewhere. Or I'll forget someone's name. I'll be at a swing party and somebody will say, "Remember me?" Fucking Nina Hartley was a big deal for them. To me, it was a day like any other. I fuck a lot of people. That's why I'm altruistic in my sexual encounters. Even if I forgot your name, I know I treated you right.

PLAYBOY: What etiquette is followed on porn sets?

HARTLEY: If someone is a little ripe, you pull the director aside and mention it quietly. You do not embarrass a girl by getting between her legs and going, "Ugh."

PLAYBOY: What if you want to embarrass someone? How does one porn actress dis another?

"Miss Preston, connect me with the executive dining room."

HARTLEY: You cast aspersions on her boob job. You say something about her cellulite. You call her a dead fuck. But I don't hear much malicious gossip. Most of the women are bisexual, so it's a sisterhood.

PLAYBOY: What etiquette is there concerning AIDS?

HARTLEY: It's "You show me your test, and I'll show you mine." Everyone gets tested for HIV monthly, and the guys are now supposed to wear condoms. It will never be completely safe, but if you wanted that, you'd either be celibate or monogamous.

PLAYBOY: But surely there are people who disregard the etiquette. What happens to them?

HARTLEY: The entertainment business is full of vampires. If you want to kill yourself, there are people who will hold your hand all the way to hell. You really have to ask yourself, What do I want out of this? What am I here for?

PLAYBOY: Do most people get involved out of desperate financial need?

HARTLEY: A few years back, maybe. But the number of performers coming in who are clearheaded, sober, intelligent, happily married and sane is growing all the time. In five years you won't recognize the industry. Now people come in, like I did, for the long haul. The first time I walked into a room full of people having sex, I felt at home.

PLAYBOY: What keeps performers from forming a union?

HARTLEY: Scab labor is too easy to find. There's always going to be someone who thinks $200 is a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: Is there a caste system? For instance, do strippers look down on porn stars?

HARTLEY: They used to. They saw us as being little better than prostitutes. Now a lot of dancers see how well porn stars do financially when stars dance the circuit. The dancers get into porn so they can make bigger money in dancing.

PLAYBOY: Don't you need to have some degree of emotional detachment in order to make sex films?

HARTLEY: I'm not emotionally detached.

PLAYBOY: Most people aren't like you.

HARTLEY: That's why the veteran performers talk some women out of it. We say, "You're not fit for this, baby. Maybe you should try something else." I'm in pornography because it's an extension of my personal belief system.

PLAYBOY: Are you a good girl?

HARTLEY: Define your terms. I pay my taxes and conduct myself in a moral and ethical manner. I don't litter. I follow the rules. When it comes to sex, I don't take advantage of people who are not able to consent, meaning I don't talk to drunk chicks. On that level I'm always a good girl.

 (continued from page 83)

Teammates let the air out of my tires. The fans booed me. It was not a happy time.

program on Saturday," one of them told Rashad, referring to his weekly half-hour show for kids, *NBA Inside Stuff*. "And we love your wife on *Cosby*," said the second woman, referring to Phylicia Rashad, the female lead on the CBS sitcom. "When we're not watching you, we're watching her," she added, and the three of them laughed. When they were gone, he smiled and said, "I think Phylicia and I have a strong presence in black families."

In fact, the two of them are among America's best-known couples, black or white, partly because of the way Ahmad proposed to Phylicia. It was Thanksgiving Day, 1985. He was working for NBC as an NFL sideline commentator at a game in Pontiac, Michigan between the Lions and the Jets. Phylicia was appearing in the Macy's parade, which was also being televised by NBC. The two had been introduced by Bill Cosby and had dated quietly for a few months. Although the romance was serious, both of them had been married before, both were independent spirits and he wasn't sure what she would say. Nevertheless, as the pregame show began, he stood on the field, introduced a short taped feature, and when the camera cut back to him for the live tag, he asked her to marry him, and to answer the proposal by halftime.

"To this day I still don't know exactly what I said, I was so nervous," he says of the dicey moment broadcast coast to coast. "All I could think was, This girl could make me the most embarrassed man in America."

Instead, his wildly romantic gesture, and her televised answer, made him famous in ways he didn't expect. "I'm probably better known for that than I am for the 'miracle catch' I made against the Browns in the last seconds of the game that gave the Vikings the division title in 1980."

Actually, the tipped Hail Mary pass that fell into his hands was more about luck than the skill and laid-back tenacity that characterized Rashad's football career—and his life, all the way back to the days when his name was Bobby Moore.

•

He grew up in the projects of Tacoma, Washington, the last of O.C. and Condola Moore's six children. O.C., a dapper, formal man who played no sports, was a barber at Fort Lewis. Rashad's mother worked as a cleaning woman and was a devout member of the fundamentalist Pentecostal church to which she took young Bobby several days a week.

"Seems like I spent more than half my life in church till I was about 16. I had faith healers praying over me to cure a skin condition—little bumps, like raisins—that showed up when I was about six years old. They pinned scraps of blessed cloth on my clothes, anointed me with foul-smelling elixir and olive oil, also blessed. There were days when I was made of rags and smelled like a barnyard covered with salad dressing. None of it worked, and neither did the stuff the doctors tried. Whatever it was went away by itself when I was about 12 years old."

Despite the stigma of his bumps, Bobby found friends at the South End Boys Club. He was fast and could outjump even the older boys with whom he played basketball and football. When it came time to choose a high school, he bused across town to Mt. Tahoma because it had a better football team. In his four years there he starred as a running back, played basketball and high-jumped 6′8″ to win the state championship. He was known for the fluid grace that made it look as if he were going at something less than full tilt. "You're not giving it everything you have," his coaches told him. Even his father, after watching Bobby in a winning football game, told him he ought to try harder.

In his book, *Rashad*, written with Peter Bodo, Ahmad remembers the moment O.C. chided him: "Dad never believed I was going to make it as an athlete because I had this leisurely, slow way about me, especially when it came to getting up after being tackled. O.C. didn't like that much. He would tell me, 'Son, you've got to pop right up off the ground and run back to that huddle. You've got to really hustle out there if you want to make it.'"

The truth was Rashad was hustling even if it didn't look like it. He was an all-America at Oregon, was drafted in the first round by St. Louis in 1972, led the league in pass receptions for three years, was named MVP in his first Pro Bowl and played in three others after that. In the middle of the 1982 season, after playing for St. Louis, Buffalo, Seattle and the Vikings, he announced his retirement. A week later, he went up for a pass, took a savage hit and came down with four broken bones in his back.

"And that was it," he says without regret. "I was in the hospital reading the papers, hearing people say, 'We know him. They'll build a pad for his back and he'll be out there next week,' and I'm thinking, Bullshit. I'm done. I didn't want to just play football, I wanted to survive it." And he did. Even at 48 years old and despite a recent operation during which an arthritic knee was replaced with a piece of titanium, Rashad still moves his 6′2″, 200-pound frame with an ease that hides the intensity he puts into everything he does. I saw it across a

"I heard an intruder. . . ."

tennis net the day before we met in his hotel room.

The morning began in a television studio in Secaucus, New Jersey, where he was taping *NBA Inside Stuff*. The mood in the studio was nonchalant, almost sleepy. He and his co-host, former model Willow Bay, joked with each other and the crew during setups. When someone mentioned that Boston Celtic Kenny Anderson had recently given away 100 pairs of size-12 shoes, Rashad wondered, "Who's gonna go to Goodwill to buy crocodile shoes?"

"He gave them to a church," said one of the crew.

"What church is that?" asked Rashad. "The Church of What's Happening Now?"

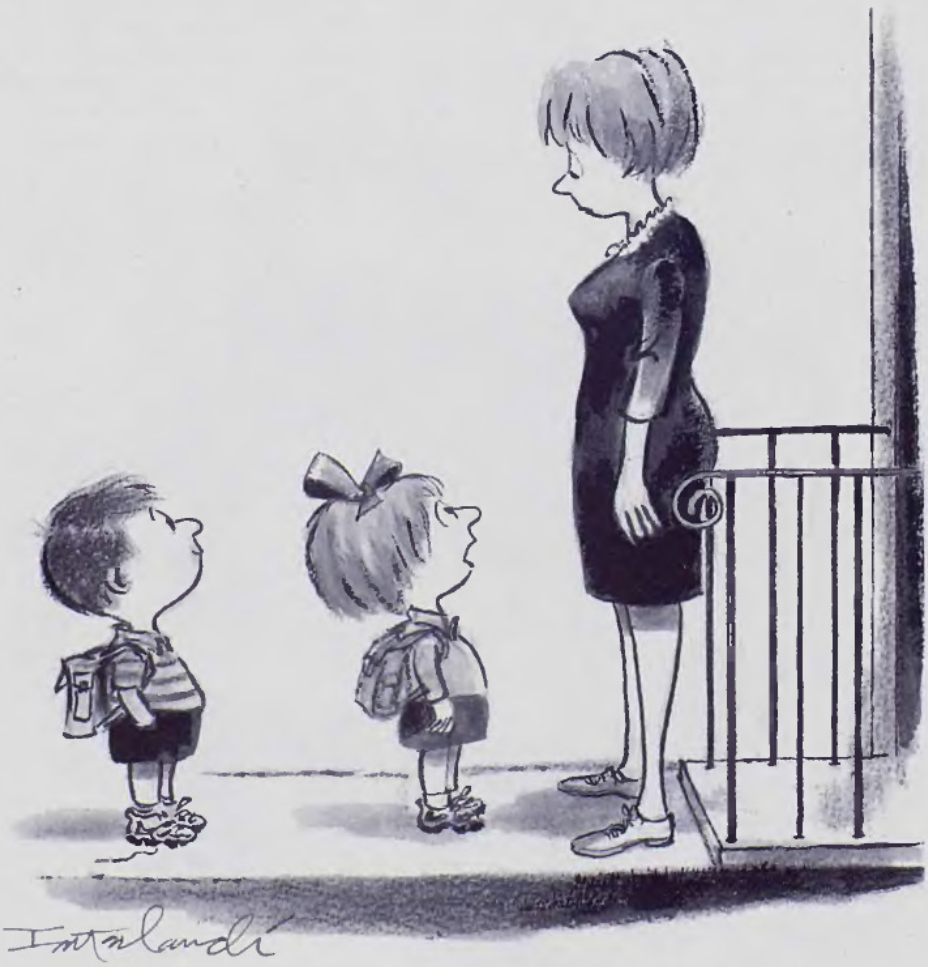
NBA Inside Stuff is an upbeat half-hour show that focuses on everything good about professional basketball, a compilation of action shots, profiles and reportage celebrating the pure athletic fun of the game. There is no controversy here. No talk of money, drugs or violence. Two days before this taping, the sporting press had been in general outrage when Latrell Sprewell's punishment for attacking his coach was greatly reduced. It went unmentioned on this show, which instead featured a piece on John Starks' charity work.

Rashad read the introductions with his usual loose, ironic, it's-only-a-game good humor, a delivery honed during his start in local television in Minnesota while he was still playing for the Vikes. Beyond just reading his lines, Rashad has always been deeply involved in the details of the production. In fact, the morning I watched him, NBA Entertainment had just announced that he had been made executive producer.

"It's where I've always wanted to go," he said as we sat in his dressing room after the taping. He had jazz on a boom box, a cigar in his mouth and a life-size cutout of Michael Jordan behind him. "It's a natural progression. When I first got into TV, I wanted to be in it for the long run. Otherwise, if you're just an athlete commentator, you get old and they replace you. When I started this show, I knew I wanted to run it someday, to be more hands-on, to be able to name my successor. That's what this promotion amounts to."

We made our ride from Secaucus to clay courts in Connecticut in his black Mercedes 500S, one of eight cars he owns (including a Ferrari and his favorite, a 1958 Porsche Speedster).

"I love cars and I love to drive," he said as he switched on the radar detector and lit up his cigar.



"He followed me home. Call my lawyer."

When I asked about some of his famous friends, he said that meeting many of them had been one of the perks of being an athlete.

"I met Jack Nicholson when I was 19," he said. "He's a sports fanatic and he was filming in Oregon. We were introduced and just started to hang out. That's one of the great things about sports: It crosses all barriers, you run into all kinds of people. I met Bill Cosby the same way, around the same time."

One of his best friends, Bill Murray, lives up the street from the home Rashad shares with Phylicia in suburban New York. "Bill was really helpful when I started broadcasting," he said. "He critiqued my style and gave me advice."

I asked Rashad about his television style, especially his on-court spots for the NBC *Game of the Week* and his reputation as a soft interviewer.

"I get a lot of shit for that," he said, laughing. "But I look at these guys as entertainers. I like a good performance, and beyond that I don't need to know every last thing about the man. There's a time and a place for the hard questions, but it's not after a game, when the guy just scored 50 points. And I'll tell you something else: It doesn't matter what I do, they still give me that softball shit. Remember the controversy about Michael and his gambling problem? Well, I knew I had to ask him about it, even though I knew he didn't have one. So I asked our producer at NBC to write the questions, everything he wanted me to ask. They weren't my questions and they weren't softball and I asked Michael every single one of them. It didn't matter. The press killed me for about a year over my softball Jordan interview."

In many ways Rashad's reluctance to use his journalistic incisors seems to come from the fact that he is friends with many of the players and, as a former athlete, is sympathetic to the cruelties of professional sports.

"People do not see sports as a job," he said when we talked about salaries. "They think of it as a game. They don't complain when an actor makes $20 million for a movie, because they know he's earning a lot more than that for a lot of other people. It's no different for professional athletes. And sports are equal opportunity, remember. If you can do it, you get the millions."

Still, even as we talked about Latrell Sprewell, Rashad couldn't muster a straight-up condemnation without a vanilla chaser. "A bad act, a criminal act," he said. "But I hate to put it on Sprewell per se, because I think things like that happen in all sports. I don't want to judge him because I don't know him as a person. And it's a good thing if it gets people talking about the nature of sports and where you draw lines."

When I quoted NBA commissioner David Stern's notion that pro basketball

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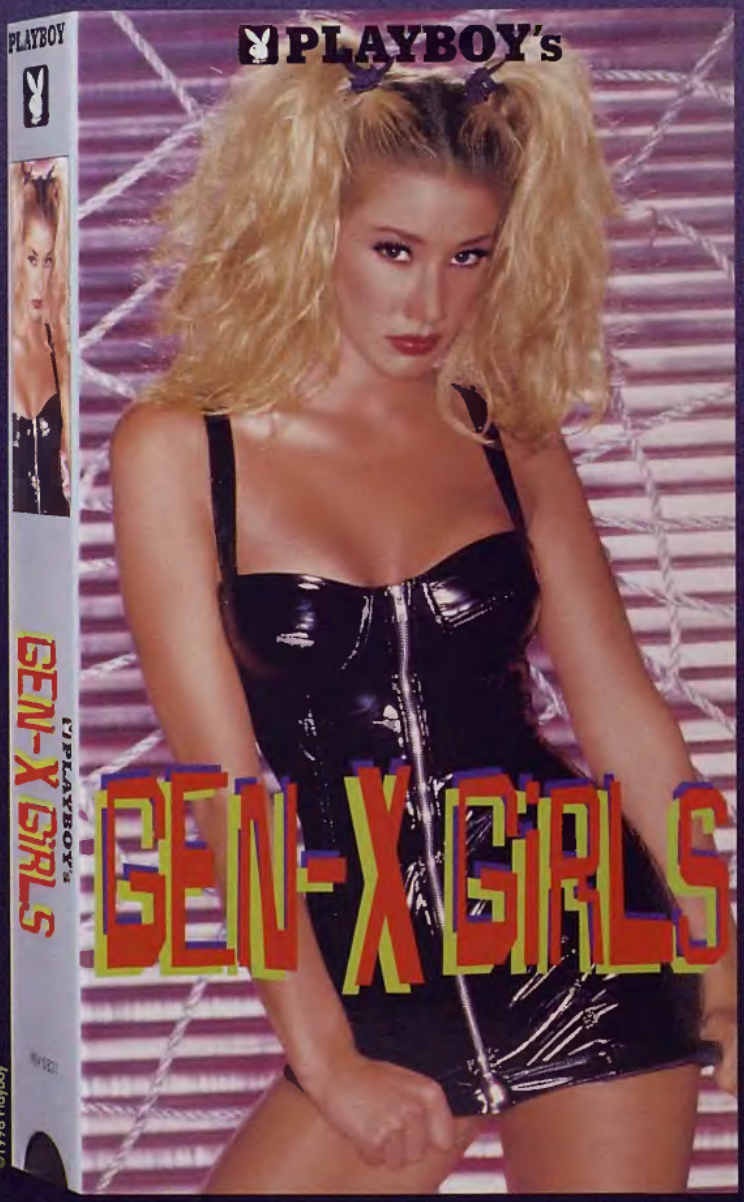

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is the only business in which you can attack your boss and still keep your job, Rashad moved closer to the hard line, without exactly toeing it. "David did the right thing. He was trying to send a signal when he suspended Sprewell for a year. He made his point, the player's association made its point, and they let an arbitrator decide. That's fair."

When I asked if Rashad thought anybody could have gotten away with jumping the coach back when he was playing football, the answer was unequivocal.

"Oh no," he said with a laugh. "You didn't jump the coach. You might have wanted to. I mean, there were coaches I couldn't stand, hated, would have loved to beat up. But you didn't do it."

Rashad didn't name anybody, but there was certainly no love lost between young Bobby Moore and Don Coryell, his coach in St. Louis the year he became a Muslim and changed his name to Ahmad Rashad.

"The team owners didn't want me to change my name, and none of the players would call me by it. Coryell kept calling me Ramada or Armada. Teammates let the air out of my tires. Fans booed me. It was not a happy time. But I can compartmentalize pretty well. I just tried to go out on the field and work on my stuff the best I could."

The next year he was traded to Buffalo, partly as a result of lobbying by a good friend, O.J. Simpson, who would 11 years later be best man at Ahmad and Phylicia's wedding. In Rashad's book, written before the murders, he talked about meeting Simpson at the Hula Bowl just after Rashad's senior year at Oregon, then, after he turned pro, spending the off-season partying with Simpson in Los Angeles. He described the superstar running back as a "genuine, giving person," a good friend who sought and reveled in the attention he got, but, at the same time, always gave credit to his teammates. Then Rashad quoted the way that his pal had once summed up his philosophy: "When I was a kid," Simpson had told him, "I wanted to be rich and famous. Now that I am, I'm not going to let any of it go by. I didn't realize my dreams to suddenly go all weird and sour on them. I'm going to live them to the limit, and make every minute of it count."

When I asked about the horror show Simpson has created, Rashad stumbled as he tried to describe his feelings, then as he tried to distance himself from his old friend. "I feel sad, I feel sorry for him. I feel, I mean, you know, I feel more sorry for Nicole and Ron and their families. As far as he's concerned, I don't think about him too often. I remember when it first happened, it was a big shock and then the whole thing was a travesty with the two trials. It's, I don't know, I don't think I've even formulated a complete thought about it yet."

Rashad said that their friendship had atrophied several years before the killings. "We were just on the outs," he said. "There was no real incident between the two of us. When I got married, all that shit we used to do together was gone, and we just went our separate ways.

"There's no explanation for what happened," he said finally. "I knew him, but I guess I didn't know him that well."

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We played tennis for a couple of hours and we played hard. Rashad didn't take up the game till he was in his mid-20s, and from then on he has played passionately, sometimes taking on two- and three-hour matches after a Sunday game with the Vikings. He talks about the fun of hitting with his friend John McEnroe and his neighbor Mats Wilander. "It's great hitting with Mats," he says. "He's such a nice guy he hits the ball right back to you. Makes you feel great."

I tried my best not to hit the ball right back to him, but even on his tender knee, he got to everything and beat me good. In one close game I started a charge that looked like it might turn the tide. It didn't. He ran, stretched, lobbed and turned up the heat enough to keep me from the win.

Which reminded me of our conversation about Nykesha Sales, the injured University of Connecticut forward who, in her final game, hobbled onto the court while both teams stood idle so she could sink a basket to break the school's scoring record. It was a gift that was signed off on by both coaches and the Big East commissioner. Rashad, who had been sanguine about the Sprewell incident, was outraged by this one. "It was a travesty," he said, breaking out of his usual soft-shoe. "They messed with the integrity of sports, and you cannot do that. I don't care if it's men, women, dogs or cats. As a competitor you don't give anybody anything. You take it if you can. I have worked my entire life to play as well as I can, and if you can take it from me, I respect you. But I can't give it to you."

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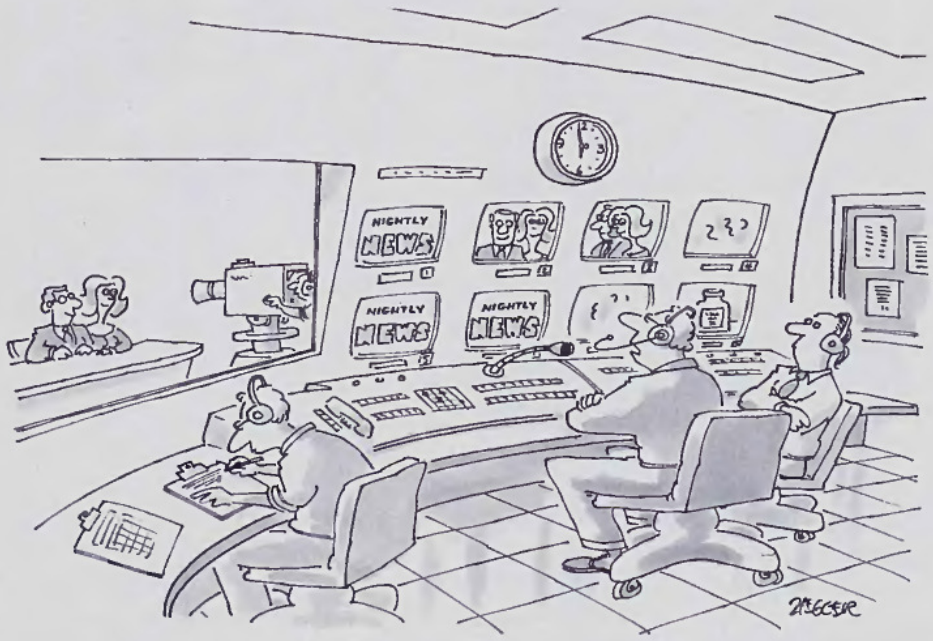
"I see little potshots all the time," he said when I finally asked him about the nastiness his friendship with Jordan seems to provoke. "But the item in *Sports Illustrated* was a little much."

He was talking about a comment in the "Scorecard" section of the February 16 issue. Under the subhead "Wish List" it said: "That a proctological dream team extracts Ahmad Rashad from the spot he occupies as Michael Jordan's Boswell."

"I talked to the guy who wrote it and told him, 'That would be funny if you said it to me and you knew me and you knew Michael. I'd laugh at it then. But I'm not laughing now because it came out of the blue, in a national publication, and your portrayal of the situation is totally wrong.' I thought about writing a letter to the editor," he said in a rare display of anger. "Then I decided I didn't give a shit, I wasn't going to write a fucking letter. So I just told the guy I wanted him to know it pissed me off."

"So why do you think you get so much flak for the friendship?"

"I don't know," Rashad said. "I asked the *Sports Illustrated* writer where this shot came from and he said, 'Well, you have such access, and it just sort of goes with the territory.' And I asked, 'What



"Pan down a bit, camera two, so that America can get a gander at Wendy's bazookas."

territory?' I've never tried to advance my career off knowing Michael. Our friendship is just that. A friendship."

"So it's just jealousy?"

"Yeah, oh God, is it ever," he said.

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In his hotel room the night before the Knicks–Bulls game, Rashad added a detail about his friendship with Jordan that seemed certain to incite further media resentment.

"Before every game, when we're together," he said, "the two of us spend about 20 minutes someplace in the stadium where nobody can find us, just laughing and talking and hanging out. I suppose the sports press would hate me even more than they already do if they knew that. They're a tough fraternity, and I'm not a member even yet."

"I smoke a lot of them," he said, laughing, when I asked him what brand his cigars were. "But I'd rather not say what they are because they're not exactly legal."

I started to tell him that it isn't illegal to smoke Cuban cigars, only to import them, when the phone rang. "No, no," he said to the caller. "Come on down. I've got a friend I want you to meet."

A minute later there was a knock on the door. Rashad opened it and Michael Jordan walked into the room dressed in tailored black, looking like a million bucks, smiling and carrying a cloth bag. "Got something for you," he said, pulling a sealed box of cigars from the bag. Rashad took the gift with something like a gasp.

"You got to be kidding," he said. "I don't believe it. Where did you get these? Nobody can get these. How did you get them?"

"Don't worry about it," Jordan said, laughing as if the box had materialized in his hotel room wrapped in presidential stationery postmarked Havana. Then he dug into the bag again and began pulling out loose cigars, one by one, reading the names on the bands. The two of them chuckled and whooped and passed them back and forth like kids rifling through a deck of impossible-to-get trading cards.

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"You played tennis?" Jordan asked Rashad when our match came up. "You're not supposed to be running around on that knee yet. With the way you play, you're probably going to blow it out."

I asked Michael for some dirt on Rashad. It's like he has everybody I talk to on retainer, I said. Nobody has a bad word. Tell me something he's hoping nobody will.

"I can't do that," Jordan said with a smile that came on like a fluorescent light. "If I did, I'd implicate myself."

"Last game at the Garden tomorrow?" I asked him on the off chance that he'd made the monumental decision on the way from his suite to Rashad's and was bursting to tell the first journalist he saw.

He smiled and shrugged, a sincere shrug I thought.

"We'll see," he said.

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Rashad and I arrived at the Garden a couple of hours before game time. I had a press pass, but walking with him up the ramp toward the players' parking zone, I didn't need to use it. Everyone we saw—guards, crew, paramedics—greeted him, and he called them by name in return. Then, behind us on the ramp, came furious honking from a big white Mercedes.

"Get out of the way, Rashad," yelled the Knicks' Patrick Ewing, shaking his bandaged wrist.

"You can't play," Rashad yelled back, "and you can't drive, either."

At the tunnel entrance to the floor, we met Bob Costas, NBC's *Game of the Week* anchor and a mentor of Rashad's with whom Rashad started his network career and whom he still calls "the best in the business." They greeted each other with mock formality, then joked about hanging out over the years.

Later, Costas told me, "A lot of people criticize Ahmad for what he's not, without realizing what he is. The guy is damn good on the air—he has a great sense of humor and nobody relates to athletes better, which translates to access. I'll tell you, if I were starting a network sports division, Ahmad would be among the first people I'd hire."

While Costas and Rashad prepared for the broadcast, Isiah Thomas, a new member of the NBC team, stood at center court talking with me about his decision to retire.

"Ahmad helped me a lot," he said. "He gave me great advice on how to prepare for the next step. And he's still helping. He's a confidant, a friend, a guy you can trust."

When I asked about the general anger over Rashad's friendship with Jordan, Thomas said, "I think it's jealousy. People are envious of a relationship they can't have. The thing is, the two of them understand each other, and when they get together they can laugh at the same things, and at themselves. The three of us were out to dinner last night and it was just fun." He paused, then laughed. "But those cigars—man! I don't smoke cigars, and they were just puffin' and puffin'. My eyes started going and I had to get out of there."

An hour before game time, I trailed Rashad into the Bulls' locker room while a clutch of reporters waited outside. Rashad said hello to the players in the dressing area, then we walked through an open portal into a back room. Phil Jackson and the other coaches sat on a bench against a wall; Jordan was tying his shoes at a desk in a corner. Rashad spoke to him, and while I stood waiting, Jackson looked at me and asked, "Are you with the press?" When I told him yes, he said, "This room is off-limits to the media."

Rashad caught up with me in the outer chamber a minute later. "Sorry," he said, "I forgot to tell you about that rule."

At that moment it hit me why sports journalists hate Rashad: He works the *Game of the Week* for NBC and is executive producer and star of a weekly television show, but he isn't a member of the lowly media. He's a friend of Michael's, and that amounts to a backstage pass the working schlubs can't pick up at the press office.

A few minutes later, Jordan and Rashad disappeared into the underground warren of offices and storerooms for their pregame palaver. And whatever laughing they did, at themselves or at others, whatever you-can't-get-'em cigars they might have smoked, seemed to have put Jordan in the mood to live up to a banner being waved in the stands: SUPERMAN IS IN THE BUILDING.

I watched from the press box as Jordan put on the kind of show that will leave basketball when he goes, the kind of show that makes you wonder why he would even think of quitting.

Rashad sat in a baseline seat and rose during time-outs for his on-court spots. The Knicks played hard and well, but with barely a minute left, the game was out of reach. With a minute and a half to go, Jordan sat down and the hard-assed Garden crowd gave him an ovation, then began heading for the exits.

Just behind me half a dozen young guys who had been rooting hard and rowdy for the Knicks went silent during a final time-out, then turned their raucous energy on Rashad.

"Look at him," one of them said. "He can't wait to do his interview with Michael. Hey, Ahmad, only 19 seconds left," he yelled. "You better hurry." "Kiss him," shouted another, which broke the group into big laughter and set them into a new rondo of nasty suggestion.

"Lick him, Ahmad—and don't forget behind the ears. . . ." As they filed out of their seats, the last in line made a remark that made me think perhaps some of the anger at Rashad is deflected resentment, a way of shooting at a target that is otherwise impossible to hit given that he is faster than a speeding bullet, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound and, at 35 years old, still in a league entirely his own.

"Goddamn," the kid said, glancing at the scoreboard, which read BULLS 102, KNICKS 89, "I've had it with Michael fucking Jordan."

THE NEW *Shelby*

(continued from page 90)

Situated in the Las Vegas Motor Speedway Industrial Park, Team Shelby features a wide circle of development partners, including Venture Industries, Goodyear Tire and Oldsmobile, all of which contribute new technology to Shelby vehicles. But unlike the Cobra, the Series 1 is anything but a no-frills sports car. It has a rich interior of pewter and dark-gray leather with deep bucket seats. A three-point safety belt system, power windows, keyless remote entry and air-conditioning are standard. The snug cockpit features a center console that wraps around the driver like a custom-made suit. A Monsoon AM-FM radio with a CD changer, eight speakers and a 200-watt amplifier is also standard. There's a top, of course, but to save weight it's manually operated.

Carroll Shelby knows the secret to creating a fast car: Take the biggest, most powerful engine you can find and mount it on a featherweight chassis. Accordingly, the new Series 1 uses an extruded aluminum chassis with honeycomb sections for increased strength. Hundreds of precise welds are stitched along the frame sections as if they had been individually sewn by a tailor. The entire chassis has been subjected to a sophisticated analysis that maximizes stiffness and crash-worthiness by strengthening the frame and body panels where necessary, thus allowing unstressed components to be as light as possible. For some idea of the car's rigidity, a mid-range Mercedes-Benz E320 sedan body is one of the stiffest street platforms you can buy. The Shelby is nearly 30 percent stiffer. With such an unyielding body and frame, the Shelby's suspension can be precisely tuned because all four of its wheels will track exactly where they're pointed—regardless of road camber and surface changes.

Under the Series 1's hood is a modified Oldsmobile Aurora engine that's basically a smaller version of Cadillac's DOHC 4.6-liter Northstar V8. Its 4-liter, 32-valve power plant has been boosted from 250 hp to 325 hp. Team Shelby's engineers have modified the air intake and fitted a lightweight stainless steel exhaust with tiny, high-flow catalytic converters from the new Camaro. Along with the fuel injectors, the camshafts and valve timing have been changed for higher torque output, but the highly efficient one-coil-per-cylinder ignition system is just the way Oldsmobile sells it. In fact, Shelby tried to use standard Olds Aurora parts wherever possible to make obtaining service easier.

In the stock Aurora sedan, however, the four-cam engine is transversely mounted and linked directly to a four-speed automatic transmission. In the Series 1, the engine is mounted longitudinally and a new bell housing was created. A single-disc competition clutch handles the power. To improve weight distribution, the close-ratio, six-speed transaxle is located in the rear.

You will appreciate the Series 1's racer origins even more when you examine its competition-derived suspension, developed by MTC/Dynamic Suspensions of Toronto, a team with considerable Formula I racing experience. Huge, fully adjustable coil-over shock absorbers are mounted inboard to reduce unsprung weight and permit ride-height adjustments. Adjustable front and rear roll bars round out the specifications.

You would expect a car like this to stop on a dime, and the Shelby does. Ventilated disc brakes with four-caliper fronts and twin-caliper rears are featured. Wide, ZR-rated tires have been mounted on 18-inch, five-spoke wheels with forged magnesium centers and aluminum outer rims.

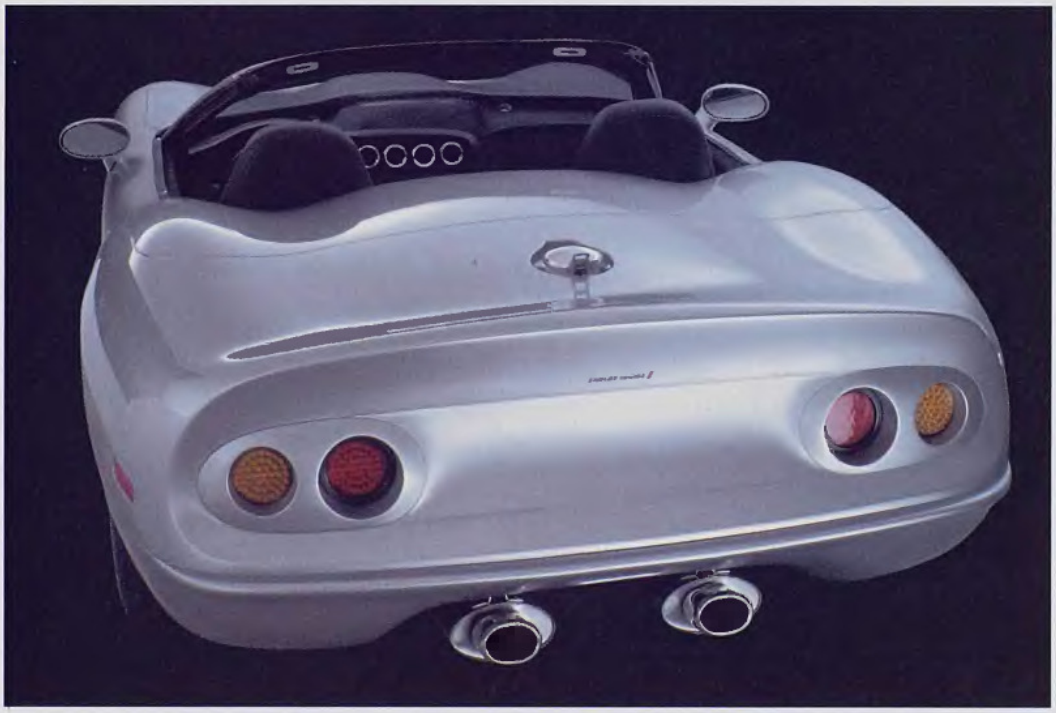
We were treated to an all-too-brief ride in a Series 1 prototype on some side streets near the old Shelby factory in Gardena, California. The car's acceleration was intense, cornering speeds were impressive and the ride was race-car firm. We had no reason to doubt Shelby's claim that the Series 1 "will be a little ass-kicker."

Although a select group of 25 Oldsmobile dealers will offer test-drives, take the orders and service these cars, customers will actually take delivery at the factory. "Buyers will come to Las Vegas," says Don Rager, "where they will attend an exclusive driving school at the Speedway conducted by Indy Racing League driver Davey Hamilton."

Through its new racing development center, Team Shelby will provide support services to several professional motor sport teams. "We're attracting a high-profile clientele and we're here to stay. There are ideas for future models," says Rager, "but we are never going to lose the Shelby image."

For a supercar, the Series 1's price is surprisingly reasonable. Out the door, it costs $106,795, excluding taxes and delivery. That's more than the latest Corvette but considerably cheaper than a Ferrari F355. With a top speed of 170 mph, the Series 1 is more than a match for the latter. Shelby American claims more than 150 orders at the preproduction price of $99,975 each. Restricted by federal regulations and exemptions for small manufacturers, the company will build only 500 cars, no matter what the demand. You can have any color you want as long as it's Centennial silver.

"Along with the Series 1, we have expanded our classic Cobra line to sell a 289 version, an FIA competition roadster and a Daytona coupe," Rager says. Who knows what a future Playmate of the Year will be driving. (For additional information, call Eric Davison at Shelby American, 702-365-5610.)



Above: A tail view is all you're likely to see of the Shelby Series 1. The trunk is hinged at the back of the car. With the top up, there's room for a set of golf clubs. Top down, you're limited to an overnighter.

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Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 30, 84, 88, 92–93, 114–115, 120–125 and 179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 30: "Just Say Cheesecake": **Camera** by *Connectix*, 650-638-7300. "Sounds Enticing": **DSS Receiver** by *RCA*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-336-1900. **Dish network receiver and box** from *Echostar Comm.*, 800-521-9282. **Dish network receiver and VCR** by *JVC of America*, 800-252-5722. **DBS system** by *Primstar*, 800-774-6378. "The Cells Have Ears": **Cellular phones:** By *Motorola*, 800-331-6456. By *Nokia*, 800-666-5553. By *Oki Telecom*, 800-554-3112. "Wild Things": **Quicktionary** by *Seiko*, 800-873-4508. **VCR** by *Sony Electronics Corp.*, 800-222-7669.

THE SINGLE GUY'S GUIDE TO TECHNOLOGY

Page 84: **Personal digital assistant** by *3Com*, 800-881-7256. Page 88: **Desktop computer** by *Apple Computer*, 800-538-9696.

THE PERFECT WORKOUT IN 90 MINUTES A WEEK

Pages 92–93: Personal training and fitness: Greg Isaacs, Warner Bros.' Fitness Center, 4000 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA, 91522, 818-954-4242 or gregisaacs@ultimateleanroutine.com.

HDTV

Pages 114–115: "The Bottom Line": **Plasma high definition television** by *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-746-6337. **Rear-projection HDTV:** By *Hitachi Electronics*, 800-448-2244. By *RCA Electronics*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-336-1900. By *Mitsubishi Electronics*, 800-332-2119. By *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. **Direct view HDTV** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **Digital VHS VCR:** By *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. By *JVC of America*, 800-252-5722.

FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

Page 120: **Suit** by *Emporio Armani*, New York City, 212-727-3240 and Beverly Hills, 310-271-7790. **Shirt** by *Brioni*, 888-778-8775. **Tie** by *Etro*, New York City, 212-317-9096 and at Neiman Marcus stores. **Belt and boots** by Kenneth Cole, 800-KEN-COLE. Page 121: **Suit** by *Donna Karan Collection*, at Scott Hill, Los Angeles, 310-777-1190 and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Sweater** by *Belford Men*, at Moe Ginsburg, New York City, 212-982-5254, Mettler's, Charlevoix, MI, 616-547-4035 and Sarasota, FL, 941-388-3991 and Oak Hall, Memphis, 901-761-3580. **Belt** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. Page 122: **Glasses** by *Kenneth Cole Eyewear*, 888-424-2375. **Shirt** by *Brioni*, 888-778-8775. **Tie** by *Donna Karan Collection*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City, 212-753-4000. **Shirt** by *Thomas Pink*, 888-336-1192. **Tie** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at select Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Cuff links** by *Elsa Peretti* for Tiffany & Co., 800-526-0649. **Shirt** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at the Bon Marché, Seattle, 206-440-6000. **Scarf** by *Meg Cohen*, at Paul Smith, New York City, 212-627-9770, Body Art, Denver, 303-333-8883 or for more information, call 212-473-4002. **Cuff links** by *Angela Cummings*, by special order from the Angela Cummings boutique at Bergdorf Goodman, New York City, 212-872-8874. **Cuff links** by *Harald Nielsen*, at Georg Jensen, New York City, 212-759-6457. Page 123: **Suit** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, King of Prussia, PA, 610-992-1400 and Washington, DC, 202-625-2677. **Shirt** by *Joseph Abboud*, at select Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Tie** by *Donna Karan Collection*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City, 212-753-4000. Page 124: **Suit** by *Calvin Klein*, New York City, 212-292-9000. **Shirt and tie** by *Donna Karan Collection*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City, 212-753-4000. Page 125: **Leather blazer** by *Trussardi*, at Gavani, Seattle, 206-382-0968. **Sweater and cords** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City, 212-753-4000, San Francisco, 415-986-4300 and Greenwich, CT, 203-862-5300.

ON THE SCENE

Page 179: "DVD to Go": **DVD players:** By *Samsung Electronics*, 888-987-4357. By *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. *Toshiba Electronics*, 800-457-7777.

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BURNING MAN

(continued from page 74)

with Johnny after living alone for a few months, on a night when I was feeling particularly sorry for myself, isolated and estranged from everyone I had ever loved, including my only brother. I told him what a mess I was, how unhappy I was, that I needed to see him again. The first open space Johnny had on his calendar was Labor Day weekend, festival of the Burning Man.

And now . . . here I was. I tidied up the back of the van, spreading my pillows and sleeping bags over sheet-covered foam cushions. Then I honked the horn, pulled out a few books and made myself comfortable. I stretched out and looked up through tinted windows at a bright-blue sky. A minute later Chrys tapped at the back door, then pulled it open and climbed in.

"Ummm," she said. "This is definitely a lot better. My tent is broiling." She sat up with her back against the front seat and pulled off her boots. "You were going to explain a few things," she said. "Remember?"

"Oh, right," I said. "About Johnny."

"Right. About Johnny." She pulled off her pants, revealing slight bikini panties, and then the halter top, revealing her breasts, before climbing under the open sleeping bag and pulling it up to her chin. She undressed as perfunctorily as if I had been her longtime roommate.

It took me a second to steady my breathing. I wanted nothing more than to feel the weight of her breasts in my hands. "Give me a second," I said. "I need to recover."

She smiled playfully. "Come on under here with me."

"Come on under there with you," I repeated, exaggerating the stunned disbelief I felt. "Sounds good to me." I undid my belt buckle and started getting out of my clothes while she watched.

"Your brother," she said, reminding me to explain.

"My brother——" I hesitated a moment, folding my shorts and tossing them toward the back of the van. "My brother is rich," I said. "And as we all know, the rich are not like the rest of us."

"How rich?"

"He's megarich. Hundreds-of-millions rich."

"Hundreds of millions? Really? From what? What's he do?"

"Music industry."

"What's he do in the music industry?"

"Long story," I said and slid under the sleeping bag. I was naked from the waist down. I hadn't taken off my shirt because I didn't want to expose all that unmuscular flesh.

Chrys cuddled against me as soon as I was under the sleeping bag, and then the conversation ended. She took a condom out of a leather change purse and

handed it to me, and we were making love within minutes. I finished way too soon, leaving her not even close to being satisfied. I felt embarrassed, but she seemed OK about it. I tried to finish by touching her, but she wouldn't let me. "No," she said. "That's so mechanical."

"I feel like a kid," I said. "Like an inexperienced boy."

She kissed me gently, lovingly, on the forehead. "An inexperienced boy," she said, "wouldn't have a clue there was a problem."

"You have a point there." I settled myself into my pillow. I wanted to tell her I loved her. I felt the words knocking at some inner door, asking to be let out. I didn't speak them. But I felt them. I closed my eyes.

I didn't actually fall asleep, but I could tell by the way Chrys appeared when I peeked up that she thought I had. She looked around the van, taking things in, observing. She pulled a copy of my last book from between the front seats and read the back cover. I let her think I was sleeping because I was afraid she might want to make love again—and I knew there was no way. I wasn't sure how much Chrys knew about older men. When she got dressed quietly and sneaked out of the van, being careful not to wake me, I was relieved. I put on my shorts, turned onto my back and lay with my arms crossed under my head. I contemplated the possibility of a serious relationship with Chrys, and the difference in our ages came up as a major problem. But then, middle-aged men marry younger women all the time.

I let myself imagine what it might be like to marry Chrys, and all the complaints about me from the women I had lived with came to mind immediately. I was moody and sullen and wrapped up in my writing. I was temperamental and persnickety. And it was true. I wasn't an easy person to live with. But still, she seemed to appreciate that I was a writer. It was possible that she'd be willing to put up with me—or, even, that I might change.

I didn't get a lot of time to follow this train of thought before Mel approached the back of the van, peered in through the tinted glass and then knocked. She was wearing the same bright-yellow sundress with red flowers, but she had lost the red sombrero, and I noticed how attractively her auburn hair was cut and styled. She wore it short and parted left of center. As she turned her head, it moved uniformly, in waves, with the fluidity of water. I opened the back door and she climbed in, smiling brightly. She said, "Hello, Kevin," and looked down at the second pillow and the mussed blankets beside me. "Where's Chrys?"

"In her tent." I pointed to the window. "Where's Johnny?"

She tucked her legs under her and folded her hands in her lap. "You know, you're the only one other than me who calls him Johnny."

"*Splay*." I tried out the sound of the word. "I can't imagine it."

Mel looked at me as if she found me slightly mystifying.

"Who exactly are you to Johnny," I said, "if you don't mind my asking?"

"Exactly? That's hard to say with a guy like Johnny. I'm his companion."

"How long?" I said. "How long have you been his companion?"

"For about ten years," she answered, punctuating her words by cocking her head and smiling with an exaggerated brightness, which was amusing, as she obviously intended.

"Jesus," I said. "You could be his wife."

"Well," she said, "actually, I suppose I am, in common law. Sure. I'm his wife." She folded her arms under her breasts. She had a look that was a mixture of mirth and surprise. She seemed to find me funny—and a little odd. She added, "I'm also his pimp, his drug supplier, housekeeper, financier, secretary, gofer. You name it."

"Pimp?"

"Sure." She took a deep breath, signaling that she was about to launch into a long explanation. "Everybody," she said, "wants to fuck Johnny, but they're afraid he's got AIDS—which he doesn't, by the way. I make sure they know that, that he doesn't have AIDS. I bring it up in conversation. '*Man*,' I'll say, '*I make Splay get an AIDS test every six months, so long as he wants to fuck me.*' Then I'll show them the results of the last test. And it's all true. I do make him get an AIDS test every six months if he wants to fuck me, which he does every once in a while."

"*Everybody?*" I said. "Wants to fuck Johnny?"

"Oh, God. You don't want to hear," she said with an air of confidentiality, as if there were things she'd love to tell me. "Absolutely everybody. You shocked? He's your brother."

"That he is," I said, and I had no idea what to say next. I sat there with my legs stretched out in front of me, barefoot, wearing shorts and a T-shirt, looking—I imagined—like some country bumpkin seeing the city lights for the first time.

"So," Mel said. "Why don't you get Chrys, and we can——?" She gestured off into the distance, in the direction from which she had come.

"Actually," I said, "why don't you get her?" as I opened the back door for her. "Give me a couple of seconds to get my sandals on, et cetera."

"No problem." She climbed out the back, brushed herself off and started for Chrys' tent. Once she slammed the back door shut, I went about finding my sandals, straightening up, and brushing my hair. When I shut down the van and stepped out into the heat, Chrys and Mel were waiting for me. Chrys looked

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a little pale.

Mel put her hands on her hips and said, as if reprimanding me, "I can't believe you didn't tell her who your brother is!"

Chrys said, "Your brother is Splay? Really?"

"Are you impressed?" I put my hand on the small of her back, and the three of us headed into the flowing line of people, all of whom seemed to be moving toward the center of the circle. We walked three abreast. I asked Mel, "How'd you know where to find us?"

"We have our agents," she said.

Chrys laughed much too loudly.

I said, "Jesus, Chrys. It wasn't all that funny."

Chrys said, "I guess I'm a little nervous." Then she added emphatically, "He didn't *look* like Splay! I mean, I'd have never guessed it, and I've probably only seen him like a billion times."

Mel said, "You can't see shit at a concert. And MTV is all makeup." She put her arm around Chrys and gave her a hug. "Believe me," she said. "He's Splay. He likes you, too—as was probably obvious." She laughed girlishly, almost giggled.

The rest of the way to the trailer, Chrys and Mel walked arm in arm, chattering. I fell back a step, glad to be left out of the conversation, which was all about Splay, concerts and other rock celebrities. I was feeling a little surly.

•

I pointed as we approached a trailer the size of a semi, twice as big as anything nearby. "Splay's playhouse on the road," I said, attempting an impression of Robin Leach. Neither Chrys nor Mel noticed the effort.

"This is it," Mel said, and she led us up a small metal stoop. Chrys and I waited as she unlocked the door. I was a step down from Chrys. I touched her on her thigh, gently, patting her, really. She gave me a pleasant smile. I'm sure she meant the smile to be friendly, but I bristled at it. It was the kind of smile you give someone when your mind is on something else.

Mel opened the door and guided us into an attractively furnished living room that looked more appropriate to a house than to a trailer. Once the door closed, it was quiet inside. The air was still and cool, almost chilly.

"Nice," I said. "Some trailer."

"Mobile home," Mel corrected. "We spend a lot of time here." She pointed down a narrow corridor. "Why don't you go get Johnny? He might still be sleeping." She put her arm around Chrys as if they had been friends for a lifetime. "Chrys and I will find something to eat." Side by side, they looked like mother and daughter—and in the trailer light it was clear that there were more than enough years between them for that to

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be possible. Alongside Mel, Chrys looked like a baby, the skin of her cheeks had the rosy glow of baby fat, while's Mel's skin looked pulled and tucked, as if it had seen a surgical procedure or two.

On the way to the corridor, I passed a window and saw that the trailer was situated with a perfect view of the still-unburned Burning Man, who loomed up in the center of the circle with his arms raised, as if to embrace all his children. The window was directly above a tall table with a pair of high benches on either side of it, and I sat for a moment and took in the view of the statue and the scores of people milling around its feet. I found it amusing that even in an artistic and anarchistic gathering such as this, money and fame obviously brought you some privileges—like a front-row view of the festivities. I closed my eyes a moment and leaned my head back on the booth and tried to gather myself. I tried to empty myself of the anger I was feeling toward Johnny. He was my brother. I had asked to see him, not the other way around. If his wealth and celebrity made Chrys behave as if she were about to meet God, that wasn't Johnny's fault. I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. From another room, which I guessed to be the kitchen, I heard Chrys and Mel chattering over the sounds of dishes and drawers opening and closing. Directly across from me was another window above another table-and-bench set, and through that window I could see a parade of figures costumed in long, flowing robes with cowls, marching toward the center of the circle. I watched them awhile and then pulled myself up and shook myself off, to cast away the bad feelings.

I found Johnny in his bedroom, standing alongside an unmade bed. He was dressed in a white robe over black pajamas. He was looking down into the palm of his open hand, in which there were three multicolored pills. He saw me a second after I entered the room and popped the pills into his mouth, washing them down with a glass of water that was on a bedside table. For a moment I was pissed. Then I decided, Fine, maybe he'll get stoned enough to make an ass out of himself in front of Chrys.

"Kevin. Christ, man——" he said. "Look at you!" He was smiling. "You've gotten old!" He crossed the room and gave me a hug, which I returned, tentatively. He felt frail in my arms, bones wrapped in skin.

I pulled back and said, "You're looking a bit thin, brother." I held his jaw in my hand. "A bit pinched and tight in the cheeks." I made a face that asked, *Are you OK?*

"Too much drug-drug and booze." He smiled wryly, and then patted me on the shoulder and walked past me toward the living room.

Mel and Chrys were waiting at the table where I had sat a moment earlier. They had dishes of food and wicker baskets of snacks spread around. Four frosty bottles of beer marked our places. I slid behind one bottle, alongside Chrys. Splay slid in next to Mel, and downed half his beer in one long gulp. Mel gave him a look, which he ignored.

Chrys said, "I still can't believe you're Splay," and she put on this coy, cute expression I hadn't seen before. She said, "I mean, I know, now that I know . . . I can see . . . but . . . *Splay*'s, like, an image. You *represent* rock or something. It's just that I can't believe you're really Splay . . . sitting here like this."

Johnny and Mel seemed thoroughly entertained by Chrys. Johnny said, "Want me to prove it?" and he opened his robe and started to pull apart the fly of his pajamas.

Mel slapped his hand. "Stop it," she said, and she and Chrys laughed.

I said, "That's not really true, is it? What you're supposed to have done to your——"

"My dick?" He looked as though he couldn't believe I was asking the question. "Where do you think Splay comes from? That's the whole——"

"I thought it was all tabloid. You really did that?" Then all three of them were looking at me as if I were from another planet. Johnny was supposed to have had an operation on his penis. He was supposed to have had it splayed, cut along the midline so that the head fanned out to either side, which—I had read—was what Aborigines do in some sort of ritual ceremonial thing. But I never believed that Johnny actually had it done. I thought it was more of the same old rock-and-roll hype and hysteria. I didn't think he was crazy enough to actually do such a thing.

Johnny said, "It's historic, Kevin."

Chrys asked, "Didn't someone do a Ph.D. dissertation about it?"

Johnny said, "A kid from Rutgers."

Mel said, "He got it all wrong. But it was a publicity coup. We went from a big-time rock group with a five-year life span to cultural-icon status in months. We went from making big money to outgrossing most small nations. The Rutgers guy, you wouldn't believe his analysis. You wouldn't believe the significance he finds in Johnny getting his dick cut."

"Significance?" Johnny said. "Money. That's the significance." Mel offered Chrys a concerned look. "We're not being too cynical for you, are we?"

"Actually," Chrys said, adopting that terribly cute demeanor again. "I was just wondering——" She looked away from Johnny to Mel. "Is it true that it's——"

Johnny grinned and Mel looked sly and smug. I knew what Chrys was asking. According to the news stories, the splaying operation was supposed to enhance the sexual pleasure of both

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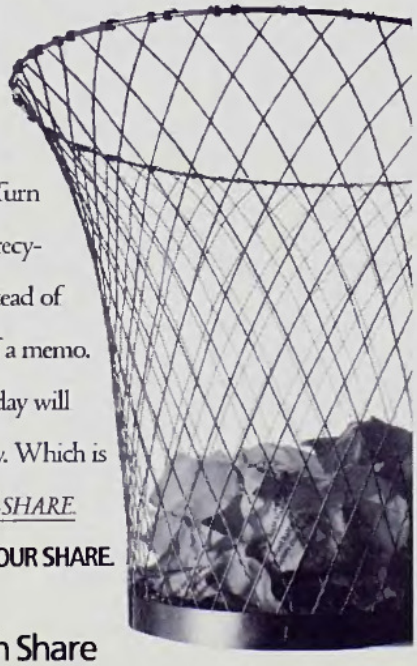

parties, but especially the woman's.

Mel said, still with the sly look, "Why don't we all get high and talk about that." She climbed over Johnny and disappeared into the bedroom.

I asked Chrys, "Do you get high? I mean, do you want to do this?"

Chrys just gave me a look, as if the question were too silly to answer.

Johnny said, "We've got some first-rate grass, special stuff. You get high, don't you, Kevin?"

"Occasionally," I said, not bothering to tell him that the last occasion was about 25 years ago.

Mel climbed back to her place and I noticed she had changed into a pair of velvety red slippers. She dropped one fat joint on the table and lifted another, which she passed to her lips. She lit up, toked and passed the joint to Chrys. When Chrys handed me the joint, I inhaled only a tiny bit of smoke, concerned that I might embarrass myself by going into a coughing fit.

Chrys said to Johnny, "I've always been curious about the *Rats Sing* video. Did you really mutilate yourself when they were taping? The part where you drag the razor across your chest?"

Mel said, "Trade secret."

I passed Johnny the joint and to my surprise he handed it to Mel. I guessed the pills were enough for him.

"Really?" Chrys said. "You won't tell?"

Johnny said, "It was red paint."

"Johnny!" Mel passed the joint to Chrys. "You'll disillusion her."

"Right," Johnny said. "OK," he said to Chrys. "I really do mutilate myself—regularly. And I've attempted suicide eight times——"

"Six," Mel corrected.

"And I occasionally drink the blood of rats, and——" he turned to Mel. "What else?"

"You sleep in a coffin."

"With a live rat," Johnny added. "That's true."

Chrys looked like she believed him for a second, and then she started to giggle when she realized he wasn't serious. I took a second toke and felt myself getting immensely sleepy.

"Can you tell me this?" Chrys asked. "Did you and Fey Wrey really have sex onstage like that? I mean, it looked like it, but no one ever really, you know, documented it."

Johnny leaned over the table and wrapped his hands around Chrys' hands. "I'm straight," he said. "Always have been. Still am."

Mel said, "Another publicity coup. Act of genius."

I took a third, long toke and felt darkness closing in around the edges of my vision. I tried to shake it off. I couldn't remember ever feeling so deliciously sleepy.

Johnny turned to Mel, still holding Chrys' hands, and said, "Do you know

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what I remember best about that night? That's the night you talked me into technology stocks."

"And that was years before the market went through the roof." Mel leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "You're welcome."

"Mel's my CEO," Johnny said. "CEO of Splay Industries. She makes seven figures a year in salary alone. She's got an MBA from . . . where?"

"From Wharton." Mel flashed me a bright smile.

The conversation stalled for a moment, and then Chrys asked, "Is Fey Wrey as crazy as everyone says?"

Johnny shook his head, appearing a little annoyed at the question, as if he were tiring of Chrys' naivete. "You know what Fey and I talk about when we get together?"

"Commodities," Mel said. She looked at Chrys. "Bore you to death."

Chrys said to Johnny, "You and Fey Wrey talk about the stock market when you get together?" She looked down at the table a moment and then started giggling convulsively.

I said, "Jesus. What is in this grass? I can't keep my eyes open!"

Johnny said, "You're getting old, brother."

Mel lit up the second joint. "I think it's laced with some designer crap. Winston gave it to us."

Chrys said, "Winston from——"

"The same," Mel said, and passed her the new joint.

I said, "Gee, you guys mind if I just go to sleep here?" I put my head on Chrys' shoulder.

"Here, little brother," Johnny said. He went to the table and booths opposite us and, with a couple of movements, he dropped the table and pushed the booths together so that they formed a bed, mattress and all. I must have been really stoned, because it looked like a magic trick to me. When I said, "How did you do that?" everyone laughed.

Johnny said, "Knock yourself out, Kevin."

I wasn't sure what Johnny meant, but the bed looked like a piece of paradise to me. I dragged myself to the booth and dropped my body onto the mattress. I closed my eyes with something like orgasmic pleasure. The last thing I remember is hearing Chrys and Mel talking, and then Mel telling Johnny to pull the curtain for me, and opening my eyes long enough to see Johnny pulling a curtain around me, turning what had been a table and benches into a small bedroom. I remember thinking the words *mobile home*, and then cuddling up into the mattress and giving myself over to sleep.

•

When I opened my eyes it was dark. From beyond the trailer walls I heard music and the sublittoral drone of water, water rolling in waves against sand and rocks—until I remembered where I was. Then the sound of waves turned into voices of the crowd shouting and screaming. I tried to sit up, thinking, from the noise, that I must be missing the burning, but my head felt heavy and I didn't move, and I must have fallen asleep again because the next time I opened my eyes the noise had abated, though I could still hear occasional shouting and music.

My head felt better, and after I lay still a few more moments, my thoughts clarified and I remembered exactly where I was and what was going on. I sat up slowly and rubbed my eyes and opened the curtain and found myself looking at Mel, who was looking back at me with an expression somewhere between sultry and wickedly amused. She held Chrys in her arms, Chrys' body stretched across her lap, like Mary holding Christ's body in Michelangelo's *Pietà*. Chrys' head was turned toward Mel's breast, not suckling, but pressed against it, as if for comfort. They were both undressed, as was Johnny, who was fucking Chrys while Mel held her. Chrys' body and the pained expression on her face suggested she was absorbed completely in sexual pleasure. Above her, Johnny's naked body was so thin, he looked like a skeleton. He looked ghastly to me, a rack of bones pushing himself slowly in and out of her. He looked like something from a Halloween decoration. Beyond Johnny, through the window, I could see the figure of the Burning Man, a few flames still playing along the torso and head.

When he noticed me, Johnny stepped back, and I saw him fully exposed, with no part of himself buried in Chrys. I had to turn away. His penis looked like a twisted flower, its head engorged and misshapen, mutilated. I rubbed my eyes and stood up, acting as if I were waking in the suburbs of Iowa City to a typical morning scene. When I looked back, they were all looking at me—and I realized they were waiting for me to join them, that the look was an invitation. I smiled and stretched and yawned, and then walked out of the trailer. Outside, on the steps, I hesitated a moment. I was thinking, *This is it. I don't want to see the guy again. Ever.* I took a breath and went back into the trailer. They hadn't missed me. Johnny was leaning over Chrys and she was moaning with pleasure while Mel stroked her forehead. I said, "Johnny. You've always been a fool," and I saw a look of fury flash over his face before I turned and again walked out of the trailer.

I'm not sure what I was feeling as I walked away: relief? sadness? Emptiness mostly, I think. Nothing, with sadness and anger hovering around the edges. I walked. The Burning Man had burned. There were lots of people around, throngs of people looking excited or tired, pumped up or crashing. Many in costumes. I walked toward the Burning Man, and when I came upon two empty lawn chairs inside a drawn circle on the cracked desert, I stepped into the circle and took a seat. There was no one in the immediate vicinity: It was a little shadowy spot ten feet beyond a ring of tents and parachute structures, where a couple must have gotten away from their friends to watch the burning. I didn't think they'd mind if I rested awhile. I looked up as one of the Burning Man's arms fell to the ground and exploded in a bright splash of red embers. People roared their approval. Then Johnny stepped into the circle and sat alongside me. He was wearing one of Mel's red slippers and one of his own, and the black pajamas, with the top inside out.

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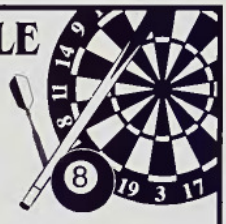

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He fell heavily into the chair, as if he were exhausted.

"Where the hell did you come from?"

He looked at me for a moment without speaking, his face a mask of amused disgust. He reminded me for a moment of the Johnny I knew as a kid, my older brother, the guy I always turned to when I did something stupid. He said, "I followed you. I ran after you when you left the trailer. I was going to wring your neck before I remembered I couldn't wring a puppy's neck, let alone a big old guy like you." He paused a moment. "How'd you get so old, Kevin?"

I sat up in my chair and leaned over to look closely at Johnny. He was sweating and pale. If I weren't so fed up with him, I'd have been worried. "What the hell's wrong with you, Johnny? Don't tell me you have AIDS," I said. "Or is it just the drugs?"

"What drugs?"

"The ones I saw you popping in the bedroom."

"Those are medicine, Sherlock. I take medication every four and six hours."

I waited, prompting him to explain.

"I don't have AIDS," he said. "What I've got is kidneys that are nearly gone, a liver that's a wreck, and last year I had a stroke. Sometimes I can barely talk."

I leaned away from Johnny, and then I looked away.

He added, "I'm around another year, it'll be a gift."

I didn't know what I wanted to say. I rubbed my forehead hard with the heel of my hand. Fact was, even finding out about all this, I was still angry with him. He must have been able to feel it.

He said, "I've read your stories, Kev. You're a moralist. They're all—what's right, what's wrong." He shook his head, as if dismissing my stupidity.

I didn't bother responding.

He said, "What is it you expect, Kevin? You think you figure out the rules you'll be happy? You think you can live a pleasant life?"

I said, "Not with you as my brother, Johnny."

He answered, without hesitating, "I *am* your brother. That's the way it is, Kevin. Way it is." He was quiet for a while, and then he laughed an unpleasant laugh that went on and on.

I was silent. I had nothing I wanted to say. When Johnny finally managed to stop laughing, he leaned toward me and put his hand on my forearm. His fingers were dry and rough, like an old man's, and I was surprised—at the feel of my brother's hand. Above us, the night sky darkened. Around us, the noise of the crowd diminished. We remained there like that, with his hand on my arm—brothers, looking up at the black husk of the Burning Man, the charred figure, wrecked and smoldering.

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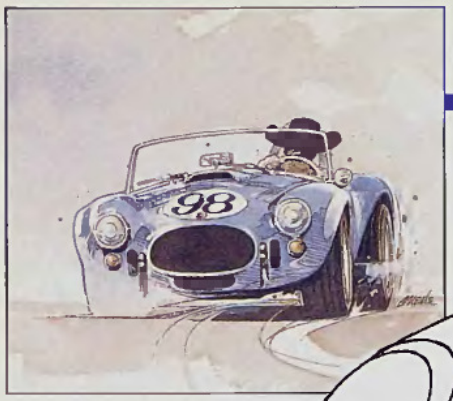

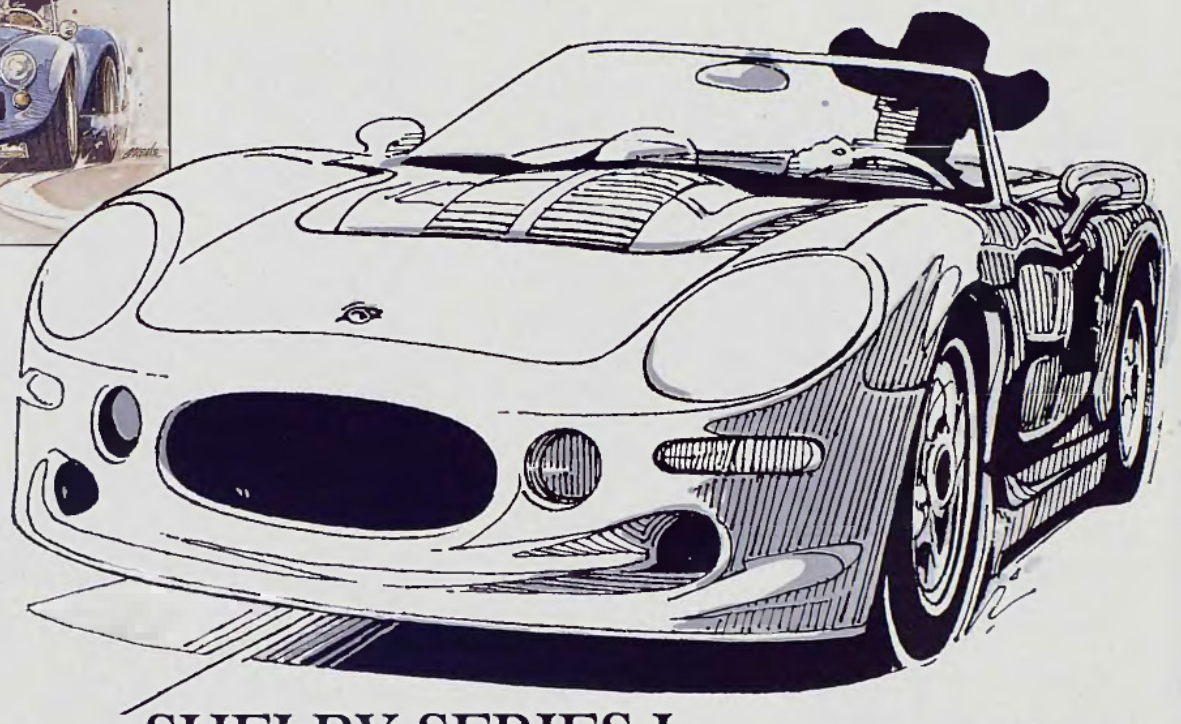

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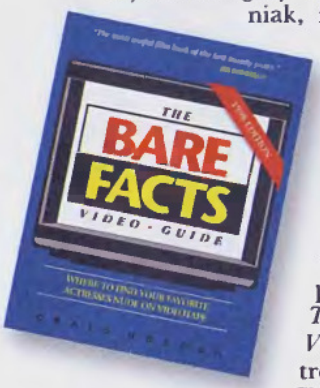
PLAYMATE NEWS

NAKED BY THE NUMBERS

In 1989 Craig Hosoda published *The Bare Facts Video Guide*, an exhaustive list of your favorite movie stars' nude screen appearances. That book listed 460 women, among them 31 Playmates. In the 1998 edition ($24.95), Hosoda has 3430 actress entries, including 234 Playmates and their naked résumés. As a plus, the CD-ROM version ($39.95) doesn't limit itself to the moving image—it also tallies appearances in PLAYBOY and our Newsstand Specials. The entry for Miss July 1989 Erika Eleniak, for example, cites three television gigs, eight films, one made-for-TV movie, two PLAYBOY videos and 29 print appearances. *The Bare Facts Video Guide* is a treasure for all film buffs and a must for Playmate devotees.



For more information call 408-249-2021, or visit www.barefacts.com.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — SEPTEMBER

September 7: Miss October 1959 **Elaine Reynolds**
September 9: Miss March 1973 **Bonnie Large**
September 12: Miss September 1964 **Astrid Schulz**
September 19: Miss November 1993 **Julianna Young**
September 28: Miss February 1982 **Anne-Marie Fox**

DUTCH TREAT

Congrats to *Playboy Netherlands*, which recently observed its 15th anniversary. To celebrate, editors delivered a colorful gala issue packed with *Alles wat mannen boeit*—the Dutch answer to entertainment for men. At the center of its pages, however, was the issue's true prize: blonde and beautiful Linda van der Pluym, a 23-year-old dynamo who is thrilled to have joined the dazzling cast of international Playmates. "I am honored to be in PLAYBOY," she comments in her layout. "I look at Playmates from the past and think, I can't be that beautiful. Yet there I am, looking sexy and stylish." But it wasn't always so, says Linda. "When I was a child, the schoolboys in my hometown of Spijkenisse never really saw me. I wore no makeup and the wrong clothes. I looked more like a boy. But then I decided to let my hair grow and wear tighter, shorter dresses. Suddenly I felt more self-assured." Although Linda has no burning ambitions at the moment ("ambition is an empty word—I prefer wishes"), she's having a blast in her role as the Netherlands' newest ambassador of beauty. "And my boyfriend is proud, too," she adds. "He says he wants to carry my Centerfold around with him." Some things are the same the world over.

KYM MALIN:
"I get to as many Playmate autograph shows as I can. I really appreciate my fans and love to see them. I even carry around some of the pictures you guys send me."

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

The September 1988 issue featured affairs aplenty—affairs of state (an excerpt from Barry Goldwater's memoir), international affairs (an interview with Yasir Arafat) and affairs of the heart (our second pictorial-confessional with Jessica Hahn). But it was also the issue in which readers began a long-standing love affair with Playmate Laura Richmond, a fiery redhead, writer and performance artist. She was born in Fort Dix, New Jersey and considered herself a Texan,

Laura Richmond

yet found her way to Los Angeles, where she studied English. In fact, Laura insisted on penning her own pictorial copy. "Writing is like sex," she told us at the time. "Fantasies can make it better. Onstage, in my journal or in bed, I tap into my fantasies."

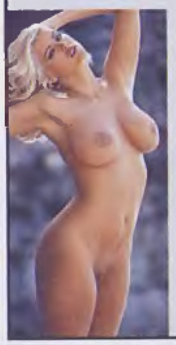
CALLING ALL COTTONTAILS

No, it wasn't an invasion from Planet Bunny. Half a dozen Playmates enthusiastically donned floppy ears and hopped over to the Playboy Mansion to help Hef celebrate his 72nd birthday. The gang also joined forces to promote—and celebrate—*The Bunny Years* (Pomegranate), Kathryn Leigh Scott's provocative memoir of those remarkable Playboy Club women. The Bunny-Playmates pictured here (left to right) with Hef and Kathryn are Heather Kazar (holding the book), Shae Marks, Victoria Fuller, Stacy Sanches and Daphnee Lynn Duplaix.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Gilbert Gottfried

There's simply no question about it—my all-time favorite Playmate has to be Anna Nicole Smith. She's totally unpredictable. Remember when she married that 89-year-old billionaire who died, like, what was it, the next week? Then she made the papers again when she crashed that 13-year-old's bar mitzvah. I still don't know what the big stink was about. I mean, from the kid's perspective, Anna showing up at his bar mitzvah certainly had to be better than getting a few dollars from Uncle Sol. I think she makes the perfect gift for a 13-year-old Jewish boy. Hell, she's the perfect gift for a 75-year-old Eskimo.



FAN MAIL

Dear Holly Joan Hart:

I work with computers, so I should be able to see things in a logical way. So why is it that whenever I look at your picture, my whole world turns upside down?

It's enough that you are beautiful—and by that I mean eye-popping, jaw-dropping gorgeous. But did you have to be smart and funny and sassy and sexy to boot?

I love the fact that you want to be a first-grade teacher, as opposed to a fashion model or a *Baywatch* babe like so many other Playmates. I love it that your dad's a cop, and that you're obviously very close to him. And, being a black man, I love that you refer to your Puerto Rican–French-Irish-Colombian–African American roots as an "all of the above" ethnicity.

Is it asking too much that you move to New York, track me down, and spend the rest of your life with me?

Love,
Guy Frazier
New York, NY

Ava Fabian

Dear Ava Fabian:

I have been an admirer of yours ever since your Playmate appearance in August 1986. I saw you on the terrific *Erotic Confessions* series. My only complaint is that you are not featured enough on the show. They should devote at least one whole episode to just you.

I also saw your photos in Playboy's Newsstand Special *Nude Playmates '97*. They were great. I'm glad that the powers-that-be at PLAYBOY recognize that you are as beautiful today as you were 12 years ago.

Continued success,
Steven Tagawa
Sacramento, CA

QUOTE UNQUOTE

As host of the new syndicated dating show *Love Shack*, Miss March 1996 Priscilla Lee Taylor knows a thing or two about relationships. Not only does she serve as matchmaker for singles on the show, she also found true love on the same set. Priscilla plans to marry the show's producer on New Year's Eve.

Q: Give us some practical advice: What should a man do on the first date to ensure a second date?

A: Sometimes it's less about what he does than what he doesn't do.

Q: Meaning?

A: Meaning if a guy tries to kiss me on the first date, it's a major turn-off.

Q: How about on the second date?

A: Better.

Q: How did becoming a Playmate affect your love life?

A: I'm not sure it did. I have never been big on the social scene, and I didn't date regularly. After I became a Playmate, I went from one boyfriend to the next one, with just a month of downtime in between. I have been with my fiancé for more than a year.

Q: Is there anything about women that men don't understand?

A: I think some men underestimate women. If a man has gone out with a few clueless women, he thinks we're all like that. Truth is, we're more intuitive than they realize. We file things away in our minds for later.

Q: What's the nicest thing you've ever done for a man?

A: I redecorated his house while he was away for four days. I changed the furniture, curtains, bedding, everything. He was surprised—and he loved it.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

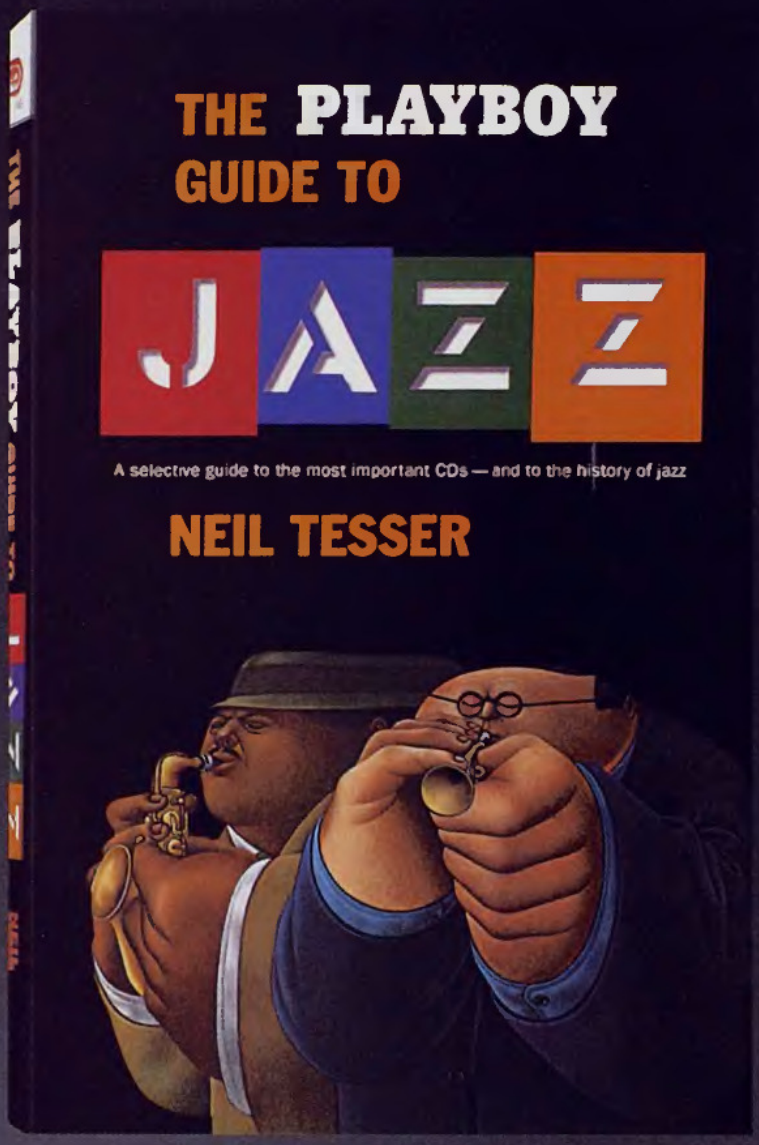
Miss May 1996 **Shauna Sand-Lamas** is busy. She recently signed a contract for a new series, *Air America*, which begins airing in September. And in her rare moments of downtime, she has started her own Web site (www.lamasandlamas.com). . . . After making her mark as a Playmate, Miss January 1993 **Echo Johnson** modeled for Guess jeans and hit pay dirt with a best-selling poster. So what's left for Echo to do? Put out a calendar, of course. Look for it in the Fall 1998 *Playboy Catalog*. . . . Miss May 1994 **Shae Marks** has landed a recurring role on the cable series *Black Scorpion*, a wild superhero show to be produced by Roger Corman. Miss February 1997 **Kimber West** and Miss June 1997 **Carrie Stevens** will also appear on the show. . . . Miss May 1984 **Patty Duffek** has launched her own cigar club in Arizona. Cleverly christened Patty Puffs, the mail-order club offers its members discounts on premium brands. . . . Miss March 1997 **Jennifer Miriam** did her share for Playboy TV, donning a headset at a Sacramento radio station to spread the word about PBTV's Special Preview promotions. . . .

LEROY NEIMAN

Jennifer Miriam spreads the good word.

Miss January 1997 **Jami Ferrell** has decided to move back to her native Indiana, where she'll take a well-earned breather before setting off on an extended excursion abroad. Bon voyage, Jami.

THE PLAYBOY GUIDE TO JAZZ



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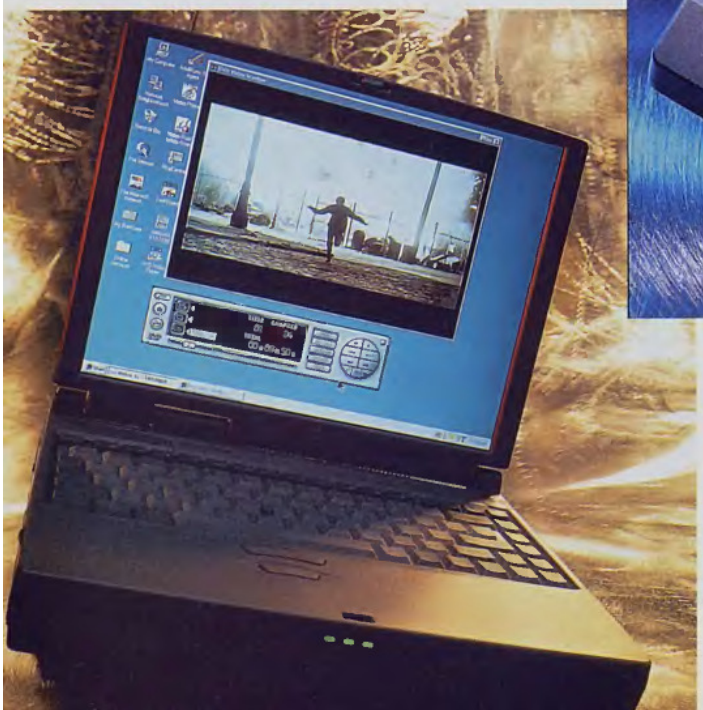
DVD TO GO

Hot news on the DVD front: Portable players are starting to show up. Panasonic's superslick DVD-L10 PalmTheater is a veritable home theater for the road. Designed to play any of the 1500 movies now on DVD, as well as video and audio CDs, the machine has a 5.8-inch flip-up LCD widescreen and features audio technology that creates a surround-sound effect from the system's two integrated speakers. It also comes with a headphone jack and all the connections you need to watch movies on your TV at home. Future DVD portables from Sony and Samsung will enable you to watch movies via virtual reality–style headsets. And there are even notebook computers with DVD drives. *Boogie Nights* or number crunching? No contest.

GEORGE GEORGIOU



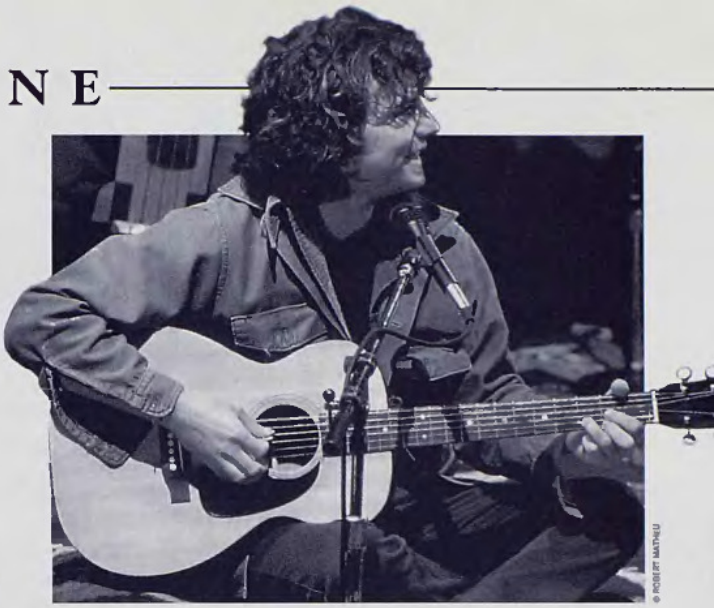
Clockwise from top left: What better way to escape conversation with an airplane seatmate than with Samsung's P-Theater? This portable DVD player provides private screenings by way of an LCD headset with earphones. Look for it early next year; no price available. Panasonic's three-pound DVD-L10 PalmTheater features a 5.8-inch LCD color monitor, two speakers with virtual surround sound, a two-hour rechargeable battery and, of course, all the requisite TV connections (about $1300). Toshiba's Tecra 780 DVD notebook computer is desktop-powerful thanks to a 266-MHz Pentium II processor, 64 megs of RAM, an eight-gigabyte hard drive, a K56 flex modem, a DVD drive and a lot more (about $6000).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 166.

All That Glitters Is Goldie

GOLDIE HAWN has gone from *The First Wives Club* to a remake of Neil Simon's *The Out-of-Towners* with Steve Martin. Look for the movie at Christmastime. Until then, feast your eyes on Goldie. She's clearly feeling fine about being over 50. We're feeling good about it too.

BRUCE GLIKAS/STG PRODUCTIONS



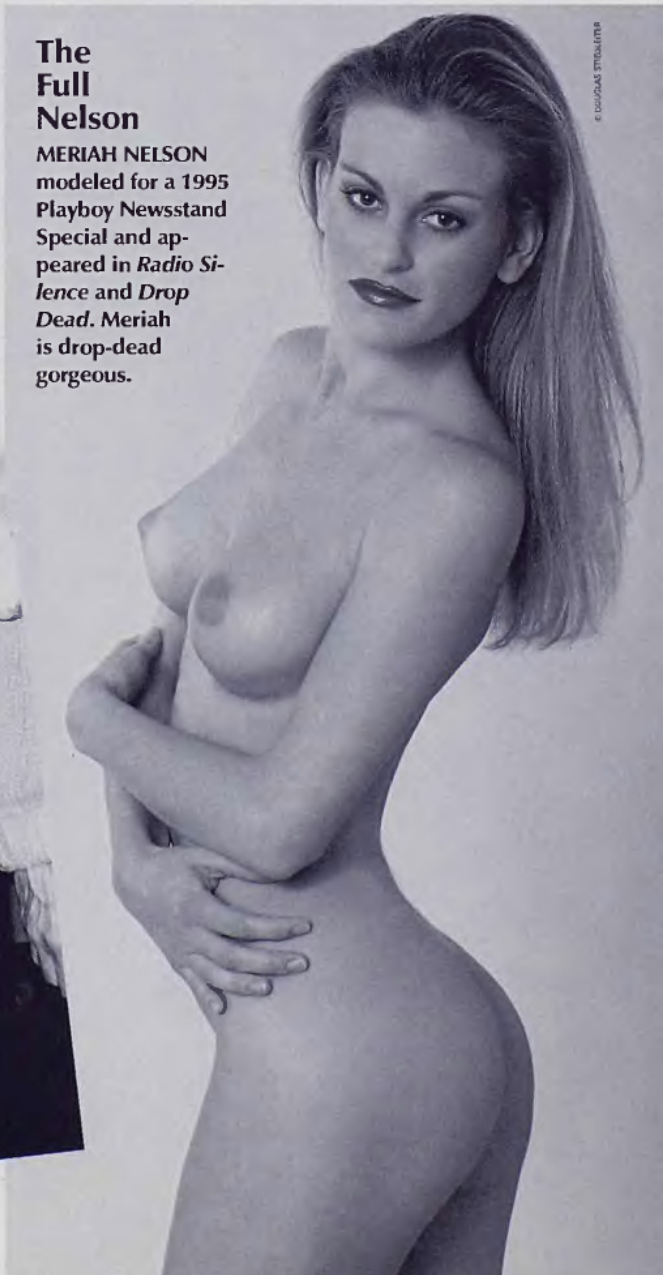
© ROBERT MATHEU

Vedder Than Ever

Pearl Jam and EDDIE VEDDER have resurfaced, energized. *Yield* went platinum, and the band's biggest U.S. tour since 1992 is in progress. Eddie says, "If you make good art, you're doing your job." Good job, Ed.

The Full Nelson

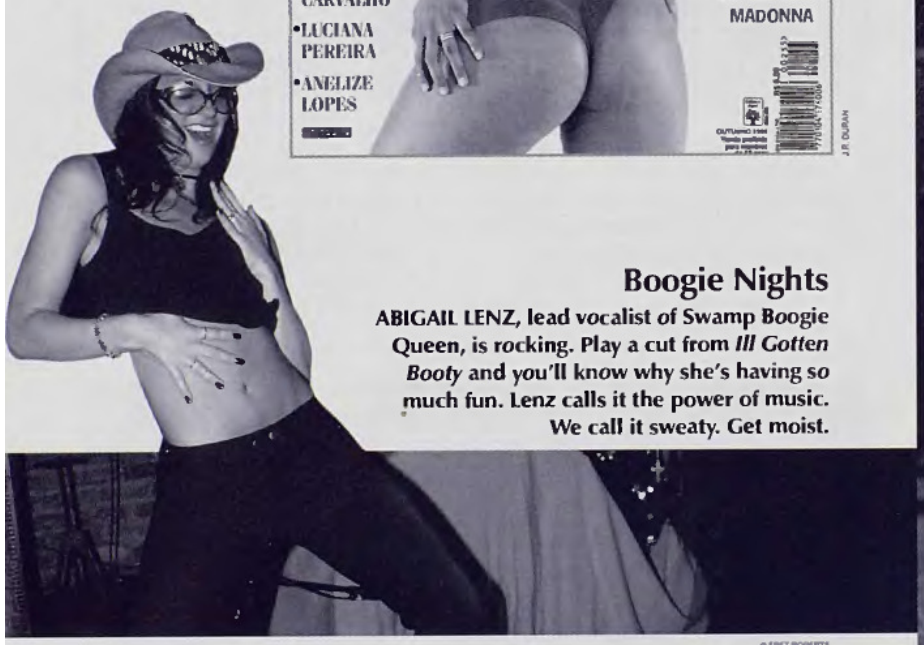
MERIAH NELSON modeled for a 1995 Playboy Newsstand Special and appeared in *Radio Silence* and *Drop Dead*. Meriah is drop-dead gorgeous.



© DOUGLAS STEGMEYER

The Bottom Line on Carla

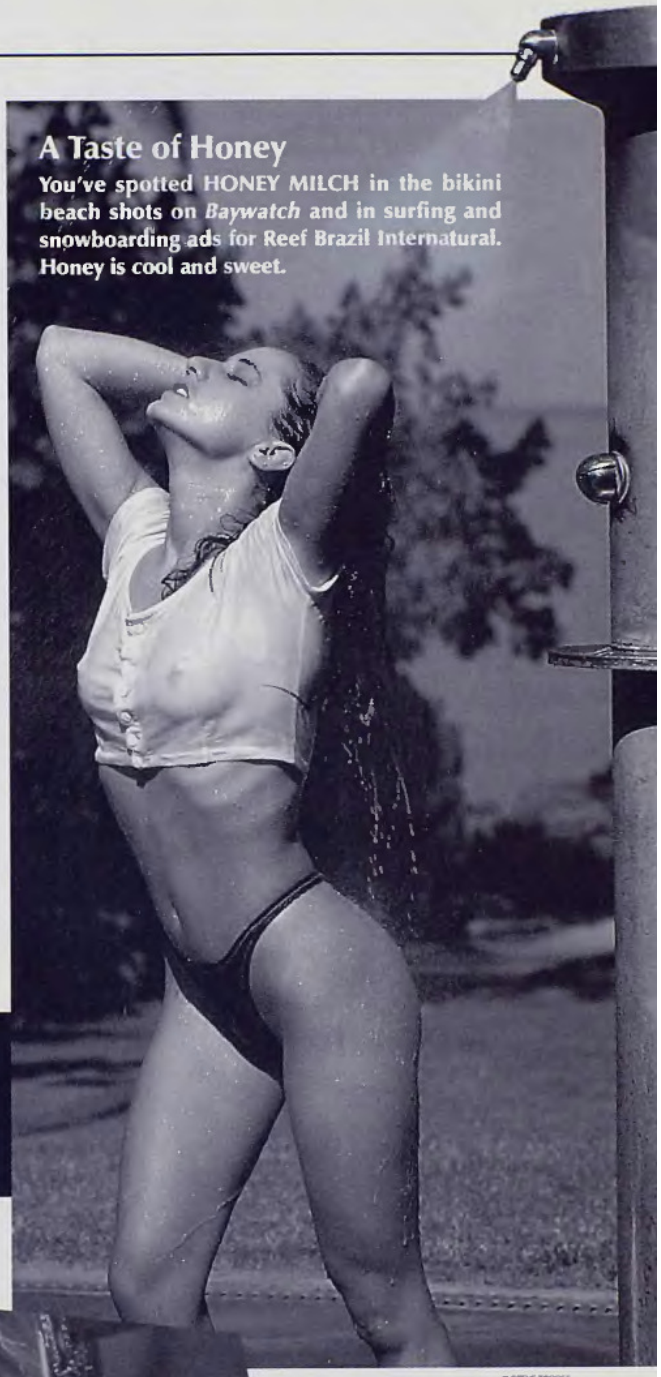
Playboy Brazil cover girl CARLA PEREZ has a bottom that's the talk of her country—so much so that when this issue went on sale, it took less than 24 hours to become collectible.



© EBET ROBERTS

Boogie Nights

ABIGAIL LENZ, lead vocalist of Swamp Boogie Queen, is rocking. Play a cut from *Ill Gotten Booty* and you'll know why she's having so much fun. Lenz calls it the power of music. We call it sweaty. Get moist.



© STEVE TORRES

A Taste of Honey

You've spotted HONEY MILCH in the bikini beach shots on *Baywatch* and in surfing and snowboarding ads for Reef Brazil Internatural. Honey is cool and sweet.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

The Reverend Heats Things Up

THE REVEREND HORTON HEAT and his band are playing punk rockabilly in small clubs to showcase the CD *Space Heater*. Heat spent much of his adolescence in a Texas juvenile facility. Rock and roll is a step up, right?

FOR CAR THIEVES, IT'S THE PITS

Clamp this caliper-type lock on to the tire of your car, motorcycle, boat trailer or small aircraft and see if "nothing stays like a Pit Bull." The Pit Bull Tire Lock Corp. in Santa Fe says the 9.5-pound lock is so effective it's used by NATO troops in Bosnia to prevent military-vehicle theft. Price: $350, and $28 for a storage bag. Call 505-989-3678 to order, then ask about Pit Bull's new lug blocker ($85) that protects against tire removal.

JOHN SCHNEIDER

JUST SAY JOE'S SENT YOU

Joe's Stone Crab Restaurant has been serving its namesake delicacy for eight generations, but until recently you had to drop by the restaurant on Washington Avenue in Miami to enjoy the fare. Now this Florida landmark has initiated Joe's Goes Direct—Dinner at Your Door (from mid-October through mid-May) with overnight delivery of 12 stone crab claws, cole slaw and key lime pie for two ($141.95). Other dinner packages are available; call 800-780-CRAB.

A.J. GARCES

GARDEN OF HEDON

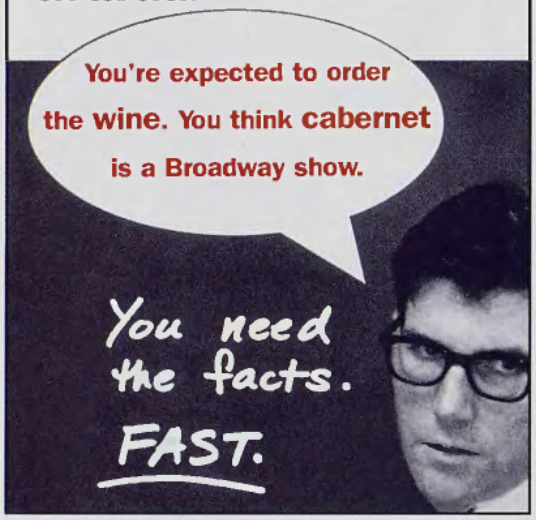
Jamaica's Hedonism II reportedly has the highest repeat-guest count of any Caribbean resort, and after reading the "Be Wrecked for a Week" chapter in Chris Santilli's soft-cover *The Naked Truth About Hedonism II*, we can see why. Who goes to Hedon, games you can play on the nude beach and a glossary of terms (a Wally is an older single man who stares a lot and doesn't say much) are just a few of the contents, along with anecdotes and photographs—including one demonstrating a beer-drinking game called butt chug. Santilli has been to Hedonism II 27 times, which makes her an average repeater. Some guests have visited more than 50 times. Price: $24 from Scarlett, Oh! Publishing, P.O. Box 6584, Villa Park, Illinois 60181. Or call 888-883-9040.

ALL THAT JAZZ

It was the late Forties and in Manhattan jazz was the music of choice. Erroll Garner and Oscar Pettiford were playing the 3 Deuces, and Art Tatum was just down the street at the Famous Door. The atmosphere was captured in *52nd Street, New York 1948*, pictured here, photographed by William Gottlieb (his work has been on more than 250 jazz album and CD covers). Now *52nd Street* is available as a 31.5″x 23.5″ color poster from the Jazz Store for $35 unframed or $89.95 framed (in black, silver or gold metal). Call 800-558-9513 to order, and then request a copy of the store's latest catalog, which offers all things jazz—videos, CDs, T-shirts, caps and lapel pins. There are even limited-edition silk screens of jazz compositions signed by Dave Brubeck, Chick Corea and others, which range in price from $530 to $665.

FROM CLUELESS TO GENIUS

You and your date are on your way to a four-star restaurant, but you don't know jack about ordering wine. Don't worry—just pop *Instant Genius* into your cassette deck and you'll be briefed by master sommeliers on how wine is made and more. Other $12 tapes in the series cover the stock market, world religions, modern art, etiquette and the Constitution. Call 800-488-8040.



MAGIC IN THE AIR

This year, PBS broadcast *The Art of Magic*, a TV special that chronicles the history of conjuring, from ancient shamans to Siegfried and Roy. Now GPG has published a hardcover companion volume with more than 200 black-and-white and color images. The book, also titled *The Art of Magic*, sells for $30 in stores. It doesn't reveal how tricks are done.

HOUDINI'S DEATH-DEFYING MYSTERY
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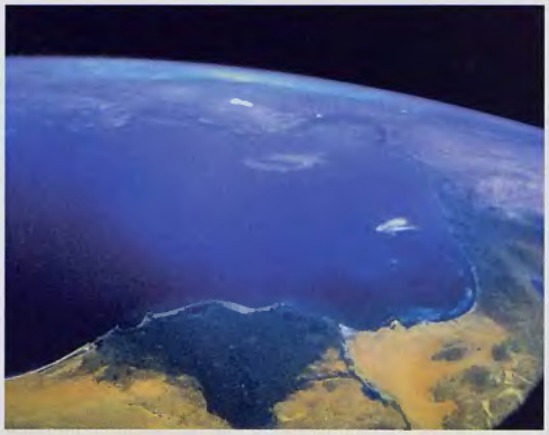
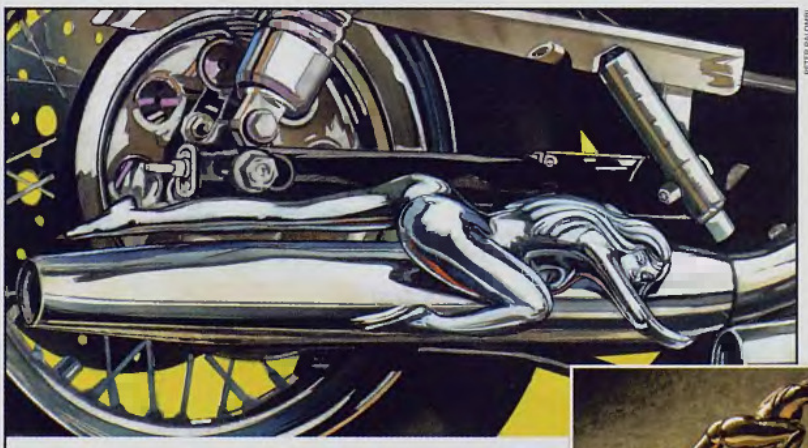


ONE GIANT LEAP FOR MANKIND

If your childhood dream of becoming an astronaut hasn't come true, here's the next best thing. *Earthlight*, a hybrid DVD and DVD-ROM (it can be played on DVD players and personal computers), contains 80 minutes of newly released NASA footage of Earth shot from the space shuttle. As a viewer, you'll be 200 miles high, watching the world as you listen to beautiful music. Just click the mouse to find out what you're looking at and to learn about space shuttle missions. Price: $29.95; call 888-735-6656.

WHIFF AND PROOF

Dalmore Scotch has just introduced a new bottling that's called Cigar Malt, so named because the liquor's aging process (two years in oloroso sherry barrels followed by vatting with eight- to ten-year-old whiskies stored in bourbon casks, then another year or so in sherry casks) gives it body and balance that complement a medium to medium-heavy cigar. Cigar Malt is 86 proof, so you may want to cut it slightly with spring water. Try a dram after dinner with a Romeo & Julieta Vintage, a Hoyo de Monterrey, a Juan Clemente or an HMH by Don Diego. Price: about $30 a bottle.



PETER PALOMBI

PIPE-HUGGING HONEY

"A little beauty for your beast" is how Moto-Arts markets its line of motorcycle heat shields that celebrate the female form in repose. The 15″ Exhausted fits pipes 1¾″ to 3″ in diameter and is available in triple chrome ($190) or gold plate ($250). As a desk ornament on marble, it is plated in chrome, red brass (inset) or yellow brass for $275. Gold plate costs $300. Call 818-957-1059.

NEXT MONTH

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TORI SPELLING—DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL IS ALL GROWN UP IN A RAUCOUS 20Q BY **ROBERT CRANE,** THE *90210* PRINCESS CONTEMPLATES THREESOMES, STRIPPING AND WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO HAVE A DICK

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—OUR MONEY-IN-THE-BANK SPORTS EDITOR **GARY COLE** PREDICTS 1998'S WINNERS AND TOP PLAYERS

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ORGAZMO—A MORMON PORN STAR. A SIDEKICK WITH A ROCKET-SHOOTING PENIS. THAT NAUGHTY *SOUTH PARK* GUY, **TREY PARKER,** IS AT IT AGAIN, AND THIS TIME IT'S ADULTS ONLY

PLUS: DREAMBOAT BOXER **OSCAR DE LA HOYA** CLIMBS INTO THE RING WITH PLAYBOY FASHION, CRITIC **LEONARD MALTIN** TAKES OVER OUR MOVIES PAGE, PLAYMATE **LAURA COVER** STRUTS HER EAST COAST STUFF AND OUR **WOMEN AT WORK** PICTORIAL IS ANOTHER REASON TO SHOW UP FOR YOUR JOB

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eric178, we'd like to take this moment to extend our thanks for making our community a more beautiful community.

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